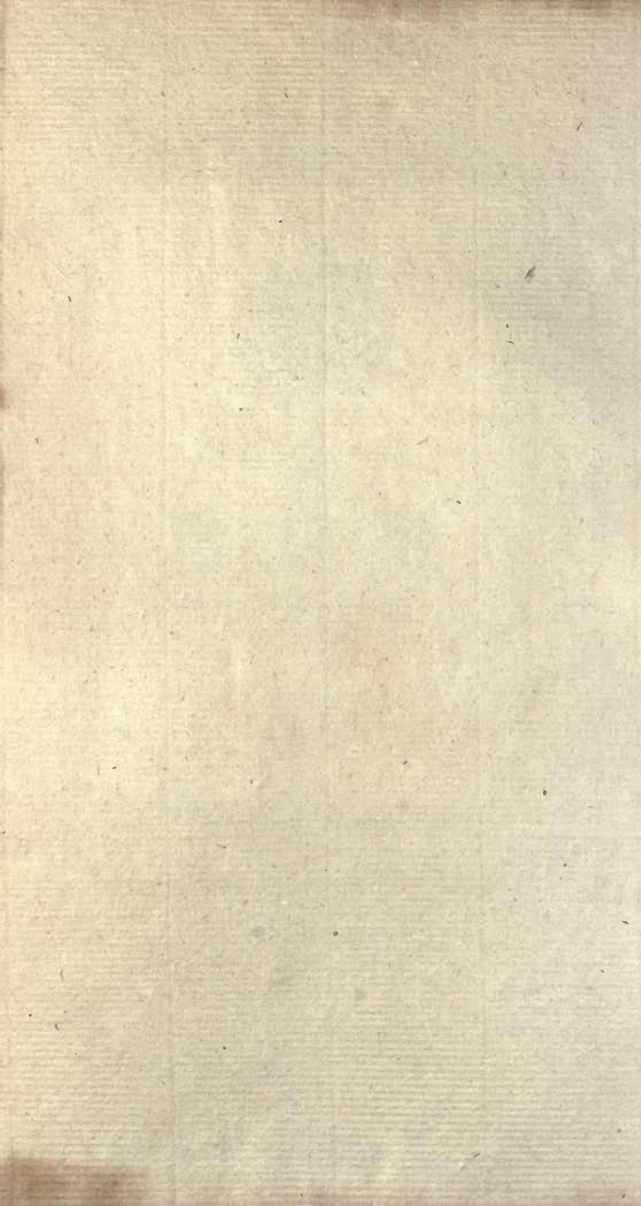


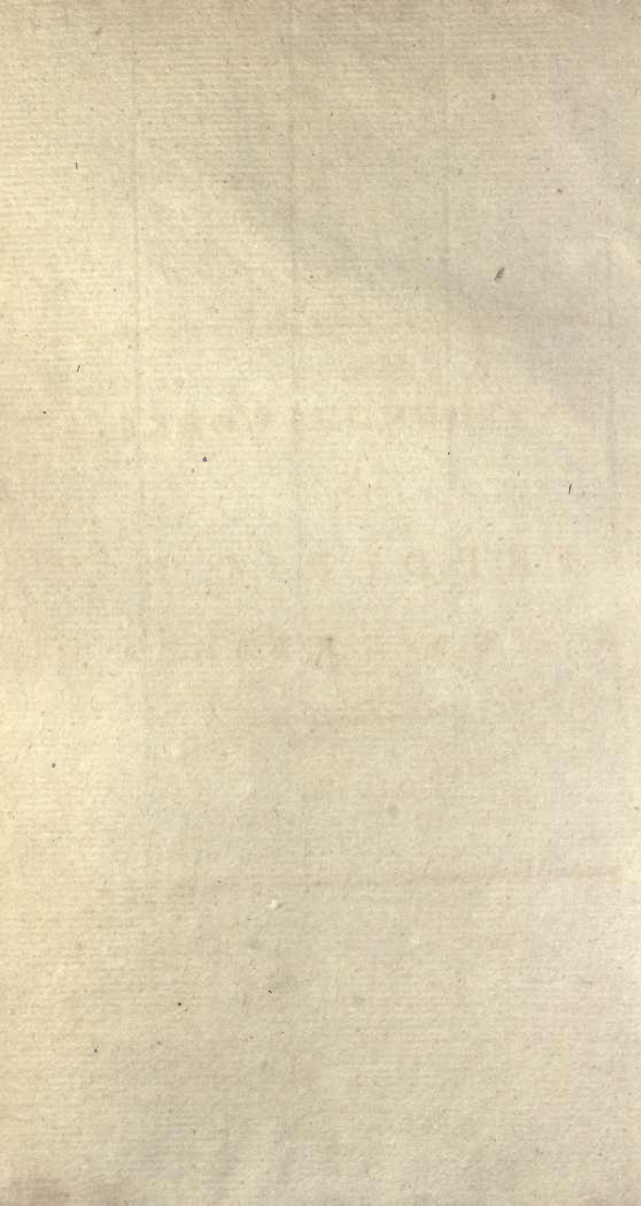


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POSTHUMOUS WORKS
OF
FREDERIC II.
KING OF PRUSSIA.

VOL. IX.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

FREDERIC II.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

VOL. IX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C II.

AND

M. J O R D A N.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

T H O M A S H O L C R O F T.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR

G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
P A T E R N O S T E R - R O W.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

CORRESPONDENCE

LETTERS

BY

FREDERIC M.

AND

M. JORDAN

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

G. C. J. AND J. ROBINSON,

15, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C H.

AND

M. J O R D A N.

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C H

AND

M. J O R D A N.

L E T T E R S .

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C II.

AND

M. J O R D A N .

EULOGIUM ON M. JORDAN*.

CHARLES STEPHEN JORDAN was born at Berlin, on the 27th of August, in the year 1700. He was of a wealthy tradesman's family, and originally of Dauphiné. His father, who had quitted his country because of his religion, preserved that ardent zeal which, entirely occupied in heavenly duties, does not

* This eulogium is not inserted in the Berlin edition.

always act, in earthly affairs, with impartial justice. His three eldest sons he intended for trade, and educated the youngest for the church, without consulting either his abilities or his inclination.

Young Jordan had a passion for letters, and study. He read with avidity all the books he could obtain; thus following that irresistible passion which Nature imprints in the heart of every man of genius. His father was deceived, and imagined that a man of letters and a minister, or theologian, were the same. He sent his son to study at Magdeburg, under the direction of his uncle, who was a priest in that city. In the year 1719 he went to Geneva, where he attended the lectures of the most able professors, in philosophy, eloquence, and theology. Having collected the treasures of Geneva for his own use, if I may be so allowed to express myself, he flew to Lausanne; there to acquire new knowledge, from new sources.

On his return to Berlin, in 1721, he became acquainted with M. de la Croze; who instructed him, from motives of friendship, both in languages and letters. He afterward continued his theological studies, in deference to the will of his father; and, having passed through the degrees which precede the ministry, he was admitted

mitted in the church in 1725, and was made pastor of the small parish of Potzlow, a village situated in one of the marches.

The youth of M. Jordan, the vivacity of his mind, and his passion for studies very different to those of divinity, made him sensible how great was the sacrifice of obedience to his father. For his consolation, he was removed from the village of Potzlow, in 1727, to Prentzlow; which, to M. Jordan, was still a very confined sphere. It was yoking a Spanish courser to the plough. His application, and extensive memory, soon put him in possession of all the knowledge his small library contained.

A man of his age neither could nor ought to converse with the dead alone; he was formed for the society of the living. This induced him to espouse a young person, in whom he met uncommon talents, beauty, wit, and prudence. Her name was Susanna Perrault; by whom, during five years marriage, he had two daughters.

The same understanding which inclines men to a love of the sciences induces them to the punctual performance of their duties. The more certain the judgment is, the more the ideas are clear and consistent, the greater is the propensity of the man to discharge the office with

which he is entrusted irreproachably. Thus did M. Jordan act. If any misunderstanding arose among his parishioners, he was the first to bear the olive-branch of peace ; and to labour, with indefatigable assiduity, to reconcile discordant minds. Were any persons afflicted M. Jordan hastened to their consolation ; forsaking his studies, his wife, and every thing most dear, that he might restore tranquillity to the mind of immoderate grief, and strength to languor and debility. Were there any sick, or dying ; no matter what their rank of life, or that they were supposed debased by the meanness of their profession ; M. Jordan, with a compassionate heart, was ready to assist the last moments of those whose sufferings must have been increased without his aid ; and who must have expired comfortless, and unconsolated.

A character so worthy, a goodness of heart which was unalterable, an exhaustless fund of charity, in a word, the collective good qualities of M. Jordan occasioned him to be beloved, and respected, by all the French, who, in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantz, had settled at Prentzlow. Alive as he was to the sorrows and misfortunes of others, he could not remain insensible to the death of his wife, whom he lost in the month of March, 1732.

The

The warmth of his temper, and the force with which the passions act in youth, did not permit him to suffer this loss with stoic fortitude. A true picture of human frailty, which, although by our reasoning we can conquer the foibles of others, permits us to sink under personal affliction. He became the prey of grief. His health was so seriously affected that he had reiterated attacks of spitting of blood; which almost brought him to the same tomb that enclosed the ashes of his much-regretted wife. His malady declined into habitual melancholy, and he made this a pretext for quitting the ministry, and repairing to Berlin, there to enjoy the sweets of learning and leisure.

When sorrow is the consequence of affection, it becomes more obstinate; because it imagines itself authorised by the virtue of its motives. Whatever recalls its loss to mind does but tear open the cicatrized wound; and the poniard of melancholy, instead of being snatched away, is driven deeper, by the hand of fidelity. Time, and a succession of varying objects, only can afford a cure.

These considerations, joined to the intreaties of his relations, determined M. Jordan to travel into France, England, and Holland. His mind was little disposed to enjoy the fleeting

scenes that pass in a busy world ; it delighted more in philosophy and study, and rendered travelling subservient to literature. M. Jordan was not satisfied with visiting palaces, viewing buildings, and being a spectator of the various ceremonies which were different from those to which he had been accustomed, as is the general practice of undiscerning youth, in a similar situation. For indeed what advantage can be derived from a local inspection of edifices, which are the effect of opulence, and often of prodigality ? His passion was to become acquainted with eminent men ; whose enlarged minds, superior erudition, and uncommon genius, were an honour to their country, and their age. I will not dwell upon the names of s'Gravefande, Muschenbroeck, Voltaire, Fontenelle, Dubos, Clarke, Pope, Le Moivre, and numerous others, whom for the sake of brevity I shall omit. These were persons with whom M. Jordan was desirous and worthy of being acquainted. Thus the ancient Romans travelled into Greece, and especially to Athens, to form their minds and their taste, in a country in which the arts were native, and which was the asylum of genius.

His curiosity he gratified ; but this to him was little : he wished likewise to gratify his feelings,

ings. He gave a relation of his travels, in which he did justice to those uncommon and illustrious men, for whom he preserved a high esteem, during his whole life. How difficult is it for self-love to render homage to merit, pure, and exempt from envy! The superior qualities of others, and especially of those who have entered the same lists with ourselves, seem to swallow up such as we ourselves possess: for which cause, modesty and impartiality are rarely found united with great understanding and knowledge. This, however, was one of the peculiar virtues of M. Jordan, to which during his life he was constantly attached, and without which he would not have left friends so numerous, who sincerely regret his loss.

On his return to Berlin, he again applied himself to his studies, with that noble emulation which leads superior minds toward perfection. He read every thing, and forgot nothing of what he had read. His memory was so vast that it seemed a repository of erudition, of books, their various readings, their editions, and all the most curious anecdotes they contained.

The understanding, the merit, and particularly the excellent character of M. Jordan, did not longer suffer him to remain buried in his

study. The prince royal, his present majesty, took him into his service, in the month of September 1736. From this period, he passed his life at Rheinsberg, dividing his time between study and society; esteemed and universally beloved; uniting that politeness which a knowledge of the world gives to deep learning; and, robbing science of its frowns, he clothed it in the flowing garb of grace and ease.

After the death of Frederic William, the king placed him in a station in which his talents, understanding, and the virtues of his heart, might conduce to the benefit of his country: he was raised to the dignity of privy counsellor. The whole sagacity of his mind was employed for the service of the state; and Berlin is indebted to him for those new regulations, of the police, which have introduced that beautiful order which there at present reigns. The streets are cleared of those cowardly and abject fluggards who live by the abuse of the charity of good citizens. A house of industry was built, under his direction; in which a thousand people, who had lived at the expence of the public, are now maintained by their own labour, employing their faculties for the general good. The city was formed into divisions, over each of which persons were appointed, to enforce the regulations

of the police. Able and learned professors were, with discernment and knowledge, provided for the academies. All the new institutions, here enumerated, are indebted for their present flourishing state to the activity of M. Jordan.

In 1744, when the royal academy of sciences and belles lettres was established, he was elected vice-president. Nor let it be said that the study of the arts and sciences renders men incapable of business: a good understanding makes an equal progress, be the subject it undertakes what it may. Far from debasing, the sciences add new lustre to every office, held by those by whom they are cultivated. The great men of antiquity all formed themselves under the guardianship of letters, if I may be allowed this phrase, before they were raised to state dignities. Whatever conduces to enlighten the mind, render the judgment more perfect, and extend the sphere of our knowledge, certainly will conduce to form persons proper for every kind of employment. They are plants nurtured with care, the flowers and fruits of which are of extraordinary excellence, and possessed of a more exquisite flavour than those wild trees which, left to themselves, grow in the forest, and whose branches, capriciously interwoven, do not even afford satisfaction to the sight.

When,

When, after the death of the emperor Charles VI. the king entered Silesia at the head of his armies, to recover the inheritance of his ancestors, which the prosperity of the house of Austria had for successive years withheld, inattentive to his claims, M. Jordan attended his majesty, during the campaign of 1741, uniting the gentle intercourse of the Muses with the tumult of arms and the dissipation of an army, the operations and motions of which were uninterrupted.

Notwithstanding his continuance at the camp, and his frequent residence at court, he still found time to compose the various works which he has left us: that is to say—A Latin Dissertation, on the Life and Writings of *Jordanus Brunus*; Literary, Philosophic and Historical Miscellanies; and the History of the Life and Works of M. la Croze. Not to mention some manuscripts which an excess of modesty prevented him from making public. He affirmed that either the torch of truth should be borne into those dark abodes which envious nature seems desirous to hide from man, the world should gain instruction by new facts worthy of its attention, or the sterility of his compositions should be rendered fertile, and the skeleton he had left should be clothed with the muscular beauties of the *Venus de Medicis*,

Medicis, before his works ought to see the light. Nor were the scruples of his criticisms confined to these; he seems even to have regretted those early productions which had escaped him in his youth. Subduing self-love, he incessantly corrected what he continued to write; never imagining that his labour, or assiduity, could sufficiently show that respect, and deference, in which he held the public.

No advantage was wanting to M. Jordan, except that of long life. Science, his country, and his king, lost him in consequence of a long and painful sickness; which carried him off on the 24th of May 1745; having lived forty-four years, and some months. His patience never forsook him, during those afflictions, the weight of which was increased by their duration, and which often become insupportable to minds of the greatest fortitude, and to those whose constancy has been unshaken, amid the most evident dangers.

M. Jordan was born with an active and penetrating mind, which at the same time was capable of application. His memory was great, and seemed to be a depository of the most select passages, of the best and most exquisite writers of all ages. His judgment was accurate; and, although his imagination was brilliant, it

was always subject to the curb of reason. Without wandering, without eccentricity, or frigidity of morals, guarded in his opinions, open in his discourse, preferring the academic sect to every other among philosophers, ardent in gaining information, modest in decision, a lover of merit and of making merit known, full of urbanity and benevolence, cherishing that truth which he never disguised, humane, generous, amical, a good citizen, faithful to friendship, his king, and his country, the death of M. Jordan was a period of mourning for all worthy men. Malignity and envy were silent in his presence. His sovereign, and all those who were acquainted with him, honour him by their sincere regret.

Such is the reward of true merit; of being esteemed during life and after death, and of becoming an example to the world!

LET-

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C II.

AND

M. J O R D A N.

L E T T E R I.

*From the Prince Royal.**

Doctissime sapientissime Jordane!

April 13, 1739.

LET the children of Fouquet, of whom I have taken charge, be sent to the French col-

* Preceding these letters, there are some few epistles (as they are called) in the Basil edition, which are classed among the poetry, in that of Berlin; as indeed are many of the following letters. These epistles are chiefly in rhyme, of which few readers will say there is not enough, in this volume. Several of them are likewise undated; for which reason, as they appertain to the poetry, and likewise want that connection and order which are given to the letters, they are omitted. T.

lege,

lege, at Berlin, which is behind my house. Have the goodness to send notice to the people of the college, that they may be received and maintained at my expence; for which I shall grant the same stipend as is granted for young Beaufobre. Let them proceed in their philological and grammatical studies and I shall give further orders on my arrival at Berlin, when I shall pay whatever money has been advanced.

I wish you health and content at Remusberg, and I beg you will pay me a visit, when we are a little more at leisure. I enclose an epitaph, which I have written on G * * *, at the request of persons whom I dare not refuse any thing.

Of titles and dignities here lie good store :
 A Marshal, a Minister, nay, what is more,
 Lay-canon and famous Financier was he !
 Of his quiddities, quips, and his state casuistry
 Pass on if you've heard ; and, well knowing his price,
 In the dust of oblivion leave him and his vice.

I have endeavoured to instil as little gall into it as possible ; that moderation, which never should forsake all reasonable actions, may not depart from poetry, nor from any thing I do.

The insects of Ruppin present their respects to you, and the worm-eaten books, humble

in their dust, cast themselves at your feet. As
for me, you know the friendship with which
I am

Your zealous admirer.

L E T T E R II.

From the Prince Royal.

May 9, 1739.

SCEPTICAL atom, Jordan dear,
By taste refin'd, by rule severe,
We rhymsters dread thine eye of lynx
As erst did men of Thebes the Sphynx !
My gossip muse thee greeting sends
More of her idle odds and ends.
Deem not her trifling can admit
Didactic judgment, Attic wit !
She sports at present, jests anon ;
Nor warbles like your dying swan ;
Nor wings the liquid plains of air,
The rival of the wight Voltaire.
Who cannot like that eagle soar,
Must humbly fly a little lower ;
Ceding to those, who dangers love,
The dreadful bolts of thund'ring Jove.
The bird of song, Canary hight,
Encag'd has little room for flight :
Yet, though confin'd and ill at ease,
His sprightly notes may chance to please.

L.o,

Lo, I commit the verse to thee :
 Erase, deface, advise, decree ;
 Nor fear self-love should weakly rise,
 With wrinkled brow and angry eyes,
 Her foregone follies to defend,
 While thou those follies wouldst amend.
 With rigor chasten, or refine ;
 I'll calmly view the blotted line ;
 Will stand unmov'd, as did of old
 The Roman youth, of manly mold,
 Who bade the flames his hand devour,
 Contemning Death and tyrant-power.

Be kind enough to return my verses, with
 your remarks, this evening.

Adieu. Mars calls.

L E T T E R III.

From the Prince Royal.

MY DEAR JORDAN, Peterfdorf, July 23, 1739.

WE have been almost three weeks on
 our travels. The heat is as great as if we were
 riding on a sun-beam ; and the dust rises in
 such clouds that we are invisible to passengers.
 Add to which, we travel like your angels ; that
 is to say, without sleep or food. Judge then
 whether

whether I am not at present what is called a very pretty youth. Should this continue, we shall become as stupid as owls. But I am bewildered in my comparisons; and I am very unseasonably frying you upon the gridiron of these said rays of the sun.

You ask—What news? Every body is well. The king has given me the whole care of his horses; which, at present, produces an income of ten, or twelve, thousand crowns; and, in some years, may amount to sixteen, or eighteen, thousand. I am sure you participate my good fortune, a small portion of which will indeed fall to your share; and I shall find my good Prussian horses metamorphosed into books, and set upon shelves, in your library.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Do not forget those who are destined to roam, into the neighbourhood of Hyperborean nations; and who sigh for tranquillity and repose. My compliments to the thinking beings of Berlin.

L E T T E R IV.

From the Prince Royal.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Kœnigsberg, Aug. 3, 1739.

I SEND you a letter for Voltaire, which you will copy, seal with your own seal, and send by favour of Gerard.

Here am I, in the capital of a country where summer bursts upon the people, who, in winter, are absolute ices. It is a land better calculated to nurse bears than to be the seat of the sciences. The supple, flattering, creeping, yet proud, haughty, and arrogant inhabitants are as insipid, in their humility, as they are insupportable from insolence. The arts were never cultivated here; and, in all probability, never will be.

I must inform you, however, that I heard a minister preach, last Sunday, who has surprised me by his eloquence. I imagine the good goddess (Eloquence) has lost her road in this neighbourhood, and to shelter herself from the snows of Courland, has taken refuge on the tongue of this priest. I confess I never heard better German, more beautiful phrases, nor a
style

style more flowing and embellished. It cannot be denied that M. Kant is, past dispute, the first man in the kingdom for uttering nonsense with dignity

My ears have been so deafened, by the noisy oratory of our infantry, that they languish after those flattering and soft sounds by which, if I may be indulged in such a figure, they were so agreeably caressed in the mild and peaceful retreat of Remusberg. My poetical vein is playing truant; but I feel a bubbling in my brain, which seems to prognosticate a sudden inundation of rhymes. Sharpen the teeth of your criticism and your files, for I send you notice I shall soon find them employment. It seems as if I had ten thousand things more to say; but prudence must bridle the intemperance of my pen, and I must recollect that *doctissimus Jordanus* has employment more worthy his profound knowledge, and vast erudition, than that of reading the absurdities on which an idle traveller licentiously takes a pleasure in prattling.

Adieu, good signor. Be persuaded that, to speak seriously, there are few people who esteem you more than

Your most affectionate.

L E T T E R V.

From the Prince Royal.

Kœnigsberg, August 8, 1739.

FOR want of better opportunity, I write to you at four o'clock in the morning. From this commencement you will suppose I am very busy; but you will soon change your opinion, if you will condescend to remember the witty proverb which I know not what sage invented; that is to say, "Appearances are deceitful."

We are always exercising from day break to dark. Do not imagine that this is in order to conquer the world. Neither let it enter your thoughts that any great work is in hand. We only keep jogging on, in company with Indolence and Languor, which I believe are the household-gods of Kœnigsberg; for the people we see, and the air we breathe, seem to inspire no other sensations.

Would you believe, good sir, that I am at present at the head of almost all the matrimonial affairs of the kingdom? You know, I have formerly signed dispensations of kindred. At present, I am about to depart for the royal stables, where the work of propagation goes on

gratis. Thus shall I occasion the living creatures of these kingdoms to multiply, as well biped as quadruped. Were you here, you should choose between the prettiest little Lithuanian lass, you could find, and the most beautiful mare in the stud. Nor let your prudence take offence; for, I assure you, there is little difference between the animal, called a Lithuanian lass, and that other animal known by the name of a brood mare.

I shall be at Berlin on the 17th; where, according to my arithmetic, I shall meet you, and give vent to an inundation of ideas, which I have restrained within the mounds and bulwarks of circumspection; stronger than those by which the Dutch wall out the ocean. Should this comparison appear to you too gigantic, you have but to reduce it to its just proportion. Farewel to Jordan and his books. I hope to see the first as light and as cheerful as a chaffinch, and the second increased almost one half.

L E T T E R VI.

From the Prince Royal.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

At the Royal Stables,
August 10, 1739.

YOU are a fine fellow ! You daily send me letters from Voltaire, with new works, and write me the most charming letters yourself in the world ! I have nothing to return, for all these good things ; for this country, fruitful as it is in horses, grass, grain, and two-legged animals, does not afford one thinking being. Were I to stay here long, I dare assure you that I should lose the little good sense I may possess : but thank Heaven there is no danger. I shall begin my journey on Saturday, more early than the charioteer of day ; and intend to be at Berlin on Tuesday, before the earth, hurried away by its diurnal motion, has lost sight of the eye of the world.

What say you to that ? Is it not excellent ? I doubt whether madame de Scudéry, Sarrafin, Balzac, and Voiture combined, ever in their lives invented so fine a Phœbus !

At present, I am at work on the preface to the *Henriade*, with which I hope you will be satisfied.

satisfied. I have found an excellent field for praise. I have nothing but truths to write, and such truths as will give the author pleasure, without offending the delicacy of the public.

How many thousand times happier are you, with Cefario, than I am here! I would prefer death to this place. My poetical vein seems frozen. I know not whether this country be inimical to thought; or whether the god of verse never looked down upon it with an eye of mercy; but I am convinced that matter here lords it over mind. I shall depart, on Saturday, like a stone from a Cretan sling; and travel, with all possible speed, that I may be at Berlin by seven o'clock on Tuesday evening.

I commission you to present my compliments to madame Rocoules; and to the good Truchsefs you may send, by the first opportunity, a drawing of my arms; and that which Honoré has requested, and which you will find at Berlin. Apply to Truchsefs and it will be delivered.

Adieu, dear Jordan; I am wholly yours. I shelter myself beneath the shade of your science; like as the timid dove hides herself in the hollow oak, to avoid the blustering storm, and the carnivorous claws of the destructive vulture.

LETTER VII.

From the King.

Wesel, September 2, 1743.

I OUGHT not, my good inspector of hospitals, to have hoped to receive any news from you, except what related to mad-houses ; but, as your genius is superior to your office, you have written in a very charming style. I have made an excursion to Strasburg, a poetical description of which I have written and sent to Voltaire ; but, for want of an amanuensis, I have not kept a copy *.

I have had two attacks of ague and fever ; I know not whether tertian or quartan. But let this give you no concern ; for, be it which it will, there is no danger. Maupertuis is arrived. He is a clever fellow, and amiable in conversation ; but still a hundred points below Algarotti.

I am preparing to play M. de Liege a trick †,

* Some part of this poetical description is given, in the posthumous work of Voltaire, entitled—*Memoires de Voltaire écrits par lui-même.*

† Alluding to his invasion of the territories of the prince of Liege. T.

and I wish to see what turn the affair will take, before I depart. I have not yet resolved where, or how, I shall see Voltaire and the marchioness of Aftrea *, but see them I certainly shall. Adieu, dear Jordan; the Jordan of my heart. Do not forget me, and be certain of my friendship.

L E T T E R VIII.

From the King.

MY fever and I, fir, through all winds and weather,
Travelling together,

Fast friends are become, as tis said.

I own that the rogue is exceedingly civil.

Knocks at my door!—Fails not to come!

Will take no denial!—Is sure I'm at home!

While I so ungrateful am grown, or ill bred,

As daily to wish he were e'en at the devil!

Thus fever and marriage may well be compar'd.

Whenever, for better for worse,

Some couple ill starr'd are ensnar'd,

And, to add to the curse,

When petulant Cupid is flown,

I must own,

* Du Chatelet.

I should

I should fever itself to such wedlock prefer !
 Alike though they be, yet the difference is great.
 The doctor, in one case, can grant a divorce :
 But what minor force
 To a solemn conjunction of church and of state
 This noose
 Can unloose ?
 There is none, I aver.
 When Hymen has once caught us fast in his lure,
 No doctor but Death can afford us a cure.

Woe to the husbands who have bad wives,
 and to the wives who have bad husbands ! I
 have only the fever. Pills, powders, drops, and
 clysters, will plead so powerfully, in my be-
 half, that you will have no more need of lamen-
 tation.

Jordan, adieu. I believe I shall be at Char-
 lottenburg on Monday.

L E T T E R IX.

From the King.

Wesel, September 7, 1749.

HEALTH to your lordship, who, in state,
 Through portico and sculptur'd gate,
 Admits disease ! Whilst I must sit,
 And patient burn, in feverish fit,

Where

Where no proud Grecian columns rise,
With grandeur vain to jaundic'd eyes.
Once in four days, the foe's attack,
Through reins, and loins, and breast, and back,
Sends heat, and cold, and thrills, and pains,
And every noble deed restrains.
Yet do I oft forgetful sit,
Lift'ning to Algarotti's wit ;
His taste refin'd, his humour free !
Or hear, more sagely, Maupertuis
New knead old Earth, and plane her poles ;
While Wisdom, proudly, Pain controls.

Controll'd, indeed, not conquer'd so,
Again returns th' obdurate foe ;
With canker'd tooth, and endless strife,
To gnaw the tissu'd web of life.
I ne'er believ'd in those who boast
Of Æsculapian skill, thou know'st.
Convinc'd that such a faith were folly,
I've smil'd at fools who held it holy.
'Though angry doctors foam, and fret,
Their drugs shall ne'er my couch beset.
In Temp'rance, solely, I confide ;
She's my physician, friend, and guide !

I do not know when this fever will leave me :
it begins, however, to diminish, which gives
me good hopes I shall soon be freed from its
teazing. I have no news to send, in return for
all the fine things you have said ; except that I
expect Voltaire, on Sunday. As I cannot yet
travel, I hope he will come here. On Thurs-
day,

day, I shall set off for Hamm ; and, unless the fever leave me, shall perform my journey slowly ; but, if I get quit of it, I shall make more haste.

Adieu, dear Jordan.

May Heav'n shield thee safe, and free
From all mishap and malady ;
That thee we once again may find
Vigorous in body, as in mind !

L E T T E R X.

From the King.

Potsdam, September 24, 1740.

*Most respectable inspector of the poor ; of the invalids ;
of orphans, idiots, and madmen !*

I HAVE read, with profound meditation, the very profound, Jordanic, letter which I have just received ; and I have determined that your man of learning, stuffed with Greek, Syriac, and Hebrew, shall come. Write to inform Voltaire that, though I refused him, I have now altered my opinion ; and that I wish to have his diminutive Fourmont.

I have beheld this Voltaire, concerning
whom

whom my curiosity has been so highly excited! But I saw him when I had the fever, and when my mind was as relaxed as my body. In company with men like him, we ought not to be ill; we ought rather to be in perfect health, and have an unusual flow of spirits, if possible. He has the eloquence of Cicero, the mildness of Pliny, and the discretion of Agrippa! In a word, he unites in himself the virtues and talents of three of the greatest men of antiquity. His mind labours incessantly; each drop of ink is a trait of wit! He read us his Mahomet; an admirable tragedy, which he has written. We were absolutely in raptures, and I could only admire and be silent! His marchioness is very fortunate, in possessing him; for, from the excellent remarks which escape him, a person who does not think, having nothing more than the capacity of remembering, might compose an excellent work. Minerva has just completed her philosophical treatise, in which there are some good things. Kœnig has dictated her theme, which she has adjusted, and occasionally embellished, by such observations as have fallen from Voltaire, at their suppers. The chapter on space is pitiable; and the order of the work is bad. There are even gross errors; for, in one passage, she makes the stars revolve from west

west to east. In fine, it is a female who writes, and who undertakes to write the moment she begins her studies. An application of four or five years would be insufficient, for such subjects; nor should any thing be committed to paper, which has not been well digested, or before the author feels himself master of his subject; when he undertakes to explain that which he does not himself comprehend, it seems like one who stutters attempting to teach a dumb man the use of language.

Since, however, she takes pleasure in writing, let her write. Though her friends ought charitably to advise her rather to teach her son, than to become the preceptor of mankind: as well as not to insert algebraic equations, in a book on metaphysics; nor to give drawings, when they are not necessary for elucidation.

I expect an ague fit to-morrow. I am a little fatigued with travelling, without, however, having lost my desire to prattle. Thou wilt find me very talkative, on my return; but recollect that I have seen two things, which I always had much at heart; that is to say, Voltaire, and the French troops. Had it not been for my fever, I should have gone to Antwerp, and Brussels; and should have seen Brabant, and that Emily who is said to be so lovely, and

so learned. Indeed I hear much good of her; and what I have mentioned relates only to her book, which she might as well have kept locked up in her cabinet.

Adieu, most learned, most scientific, most profound, or rather most gallant, most amiable, and most jovial Jordan! I salute thee, assuring thee of all those old sentiments of friendship, with which thou hast inspired all who know thee as well as I do. *Vale.*

Written the moment of my arrival. Acknowledge thy obligations to me; for I have laboured, and must labour, like a Turk; or like a Jordan.

LETTER XI.

From the King.

Ruppin, November 28, 1740.

ART thou not rich, signor Jordan, in this packet? Prithee deliver the contents as directed. Thou wilt certainly be a spectator of scenes, at Berlin, which will divert us both. Inform me of what thou knowest, and of what thou dost not know. Send me news of the poet;
news

news of the Italian; political news; literary news. Prattle away. Repeat every thing thy ears have heard; describe all thy eyes have beheld. In critical moments, nothing is indifferent; and trifles are sometimes more nearly related to great events than men imagine.

I am very busy, and write the maddest poetry possible, to unbend my mind. I shall be at Berlin on Friday in the afternoon; where I shall have the pleasure to listen to Jordan.

Thy miser shall drink the lees of his insatiable desire to enrich himself*; he shall have thirteen hundred crowns. His six days apparition will cost me, diurnally, five hundred and fifty crowns. This is paying a fool well; never did the buffoon of a court receive better wages.

Farewell, friend. Do not forget me. Write often; and be in my anti-chamber at four in the afternoon, on Friday.

* To make desire a liquid is rather a violent metaphor; but the king is in a sportive humour. T.

LETTER XII.

From the King.

SIGNOR JORDAN,

Ruppin, Nov. 30, 1740.

THY letter is superior to one in Greek and Hebrew ; and assuredly does not emit that odour of the learned dust of antiquity which infects so many minds, and stupifies so many men of happy genius.

The brain of the poet has as much levity as the style of his works, and I flatter myself that the temptations of Berlin will be sufficient to induce him soon to return ; especially as the purse of the marchioness will not always be so weighty as mine. Thou wilt send this man, extraordinary in all his actions, the enclosed letter, with a small compliment in the learned pandar style. Thou wilt do as much for the graces of Algarotti, the curves of Maupertuis, and the Babylonian tower of Des Molards. Write me all kind of nonsense ; tell me what people say, what they think, and what they do. Berlin, it is said, has the appearance of madame Bellona in labour. I hope she will be brought to bed of something worth having, and that I shall gain the public confidence, by some bold and fortu-

nate enterprizes. Behold me now at a most critical but desirable conjuncture; such as may afford a solid foundation for renown!

The fame of thy priest is a false one. Alas! I never heard his name; nor did the syllables of which it is composed ever strike my ears, in the order in which they are by thee written. To provide corn was not a business of either to-day or yesterday; of this I have long taken care. In calamitous times, we cannot govern incidents; all we can do is to be industrious. Fortunately, my precautions have not been fruitless. Farewel. I shall see thee on Friday, and if thou writest me any such phrase as—*Upon my soul I don't know*—I will have thee whipt. My letter begins like an ode, and ends like a lampoon.

L E T T E R XIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, December 14, 1740.

EVERY body here is in expectation of events, the reason and end of which but few comprehend. I am delighted to see a part of
 3 your

your majesty's provinces in a state of scepticism : the disease is become epidemical. Those who, like theologians, imagine themselves infallible, pretend that your majesty is expected, with religious impatience, by the protestants ; and that the catholics hope to see themselves freed from numerous taxes, which cruelly lacerate the beautiful bosom of their church. Your courageous and stoic plan must be successful ; since religion and interest equally find their account, in repairing to your banners.

It is said that Wallis, who has the command, has punished a Silesian, for calumny, who announced the immediate coming of a new Messiah. I am ambitious of this kind of martyrdom.

The critics think the present step directly opposite to the maxims contained in the last chapter of the Anti-Machiavel.

All conversations at present conclude in the word manifesto. People wish for one immediately ; though it can only be the preface to a more ample deduction, on which some learned juriconsult is employed. They crowd to the booksellers, as men crowd to behold a celestial phenomenon which has been predicted. Such is the first chapter of my gazette, which can only be laid at the sacred feet of your majesty twice a week, because of the post office regulations.

I shall pass the morning of Friday in prayer. Astronomers pretend that Mars will that day enter the constellation of the Spread Eagle *.

I have the honour to be, with most profound respect, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, December 17, 1740.

THE manifesto at length has appeared, and every body is surpris'd at its brevity. The world expected, and wish'd, an ample and circumstantial deduction; instead of which they receive a compliment, paid to powers whom they believe to be highly alarmed. They analyse this declaration as a divine, in his pulpit, does a text of scripture; each explains it according to his own manner. One pretends it is strikingly clear; and another, on the contrary, thinks he perceives affected and political obscurity.

* Alluding to the arms of the houses of Brandenburg and Austria. T.

The

The people here affirm the great duke of Lorraine has been incognito at Rheinsberg.

I was surpris'd by an expression which dropped from the marquis de Beauveau *. Speaking on present circumstances, "I do not know," said the marquis to me, with an air of reserve, "what first inspired the king with the idea of his present steps, but I do not think he will do any great harm." No person better understands the sense of these words than your majesty.

One article of intelligence, which is pretty general, appeared to me to be original. The elector of Saxony feels bitter remorse of conscience, for having changed his religion; and does not know how to obtain the same peace of soul which Lutheranism formerly afforded. Nor does he address himself to the pope, to remove his scruples; he opens his heart to the king of Prussia, in order to confirm his staggering faith, and to acquire the consistency necessary to his creed. *O tempora!*

It is certain that all Paris is full of the change of your majesty's religion; as are all the letters written to Berlin. This has induced me to suppose that the theologians are not willing heaven should be any loser; if one king, by his

* The French ambassador. T.

abjuration, deprive himself of his rights, the other recovers them, by his repentance.

I have the advantage to be, with most profound and devoted respect, &c.

L E T T E R. XV.

From the King.

The quarters of Milchau, December 19, 1740,

THY letter, signor Jordan, gave me much pleasure, by thy relation of the various opinions of the world. To-morrow I shall arrive at my quarters, near Glogau; of which, in a few days, I hope to be in possession. All circumstances favour my designs, and I hope to return to Berlin after having gloriously executed them, and in a manner to give satisfaction. Let the ignorant and envious babble; they shall never form the compass by which I will steer. My end is fame: of this I am more than ever enamoured. The hearts of my men beat high, and I will be answerable for success.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Inform me of all the ill which the public repeats of thy friend, and be persuaded that I shall love and esteem thee ever.

L E T-

LETTER XVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, December 20, 1740.

THE most recent intelligence I can send your majesty is that of the departure of the marquis de Beauveau. He finished examining the cabinet of medals yesterday, with which he is as much delighted as the public is by the rich present it has received. It is said that the collection which the king of France bestowed on M. de Camas is very inferior to it, in value.

We hear of an alliance between your majesty, France, and Sweden. Nay, we hear of much more. It is affirmed that the queen of Hungary died in childbed; but this I do not believe.

Prayers are put up in all the churches, for the prosperity of your majesty's arms; and the only reason for the war, alleged in these, is the interest of the protestant religion. The zeal of the people is awakened, when they hear these words; and they bless God, for having raised up so powerful a defender of their religion. They recant the opinions they had dared to entertain, when they suspected him of indifference for the protestant cause; and affirm, without
D 4 examination,

examination, that the claims of your majesty are incontestable. This is acting indeed like a statesman !

The brave Pascal, who some day may happen to button his coat with the ears of Voltaire, against whom he is highly irritated, has performed an action worthy of a man of honour. Not knowing what saint to pray to, he went in search of M. de Maupertuis, and borrowed ten guineas of him, to perform his journey : but the marquis de Beauveau, being affected by the situation of this officer, offered him a place in his carriage to return to France. Pascal accepted the offer, and went and returned the money to his benefactor, the astronomer, with thanks,

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XVII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, December 24, 1740.

THE letter which it has pleased your majesty to honour me with makes my heart overflow with satisfaction, and joy. I never doubted the success of your designs. The building
is

is firm, and able even to resist storms, and whirlwinds. Troops that see themselves commanded by a king never can be insensible to glory. To relieve a nation from the fear of almost inevitable famine, and to conquer a province in the midst of winter, is the finest commencement of a reign known to history.

The news of the city is that your majesty is already in Breslau, and this news is founded on a letter which a tradesman has received. Never was incident in romance better dressed up than was this intelligence. Since it has been supposed that your majesty acts in favour of protestantism, you are made to march, with the speed of Achilles, to the further parts of Silesia.

Most certain it is that foreign courts have reproached their ambassadors, resident at Berlin, for their want of intelligence; they were none of them able to divine the purport of the armament, and have been accused of too much credulity. The truth was scarcely begun to be believed, till your majesty was in his camp, and Silesia in part conquered.

Wolfe has been received, at Halle, much in the same manner as the Jews would receive their long-expected Messiah. A pedantic cohort escorted him to his house. His enemy, Lange, has been to visit him, and has overwhelmed

whelmed him with politeness, to the great astonishment of the faculty. Madame de Roucoules, more cheerful than usual, has charged me to send your majesty the three pieces here added, which she believes to be as suitable appendages to a warrior's equipage as a toilet is to a lady.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, December 25, 1740.

I HAVE received two pieces* from the camp, written with much wit and delicate pleasantry. The author of them is easily discoverable; beside that a passage is cited from them, said to be by king Solomon, but which certainly is not to be found in the writings Solomon has left. I am too zealous a partisan of Horace not to restore him this passage, which

* The word *pieces*, as at the conclusion of the last letter, may be a kind of political manifestos; but, as they may be poetry, or almost any thing else, from the ambiguity of the term, the original word *pieces* is here, as it has been in other instances, necessarily preserved. T.

is his by right. But is not Horace equal to Solomon, in the opinion of the author of this ingenious but severe satire?

I have thought it my duty to send your majesty some very bad and impertinent poetry, from Holland, which has been remitted to the Berlin bookfellers.

It is generally reported here that an arch priest, as your majesty was marching from Schweidnitz to Lignitz, publicly exhorted his dear flock to receive the Prussian troops with all the respect they merited, and assist them to the utmost of their power. This action does not seem to be stamped with the true catholic zeal.

The gazettes, and consequently the public, affirm that count von Rottemburg is sent to Berlin, on the part of the court of France, there to negotiate an affair of the last importance.

It is also obstinately asserted, as a thing indubitable, that your majesty is to have an interview with the great duke of Lorraine; and, public affairs ended, that you are to go together and remain at Venice, during the time of the Carnival.

I have the honour to be, with all possible respect, &c.

L E T T E R XIX.

From the King.

Neumark, December 30, 1740.

LONG life to Jordan, and his good humour ! Thou didst not engender the spleen, my friend, by writing me thy last letter. As for us who are here on our ways and means, we soon hope to be at the end of our journey, and to have performed the trifling exploit which will merit some consideration. Great blows are about to be struck ; and, if I do not mistake, I shall, in a week, write thee something more substantial than the nonsense with which I have hitherto entertained thee. We are at the gates of Breslau. Glogau must soon surrender, for the town is at bay : not to mention that our affairs begin to wear that face which it was natural they should assume.

Farewel. Be merry, and study by thy warm fire-side, while we are fighting in the dirt, or in the snow. Forget not I conjure thee thy admirer, who will some of these days burst with the esteem which he has for thee.

L E T.

LETTER XX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, December 31, 1740.

BERLIN is full of the news of the capture of Glogau, which is inserted in the gazettes. It is so circumstantial as to say that the siege only continued four hours, and that each hour cost the lives of a hundred men. My barber came to tell me this, in great haste. The word Glogau escaped him, but he recollected himself immediately, and with lively and impetuous joy told me the king of Prussia had taken the great mogul.

Would your majesty believe that, in a book by Kosterus, published long ago, the author bestowed Silesia and Moravia on your house. The partition he there makes of the provinces of the emperor merits to be read, for its singularity. I have taken care to have the passages in question transcribed, which when translated must divert your majesty. The elector George William, struck, according to Bayle, by the accounts given of this fanatic, wished to see him, and caused him to be examined by the theologians of Frankfort on the Oder. He came to Berlin

in

in 1625, or 1626, by command of this prince; with whom he had several conversations.

The envoy Achard is uneasy, in behalf of his brother-in-law Horguelin, one of the richest tradesmen of Breslau, as your majesty will perceive, by the note which he has written me. I assured him he might be satisfied that there was nothing to fear, under the present circumstances, either for his relation or his wealth, which is there deposited.

I have seen a letter from Paris, in which it is said the dearth increases in that city.

Many cannon are embarked here, which circumstance gives birth to numerous conjectures. People go and examine them with an air of astonishment; for they cannot comprehend to what use they are destined, since it is supposed Silesia is already subjugated, by your majesty.

I have the honour and happiness to be, with devoted and profound respect, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXI.

From the King.

A LIST of new books, which are in the press, and which will be sold at Breslau, this 3d of January, 1741.

THE BARON IN AN ILL HUMOUR: or the Sieur P— stung by a Wasp. This book is but little relished, because many passages are remarked in it from a F— author, ill understood and ill translated, which led the public to imagine that the author P. has been too hasty in composing the work. The judgment of the public ought to serve as a rule to authors who are desirous to write, and to teach them that they should digest their subject well, before they publish.

There is another book sold, though privately, entitled POLITICAL LETHARGY: or the Mode of curing the Hungarian Disease. Printed for Bartenstein at Vienna.

A NEW STRATAGEM OF THE DEVIL, TO FILCH A SOUL FROM THE GOOD GOD: or the Legerdemain Tricks of Gaffer Gonin, in Hell. Edited by a bishop deprived of his diocese,
and

and enriched by the notes of a bespattered dragoon.

THE INCONSOLABLE LOVER : or the Cuckold in Bud : or the Rogue and a Half. A scarce work, written by an Italian, and sold at Ferrara. Price one shilling.

THE GENEALOGY OF BALAAM'S ASS. A very curious and scarce work ; with the arms of all his ancestors, engraved by Picart, in royal foolscap folio : the ornaments by an Englishman, with German additions. Weight two quintals, twenty four pounds.

A VIEW OF THE RESURRECTION : in which is represented the perplexity of effeminate canons, disturbed by the beat of the drum ; the pleasure of * * * at again finding themselves virgins ; and the rage of bigots at seeing themselves among the damned.

AN ANALYSIS OF CANON LAW : written by the most erudite fleur-de Linger, with a Commentary by the P. d'A. An admirable work, for those who study jurisprudence ; and of great use to kings. The whole enriched by vignettes, in the style of Watteau.

THE FOOL'S LIBRARY ; or a Collection of Bon-mots, which have been repeated to the third generation, and safely preserved, in Wit's warehouse, for the use of ignorant posterity.

A TREATISE ON THE WILL HE NILL HE HUNT: by the Pr. M.: or the Stag in Rut; with a most profound Dissertation on the Manors and Lordships of * * *.

THE DIMINUTIVE OF NOTHING: or the Art of Trifling, by the same Author.

A NEW TREATISE ON ELOQUENCE, BY ONE BORN DEAF AND DUMB; THE PROPERTIES OF COLOURS, BY A BLIND MAN; AND THE ART OF THINKING, BY A LUNATIC. An admirable philosophic work, more intelligible than any hitherto published.

Should any of these books be wanted, they may be found at Breslau, in Goodsense-street, at the house of the man of Plato.

L E T T E R XXII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, January 7, 1741.

I BEGIN my letter by three *reports*, which I shall take good care not to warrant. *It is reported* that the queen of Hungary is so sensibly affected, by your majesty's enterprize, that she has sworn, by Styx, she rather would yield all the Netherlands, to France, than see the inhabitants of Silesia eat their bread, and drink their wine,

under the government of the house of Brandenburg. This intelligence has been buzzed through five or six pair of political ears, that ruminate thereon*.

It is reported that France lends two millions to Bavaria, to enable the latter to support its just pretensions.

And *it is reported* that Russia will strenuously take part with the empire. These are three things proper to exercise the politics of those who employ a part of their day in politics.

It is as certain as it is singular that, the news of the capture of Glogau † being arrived, every body was in raptures, and drank to the health of him who rebuilds the walls of Zion, in a country in which error has exerted itself for their total overthrow.

The following are two articles from the Cologne gazette, of the 20th of December, 1740, which I think it my duty to send your majesty.

* Ruminating ears is the metaphor of the author. T.

† The original reads—"Le bruit de la prise de Glogau étant parvenu à Glogau"—That is to say, "the news of the surrender of Glogau being arrived at Glogau."—It is difficult to know precisely what is meant: there is a dutchy called Glogau, which contains two towns of the same name; and M. Jordan I imagine intends to say the singularity of the circumstance was that the conquered people should rejoice in their own subjection. T.

“ M. von

“ M. von Borck gave a grand dinner, on
 “ Thursday last, to the foreign ambassadors. It
 “ is affirmed that this gentleman was, not long
 “ since, at table with the marquis de Mirepoix,
 “ and that the latter said to him, it is rumoured
 “ that his Prussian majesty is marching troops
 “ for the service of our court *; to which M.
 “ von Borck replied, this rumour was not only
 “ well founded but that the king, his master,
 “ was ready to march a still greater number,
 “ for the service of the queen of Hungary and
 “ Bohemia. The same minister, it is said, ex-
 “ plained himself much in the same manner, at
 “ the dinner of last Thursday. Be this as it may,
 “ it is certain that the court appears to be under
 “ no concern, from the march of the Prussian
 “ troops.”

The second article concludes by the following
 reflection, after an account given of the pre-
 parations made for the present expedition—
 “ The destination of this corps, at such a season
 “ and under present circumstances, continues
 “ to be a mystery which no foreign minister
 “ dare vaunt to have discovered.”

I have the honour to be, &c.

* The passage is obscure, but I imagine, by the words *notre cour* (our court) the Austrian court is meant. T.

L E T T E R XXIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, January 10, 1741.

THE deduction of the incontestable rights of your majesty, to Silesia, appeared on Saturday last; and this is the subject on which, at present, all political conversation turns. The claims are generally enough allowed, but the fifteenth and sixteenth articles are subject to criticism. Some pretend the author ought to have omitted them, since they seem to enfeeble the force of the preceding proofs; and others wish to see them supported by some authority. Those who do not understand German impatiently wait for a translation of the work.

It is affirmed that the keys of Breslau are in your majesty's possession, and that the people are delighted to be under your protection. This affords me no surprise; they do but appear to me to act rationally.

A life of the late king, in two volumes octavo, is printed in Saxony, which I have run over, but which was scarcely worth the trouble. The French style is bad, and it is written without taste, judgment, or even prudence. That
which

which is printing in Holland, under the direction of La Martinière, will entirely ruin the sale of this I have mentioned. I am causing Du Molard to translate the polite conversations of Swift, from the English, an extract from which formerly diverted your majesty.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XXIV.

From the King.

Ottmachau, January 14, 1741.

MY dear Mr. Jordan, my gentle Mr. Jordan, my peaceable Mr. Jordan, my good, my benignant, my pacific, my most humane Mr. Jordan!

I announce the conquest of Silesia to thy serenity, and give thee information of the bombardment of Neifs. I prepare thee to expect more important projects, and inform thee of the most smiling success to which the womb of fortune ever gave birth.

This ought to suffice thee. Be thou my Cicero, relative to the justice of my cause; and I will be thy Cæsar, as to the execution.

Adieu. Thou knowest whether I am not,
with the most cordial amity, thy faithful friend.

L E T T E R XXV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, January 14, 1741.

A COURIER arrived, as people pretend, three days ago, who announced to the curious public the reduction of great Glogau, with the loss of fifty grenadiers and two officers. There was a great alarm on the subject, spread through the ladies' quarter of the town, and tears have been very plentiful, previous to the confirmation of the news. This is to begin where we ought to end. I have been very tranquil on the subject; for I know your majesty is, at present, much beyond Breslau, in excellent health, and that the persons in whose preservation I interest myself have the advantage and honour of accompanying you. I have delivered to M. Gautier, the keeper of the cabinet of antiquities, the seven medals, and have his receipt. It were to be wished that all those which have been found in Prussia might follow the same route.

There

There is an article in the Utrecht gazette, of Friday, January the 6th, under the head Ratification, which I think proper to send your majesty. —“ They write from Nuremberg that fears are “ entertained, lest the king of Prussia should “ renew some ancient pretensions on that town.”

It is generally rumoured here that Berlin will have the consolation to see your majesty, toward the end of the month. The news is too agreeable to be so easily thought true.

I have the honour to be, till I can throw myself at your majesty's feet, after your glorious conquest, with profound respect, and inviolable attachment, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, January 17, 1741.

ALL the letters that come from Silesia seem incapable sufficiently to praise your majesty's troops, and their good order and discipline.

On Saturday last, in the Berlin gazettes, a letter from a Prussian officer was printed, who there endeavours to give the public an account

of what has passed, in the Silesian expedition, to the moment of the departure of his letter. There are persons, who pretend to found their reasoning on the military experience of many years, who cannot persuade themselves that all which the author has said, concerning the order of marching and the few stragglers, is not a little exaggerated. I have heard warm disputes, on the subject; and it is agreed that those things which might appear strange, to a foreigner, will not to a person who has any acquaintance with the regularity of our troops.

Twelve ministers this day depart for the conquered country, which gives every body great pleasure. They visibly undertake the journey with that kind of alacrity with which people formerly departed for the holy land.

I have been assured that the minister of the emperor is much chagrined, at not having received letters from his court, during six post days. He is one of those honest men who have the advantage of being able to grieve for their master's interests.

There has been a dispute, at Hanover, between the servants of the marquis de Beauveau and those of the inn-keeper with whom he lodged; and, though it only related to the difference of some pence, swords were drawn, people were wounded,

wounded, and uproar and confusion were triumphant. I particularly remarked this news gave no pleasure to the friends of the ambassador. Beside that the Dutch gazettes have related it in a manner that renders it rather ridiculous.

L E T T E R XXVII.

From the King.

Ottmachau, January 17, 1741.

I HAVE the honour to inform your humanity that we are preparing, like good christians, to bombard Neifs; and, if the city do not voluntarily surrender, necessity must level it with the ground. Our affairs go on prosperously, and thou wilt soon hear no more of us; for in ten days all will be over; and in a fortnight I shall have the pleasure of hearing and seeing thee once again.

I have neither seen my brother nor Kayserling. I left them at Breslau, to avoid exposing them to the dangers of war. At this, perhaps, they will be a little vexed; but I knew not what to do; especially as, on this occasion, there is

no

no having any claims on fame, unless by being a mortar.

Adieu, Mr. Counsellor ; go and amuse yourself with Horace ; study Pausanias, and get merry with Anacreon. For my part, I have nothing for my amusement, except merlons, fascines, and gabions. May God soon grant me a more peaceful and mild occupation ; and may you enjoy health, content, and all your heart's desires !

L E T T E R XXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, February 21, 1741.

IT is affirmed that your majesty gave a text, to the preachers of Silesia, on which they were to hold forth ; and the words are so well selected that they deserve notice. They are in the first book of Maccabees, chap. xv. 33, 34.

“ Then answered Simon and said unto him, We
 “ have neither taken other men's land nor hold
 “ that which appertaineth to others ; but the
 “ inheritance of our fathers, which our enemies
 “ had wrongfully in possession, a certain time.

“ Wherefore, we having opportunity, hold the
 “ inheritance of our fathers.”

It is cause of grief, to our zealous protestants, that this book, as your majesty perfectly knows, is held apocryphal by them, and is only received among the catholics.

La Nouvelle Bibliotheque *, for November 1740, gives an extract from the Anti-Machiavel, of which translations have appeared, in German, Italian, and English. “ We know
 “ not,” says the reviewer, “ any author, or rather any book on morality, comparable to
 “ this.—We are astonished at the purity of the
 “ language, which is singular, because it is affirmed not to be the mother tongue of the
 “ author. Various passages have seemed to us
 “ written in terms so energetic, and the choice
 “ of words has often been so happy, that we
 “ have for some time been in doubt whether it
 “ were in reality the work of a foreigner.”

The reviewer draws a parallel between Telemachus and the Anti-Machiavel, and gives the latter the preference, both in what relates to style and subject. Here says he is seen one uniform but vigorous, full, and masculine language; proper for the serious affairs on which it treats. He also remarks, that there are pas-

* A review under this title. T.

fages in this book, which suppose a profound knowledge of metaphysics.

I am no longer a thinking being, since your majesty's departure. Ghosts and darkness haunt my mind.

I have the honour to be, with gratitude, profound respect, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

From the King.

FRIEND JORDAN,

Schweidnitz,
February 24, 1741.

IT will give me pleasure to see thee here, with Maupertuis: depart, therefore, for Breslau, and there remain till thou shalt receive new orders.

I am at present studying the public safety, and am preparing every thing to obtain success, in the ensuing campaign. I know not whence thy melancholy proceeds, of an increase of which I hope thou hast no need. I love war for the sake of fame; but, were I not a king, I should be nothing more than a philosopher. In fine, each man must follow his occupation; and it is my whim not to do any thing by halves.

Dead or alive, do not forget me; but per-

suade thyself that, though the philosopher is become a warrior, he does not in the bottom of his heart esteem thee the less. *Vale.*

L E T T E R XXX.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, February 28, 1741.

YOUR majesty has the art of curing the diseased in a more natural manner than the king of France can cure the evil. On the arrival of the charming letter with which you have been pleased to honour me, I seemed to feel my illness decrease, and I hope even soon to be able to obey the gracious commands I have received.

I have no doubt but that M. de Maupertuis will most willingly obey your majesty's orders, and perform the journey with me.

I have just received a letter addressed to a friend from Marseilles, in which there is a stanza that I think merits to be read by your majesty.

Tous ces raisonneurs du Portique,
Sous des habillemens grossiers,
Cachaient la gloire fantastique
D'être des hommes singuliers.

Le corps et l'esprit à la gêne,
 Au fond d'un tonneau, Diogène
 Ne cherche pas la vérité ;
 Mais ce cyrique y vient attendre
 L'instant où le grand Alexandre
 Viendra flatter sa vanité *.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect, &c.

L E T T E R XXXI.

From the King.

From a village, of the name and appearance
 of which I am ignorant, March 3, 1741.

I AM sincerely sorry, Jordan, for the accident which has happened to thee. My wishes are ever for thy preservation, and for every thing that can render thy life agreeable. I have been but little in thy rear. I have had a narrow escape, from a large party of hussars, who thought to have surrounded and taken us. Without vanity, to my own trifling capacity

* The disputants of the Portico, under coarse garments, concealed the fantastic vanity of being singular. With body and mind constrained, Diogenes sought not truth in his tub ; but waited there that Alexander might come and flatter his cynical vanity.

am

am I indebted for my safety. I have not lost so much as a drummer, of my own escort; but, as misfortune would have it, four hundred of these hussars fell upon the squadron of the regiment of Schulenburg, and killed ten troopers.

My compliments to Maupertuis; tell him he must choose between Iceland and Silesia; and that, go where he will, he will ever be accompanied by my friendship and esteem. He is not much in the wrong. I am overwhelmed with affairs. I have them in every shape and form. Were men wise, they would treat the phantom fame, which occasions them so much trouble, and induces them to dedicate that time to pain which Heaven gave them for enjoyment, with greater neglect. Thou wilt find me more of a philosopher than thou hast imagined; for philosopher, more or less, I have always been. My age, the ardour of the passions, the desire of renown, curiosity itself, that I may conceal nothing from thee, and in fine, a secret instinct has torn me from the sweets of repose, by which I was charmed. I have been seduced by the desire of seeing my name in the gazettes, and afterward in history.

Adieu, dear and faithful friend. My compliments to Cefario.

L E T T E R XXXII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, March 4, 1741.

I HERE insert a string of intelligence, which I have obtained, and which perhaps will divert your majesty, occupied though you are by great projects.

“The king of Prussia,” says a Dutch news-writer, “occasions a strict search to be made
“into the assassination of Saint-Clair.”

To this article of news is added the following——“The king of Prussia has sent
“preachers into Silesia; for this monarch indicates much zeal for the interests and increase
“of the protestant religion. A prayer, which
“he himself has written, is read in all the
“churches of Silesia.”

I shall mention nothing to your majesty concerning the gazette writer of Cologne; you no doubt are informed of the impertinence inserted in his last paper.

The rumour here is general that we shall have the consolation to see your majesty at Berlin in a fortnight; this news continually occupies my mind, and gives me great pleasure; especially
because

because it is affirmed there will be no army of observation.

Mention is made here of an action which passed in your majesty's presence. Three hundred Prussians cut their way through eight hundred imperial hussars. It is singular enough that, according to our accounts, three or four hundred students of Prague, who thought proper to play the soldier, have been sent prisoners to Kustrin.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, March 7, 1741.

THE articles of news are so numerous, and so various, that there is some difficulty in selecting.

Three hundred students, in disguise, have attempted to carry off the chief of the Prussian army, under the command of a jesuit and the auspices of a saint of good repute, but were taken and sent to Kustrin. This news, however ridiculous it may be, is affirmed and each day ap-

pears in public, under some new form, and with varying circumstances.

It is here gravely asserted that fourteen thousand Bavarians have entered Austria.

The return of your majesty in a fortnight is still insisted on as truth; but my reason combats the suggestions of self-love, on this subject. I wish it so sincerely that I fear I shall not have such a pleasure.

It is positively affirmed there will be no camp formed, by the Hanoverian troops.

There is great talk of peace; and I relate this with as much joy as a fanatic listens to a description of celestial beatitude.

The hastiness of the order given to the gendarmes, to depart immediately, has been much remarked. This does not seem to promise peace.

People are surprised to hear nothing positive, and precise, concerning the operations of the campaign.

In addition to all this, I have the honour to inform your majesty that I am in part recovered, and ready to obey the orders it shall please you to give. I have the honour to be, &c.

L. E. T.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN,

Schweidnitz, March 10, 1741.

AT length Glogau is taken by assault. Twenty-eight officers, two generals, and a thousand and four men have been made prisoners of war. The whole of our loss only amounts to one lieutenant and between twenty and thirty men. This is an action as singular, in its kind, as any found in history. Our troops signalized themselves by their valour; and I am persuaded that thou, like a good patriot, wilt be very happy at this news. At present, we are about to put the last hand to the work, and to direct all the operations of war in such a manner as to do ourselves honour. If thou art not satisfied with me now, thou never wilt be; for, as sure as there is a God, I do all I can.

Write me a few words concerning Kayserling: I am in pain about him, not having received any news from him since my departure from Berlin. Say a thousand kind things to him, on my part.

Come and join me, as soon as thy health will permit; and be persuaded I shall always sincerely love thee.

L E T T E R XXXV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, March 11, 1741.

THE letter with which it has pleased your majesty to honour me is divine. How beautiful is such philosophy; and how rare is it to hear any one speak against ambition, who is successfully marching in the road of glory! How many reflections may be made on the character of a conqueror, and his labours! But I recollect the remark made by a philosophic hero, after having heard a certain philosophic preacher, and am silent.

Your majesty, it is said, aspires to the imperial dignity, and your confession of faith has been sent to the Pope. This news comes from foreign countries. What follows is the news of the town, or rather of my chamber, where the newsmongers assemble, since I have not been able to go abroad.

M. Borck, the adjutant, is gone to Vienna to treat. An involuntary prayer, at hearing this, escaped me in behalf of peace. I own I fear the courage of your majesty, as much as I do the foe against whom you fight.

The house of commons condemns the encampment at Hanover, to which parliament will not contribute : and in this I think the members are right, for there is seldom any thing got by war. M. von Brackel offers to bet a hundred guineas, with any man, that peace will be concluded in three months : could I accelerate it by the sacrifice of my whole library, I would set fire to it with as much zeal as Erostrates did to the temple of Ephesus. My Horace, my beautiful Horace, I swear should be committed to the flames.

One very melancholy article of news here is that M. von Reysewitz has been taken ; but I hope it is false.

M. Maupertuis departs to-morrow to throw himself at your majesty's feet. As my health begins to be better, I wait your majesty's orders, to have the consolation of seeing the most dear and amiable of masters.

A courier is arrived, who announces the reduction of Glogau ! The news has overwhelmed me with joy !

I have the honour to be, with most profound respect, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, March 14, 1741.

THE French gazette, of Berlin, has terrified and made all honest people shudder ; by a relation of the conspiracy. I own to your majesty my mind is wholly occupied by this idea, which I have been left to consider in the silence of my chamber. The fact once proved, persons who are capable of a design so black cannot but be covered with confusion, and ignominy. Neither are the catholic clergy less to be feared ; perhaps more, for their proceedings are secret, and covered by the dark veil of religion. May Heaven preserve your majesty from all accidents ! I will apply myself more assiduously to virtue, that my prayers may be effectual ; for it is said the prayers of the just only are heard.

Some say the court of Saxony demands a princess of this house *, for the prince royal of Poland.

* *Cette maison.* Of the house of Brandenburg, as I imagine. The elector of Saxony was king of Poland ; but the phrase in the French is obscure by being inaccurate. T.

The queen of Hungary is to cede all Silesia, for which your majesty is to grant her forty thousand men.

These two articles have not probability in their favour. But it is affirmed that the imperial court is greatly embarrassed, which is much more likely to be true.

The journey of M. de Valori furnishes much matter for political conjecture ; there would indeed be sufficient to exhaust the conjectural art, even though it were reduced to those subtle and invariable rules, by M. Wolf, which he has promised it shall be.

Madame de Rocoules is rather better, and desired me most humbly to present her respects to your majesty. When shall I have the consolation to pay my court at Berlin, after a durable and fixed peace, to him who is the hope of Israel ? I ask pardon for this theological phrase, and have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN, Schweidnitz, March 15, 1741.

WHEN thy health will permit thee to come hither, thou wilt find me wholly disposed to make thee welcome. I am in an advantageous situation, and our affairs, thank Heaven, do marvellously well. Yet philosophy stands its ground; and, were it not for my curst eagerness after fame, I can assure thee that I should only think hereafter of tranquillity. Adieu, dear Jordan. I hope soon to see thee here. Do not forget me, but rest satisfied of the esteem and sincere friendship I shall ever have for thee. My compliments to Cesario.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, March 17, 1741.

THE taking of Glogau has inspired universal joy; and the public wait, with an impatience

tience which gives me pleasure, for the official account of that fine action, in the gazettes. There is not an individual who does not seem interested. That power which could stop the foldier, who, under such circumstances, almost always enjoys the right of pillage, is most admired. Such are the real advantages which are derived from the military discipline of this country.

It is here whispered that France has declared war against the Dutch. I can scarcely believe it, though it is pretended to be affirmed by the oracles of politics. I abide by the faith of my priest on this subject.

It is imagined peace is on the point of being concluded, because the prince of Lichtenstein is absent from Vienna; and, as it is suspected, is gone to the Prussian camp, to prevail on your majesty not to listen to the proposals of France, but to receive Lower Silesia, which is offered you by the queen of Hungary; who desires to be allied to your majesty, because she supposes that to be the most certain alliance, and which will have the least need of guarantees. Such are the reasonings of a newsmonger, who, after many a convulsive grimace, was yesterday delivered of this system.

Du Molard is gone to Paris, to wait your majesty's commands; being afraid the dearth * will not permit him to arrive soon enough for the forming of the academy.

I please myself with the hope of departing, by the middle of next week, to throw myself at the feet of the conqueror of Silesia.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, March 20, 1741.

I HOPE to have the honour to find myself at your majesty's feet on Sunday next. I am impatient for the arrival of this moment, and the enjoyment of such a pleasure.

The king of England, it is said, intends to command the army in person. The beauty of his camp equipage is much talked of here, and

* *Par la crainte qu'il avoit de ne pouvoir arriver, sans la disette, au point de l'erection de l'academie.* The dearth either signifies a dearth of members, for the academy, or the passage is to me wholly unintelligible. T.

it is added that twelve thousand English are embarked for Germany.

Some days since, nothing was heard of but peace; which, according to the news of the present day, is now very distant; for your majesty is said to have entered into engagements with other powers, and that the queen of Hungary has been too tardy, in those negotiations which she ought to have hastened.

Many tales are told here concerning poor M. von Reysewitz which appear to me to want foundation. It is affirmed six hundred men have, by surprise, entered Brieg, without being perceived by the besiegers.

Our intelligence varies every day, is believed one hour and rejected the next.

I have with surprise seen an English book, which teaches pure deism, translated into German, and publicly sold here. Our good divines will find exercise, on this subject; which to them will, for a time, be the apple of discord.

An excellent history of the establishment of the order of the Jesuits has appeared. I am persuaded that the work will have success.

It is said count Pickler has been carried off by the hussars, and taken to Neiss.

May

May God preserve your majesty ! I can do the public of Berlin the justice to say that the people all offer up prayers for your safety.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect, &c.

L E T T E R XL.

From the King.

March 27, 1741.

I MARCH for Breslau to-morrow, sieur Jordan, where in four days time I shall be. You good people of Berlin have a prophetic spirit, of which I can form no conception. In fine, I do not stop at trifles ; and thou wilt soon see Silesia numbered among the provinces of Prussia. Adieu. I have not time to tell thee more ; religion, and our brave soldiers, will perform the rest.

Tell Maupertuis, that I grant the pensions of his academicians, and that I hope to find proper subjects to form young members, in the country in which I am. Give my compliments to him.

L E T-

LETTER XLI.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Pogrel, April 8, 1741.

WE shall give battle to-morrow. Thou knowest the fate of arms, and that no more respect is paid to the lives of kings than to those of private persons. I know not what the event will be. Should I meet my death, remember a friend who has always tenderly loved thee. Should Heaven prolong my life, I will write to thee to-morrow and thou shalt hear of our victory. Farewel, dear friend. While I live I shall love thee.

LETTER XLII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, April 11, 1741.

I WAS yesterday dreadfully alarmed. The noise of artillery heard, and the smoke of powder seen from the tops of the towers, made it suspected there had been a battle, between the two armies. The conjecture was this morning confirmed,

confirmed, but in a manner infinitely glorious to your majesty's troops. Joy prevailed among all the protestant inhabitants, who began to entertain fears, from the false rumours which the catholics took a pleasure to spread. Persons who were present at the action never think they can sufficiently praise the coolness and courage of your majesty. For my own part, I am in an ecstacy of joy. I have run about the whole day, to announce this good and glorious news, to such Prussians as happened to be in Breslau. Never did I feel more perfect satisfaction. M. de Camas is here, and has been very ill, for two days, of an inflammatory fever: the physician flatters himself there is no danger.

A printed relation is just published, but the circumstances do not seem to be well related. I flatter myself one will soon appear written by a more able hand. An action so glorious deserves a more full and connected narrative. May God preserve your majesty, for the consolation and happiness of the kingdom!

I have the honour to be, &c.

LET.

LETTER XLIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Breslau, April 14, 1741.

AT the corner of each street a plebeian orator is found declaiming on the warlike deeds of your majesty's troops. I have often from indolence stopped to listen to these discourses, which flow rather from the heart than from the head.

I this morning left M. de Camas, who scarcely can outlive the day : the physician and his surgeon give him over. I have been but little absent from him during his illness.

There has been a report for these two hours that Brieg has surrendered—God grant it may be true !

I wait the orders of your majesty at Breslau, not daring to repair to Ohlau, and throw myself at your feet, without permission. This week M. de Valori, the Swedish ambassador, and the baron von Pöllnitz have arrived.

It is said that the cardinal is here detained prisoner. An article has appeared in the French gazette of Berlin on the subject of his arrest which has given every body pleasure.

No

No one knows what is become of M. de Maupertuis, who, apparently, is taken by the enemy. Your majesty, no doubt, will soon hear of him.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XLIV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Breslau, April 26, 1741.

A NEW edition of the Anti-Machiavel has appeared, published by Voltaire, in which what had been retrenched in the former is inserted. The German translation, made at Göttingen, is published here. In the weekly paper, which the chevalier de Mouchy intended to have printed at Berlin, and which the people there refused to print, are the following words—"M. la B. de Chambrier had, last week, audience of the king, presented him a letter on the part of his master, and gave his majesty a relation of the fearful conspiracy, which the king of Prussia has happily discovered. The plan of the conspirators was to rid themselves of this monarch on the first favourable occasion; or, if they could, to
" carry

“ carry him off. More than sixty persons had
“ concerted together, for this odious purpose ;
“ and their number occasioned them to be sus-
“ pected—The chief of the conspirators was
“ charged with letters, in cypher, the key to
“ which he was obliged to give. This affair
“ occasions dreadful alarms. The king of
“ Prussia has commanded all his ambassadors,
“ in foreign countries, to expatiate on the hor-
“ ror of such an act. The criminal has been
“ put under a safe guard, and the king of Prus-
“ sia has obtained the grant of the electoral
“ college, for him to be judged by the diet of
“ Frankfort, where all the justificatory pieces
“ will be examined, by the electors assembled,
“ to do proper justice.

“ The king of England has caused it to be
“ published, that this was a fictitious conspiracy,
“ by the king of Prussia, in concert with the
“ duke of Bavaria ; that the electors, and all
“ Europe, might conceive an abhorrence for
“ the grand duke of Tuscany ; and that he
“ might thus rob him of the imperial crown,
“ to which it seemed he would have been call-
“ ed : but this is little probable. Letters from
“ Vienna are expected, to inform us of the
“ means which the queen of Hungary will take,
“ to preserve the grand duke from the shame

“ with which he will be overwhelmed, by such
 “ a horrid act, if the falsehood of this ignomini-
 “ ous accusation be not proved.”

Te Deum has been sung at Vienna; on which, as soon as I heard the news, I wrote the four following lines.

Croyez-vous que pour la victoire
 Le *Te Deum* à Vienne s'est chanté?
 Non : mais Neuperg à Dieu donne la gloire,
 D'un grand péril promptement évité *.

God preserve your majesty ! I have no other prayer, it is my daily *pater noster*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XLV.

From M. Jordan †.

Breslau, May 2, 1741.

HOW charitable is your majesty ! You not only afford me bodily subsistence but are kindly pleased to supply spiritual nutriment, for the

* Would you believe that *Te Deum* has been sung at Vienna for victory gained ? Oh no ! 'Twas Neuperg who returned God thanks for the danger he had escaped.

† This and others of the letters of M. Jordan are part in prose

the soul. I have received the Italian psalms, adapted to the airs of the melodious Lobwaffer.

Though I take pleasure in singing, it is not of the deeds of angels. Let them be regaled by the devout, my song shall be in your praise.

The poor residue of breath I have must be consecrated to this, and this alone.

It is said, sire, that your engineers keep up an infernal fire against Brieg; that the firing was yesterday seen from our steeples, and that the governor did not perceive, till very late, that the pioneers were at the walls of his fortress. It gives particular pleasure, to the whole city, to hear it affirmed that, after the reduction of Brieg, your majesty's army will come and encamp near the gates of Breslau.

prose and part in verse; a style formed in imitation of Châpelle, Hamilton, Voltaire, and other French writers, and with which the king was delighted, as is evident from his practice. But, whatever learning or powers of pleasing he might possess (of which it rather appears that meekness and acquiescence were the chief) M. Jordan was certainly neither a poet nor a man of wit; and as he evidently affected humour, and laboured to write in rhyme, in compliance to the exigent temper of Frederic, and not from any impulse of mind or exuberance of imagination, it would be vain to labour at infusing a spirit of poetry into language which, though occasionally in rhyme, is prosaic in the extreme. For this reason, his verses will, when they occur, with few exceptions, be translated in prose. T.

Safe from cruel huffars, and the stratagems of war, I shall behold my tutelary deity, and his glorious standards.

They will be seen with more tranquillity when we see them without fear. The Flemish gazette reports a very extraordinary fact, which I have put in verse, and send your majesty *. Although your majesty gain victory after victory, I incessantly wish for peace; for peace is the only means of preserving you amid your people, of whom you are the sole consolation. Would to God the whole world were as little enamoured with the laurel as I am !

I aspire not after fame; I ask not the conqueror's meed. The temple of fame is not equal in worth to the laurels of a ham, or a gammon of bacon †.

* The tale here versified is a burlesque account of the pope, who favoured the cause of the queen of Hungary; of his taking a journey to heaven; of his remaining there three days; and, being asked by a cardinal on his return what was the occasion of this celestial expedition, of his reply that he had travelled thither to implore the succour of the charitable Virgin Mary, for his favoured queen; but that, when he came to heaven, he saw her on her throne, with the Prussian eagle by her side. T.

† This last sentence in the original is in verse; and a literal translation is given, in proof of the assertion in the note at the beginning of the letter, concerning the taste of M. Jordan for poetry. T.

I have

I have the honour, the advantage, and the happiness, to be, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

From the King.

1741.

ALL subterfuge, poor sophist, leave,
Nor hope thy reasoning may deceive.
Talk not of diarrhœa, phthific,
Dropfy, and terms misus'd in physic,
As secret causes of thy pain.
Secret! Oh no!—'Tis very plain;
The camp each man can send advice
That thy disease is cowardice.
Hence with thy fears! Blush and retreat!
I keep no cowards in my suite.

LETTER XLVII,

From M. Jordan.

S I R E, Breslau, on the 24th day of my exile, 1741.

I WAS enchanted by the beautiful verses of your majesty,; but to be reproached with desertion made me shudder. I neither desert my faith nor my colours, nor was absence ever

the effect of fear but of prudence, of which an order from your majesty would have cured me, had you been pleased to give this order.

Obedience is a duty generally performed with reluctance, but never when the edict is issued from your royal domains : domains rendered delightful by that art with which they have been embellished, and by the person who rules over them ; especially when the thunder is suffered to slumber, and the graces are stretched at ease on their couch. If your majesty exact poetry from me, I must consign myself over to the boatman of the Styx. I never could write good verses ; I scarcely can write in prose ; and he who attempts impossibilities does but shew a crazy mind. Poetry is to me impossible, and I satisfy myself with sufficient knowledge to receive pleasure from the poetry of others, and in envying the happiness of those who write it well.

The disease of satire, which your majesty is pleased to impute to me, is, of all the maladies of the mind, if this be one, that which I fear the most ; and it certainly is such in a private person. Who will dare to indulge himself in lampoons ? The seductive art of slander should only be exercised by the great. This is a talent for which I never importuned God, but I request

quest him to bestow on me the gift of patience, when I am attacked by one stronger than myself.

Your majesty continually reproaches me with ill humour. May I venture to say that your majesty, in this respect, resembles the physician, who wished his patient had a fever, that he might have the pleasure of curing him? You can cure me, sire, by commanding me to repair to the camp, and throw myself at your feet, there to assure you of the profound respect with which I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

From the King.

The camp of Grotkau, May 5, 1741.

BEHOLD us marching for Grotkau,
While you sit trembling at Bressau,
And weep the dying, and the dead,
Of battle's honourable bed.
Yes, peaceful Jordan, well I know,
Hare flies not faster from the foe,
When hound and horn her fears augment,
Than you do, when you strike your tent!

But pray, allow me just to ask,
Where's your grave philosophic mask,

That hides these fears, when stoic pride
Doth, danger absent, death deride?

The cannon bellows his sulphureous thunder,
And fills th' affrighted earth with horrid wonder!
And lo! an iron shower destructive rends
The yielding shrieking air, through which it wends!
The womb of war with death begins to swell,
And opening earth assumes the guise of hell!
Infernal flames, with force infernal driv'n,
Now bursting forth, scorch ev'ry wind of heav'n!
Fire rages here, and there the murd'rous sword,
Abhorring Pity, and by Pity abhorr'd!

The man who thus, 'mid death and danger,
Remains to panic fears a stranger,
In burning towns, on bloody plains,
Unmov'd and tranquil still remains,
Philosopher himself may call;
The rest are but impostors, all.

Sweet masters, then, it hence appears,
Your passive courage, active fears,
As hostile are to one another
As any author to his brother.
Nay more, to give the devil his due,
I doubt they're as deceitful too.

Yes! learned doctors! men of might?
Of courage ye can nobly write!
And all as nobly, too, can look
On dangers horrid, in a book!
But, from the sight of actual gun,
Once more, ye can as nobly run.

For us, of mind more strong than ye,	}
With phlegm and intrepidity,	
We face the storm and scorn to flee.	}
Though havoc, and confusion rude,	
On earth and nature should intrude,	
Yet nought could shake my fortitude!	

This is the mode in which, from a very war-like camp, I take the liberty of saluting your sapience. The compliments my Muse has thought proper to pay you smell a little of the soldier; but you will find her very sincere: and let me intreat you, by way of parenthesis, to remember that Truth has ever been the mistress I have adored. When I shall become more courteous, then will madam the Muse speak in more honeyed strains. In the meantime, I must beg you to believe me neither more nor less than

Your admirer and friend.

L E T T E R XLIX.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, May 5, 1741.

I HAVE the honour to congratulate your majesty on the surrender of Brieg! Your campaign,

paign is ended, when that of others is scarcely begun. Nothing can be more glorious than such events, to your majesty's arms. My continual prayer is that God would be pleased to preserve you, amidst all your victories.

I have received a letter from Paris, in which they have sent me the epitaph of Rousseau, written by himself, two years before his death.

De cet auteur noirci d'un crayon si malin,
Passant, veux-tu savoir quel fut le caractère ?
Il avait, pour amis, Titon, Brumoi, Rollin :
Pour ennemis, Gacon, Pittaval et Voltaire. *

I have heard with surprise that M. de Voltaire has caused his Mahomet to be performed at Lille ; which I consider as a kind of rebuke, or injury done to the Parisian theatre.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect, &c.

* “ Wouldst thou, passenger, know what was the character
“ of this author, blackened by pens so malignant? Learn then
“ that his friends were Titon, Brumoi, Rollin ; and his enemies
“ Gacon, Pittaval and Voltaire.”

No stronger proof can be given of the prejudice to which great minds are liable than this epitaph, which was meant to be an *epigram*. Who was more capable of estimating the true worth of Voltaire than Jean Baptiste Rousseau? Yet the whole salt of his epigram, as he supposed it to be, consisted in the name of Voltaire forming a climax of mental meanness ! T.

L E T.

LETTER L.

From the King.

The camp of Molwitz, May 6, 1741.

ON that dread field I sit, and write,
Where danger valour doth excite !
Where swarming Myrmidons of Mars,
In vulgar prose yclep'd hussars,
Come hourly whisp'ring, in our ear,
“ We wish your worships a good year !”
Where bombs and batteries play a jig,
Or hellish symphony, on Brieg !
On that fam'd field where every breath,
From every side, is fraught with death,
I bravely sit, and seem so bold —— !
Hush !——All that glitters is not gold.

You will perceive, sir, from the fine things which I have the honour to repeat to you, that it is possible to be more frightened than hurt ; which is what may be called testifying cowardice, without cause. I had vainly flattered myself, hitherto, I should have enjoyed a beatific glimpse of you ; but we are so effectually divided, by danger, that I fear I shall not so shortly partake of your sweet society. There are tales abroad that your last journey occasioned laxities, so copious that the apothecaries of Berlin were obliged

liged to employ all possible astringents, to stop the effects which your very great prudence had produced upon your constitution.

You have heard that Brieg has surrendered. We found it surrounded by mines and fougades. You are very fortunate not to have been present at the general assault, else might you have made your entrance into paradise astride on a bomb. Alas, poor Jordan! What must then have become of your fine library; your beautiful Horace; your *Margot de la plante*, &c?

Not to take up too much of your time from laborious study, I shall conclude a letter which perhaps you think too long, already, with an assurance that another time I shall employ more of the *vertatur stylus*. Remain satisfied that, notwithstanding the trifling reproaches this may contain, I esteem you as much in my camp as others would under the portico, or in the Lyceum; and that, for my own poor part, the qualities of the friend will ever obliterate the defects of the poltroon.

LET-

L E T T E R LI.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, May 8, 1741.

I RECEIVED the letter with which it pleased your majesty to honour me; and it was the first that ever excited my grief, and for which I pay no thanks to my ill stars.

I did not quit the camp till I had first received your majesty's orders. If I discovered any sensation of fear, it is a proof that I was more undisguised than prudent. But indeed to what purpose should I have endeavoured to have concealed foibles, which could not have escaped the penetrating eye of your majesty, who has the goodness to endure men such as you find them, and to connive at my defects?

The tale of the physician of Breslau, reported to your majesty, would be very pleasant, if it did not relate to one who has no other disease than that of loving mankind too well, and of making melancholy reflections.

I only wait your majesty's orders to throw myself at your feet, confess my weakness, and assure you of the zeal, and profound respect, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R LII.

From the King.

May 9, 1741.

DATED,

*From camp entrench'd, at Malwitz, sir,
 With mortar, bomb, and howitzer :
 Where small and great guns loudly play ;
 Where valiant Jordan ran away.*

WHAT! do you gravely understand
 My random verses, writt'n off hand!
 I've known you in a diff'rent story.
 At present I'm deceiv'd, and sorry.
 And may the Muse's sportive mood
 As satire then be understood?
 The head, I grant, may give offence;
 The heart asserts its innocence.

Thus do I reply to the very serious letter you have written. I am not of a temper sufficiently fretful to tease myself, concerning past misfortunes; and I pity, with all my heart, that propensity which loads you with useless afflictions.

Some wind pestif'rous, and compress'd,
 Has passing enter'd, and possess'd
 Thy body, like malignant dæmon,
 And pain and anguish bids thee dream on.

So saith the faculty; your night-table must
 determine;

determine; for, in all such momentous matters, that is, in my opinion, the most competent judge.

Should you not think proper to give your hypochondria an airing, nor Terrier like to dirty your boots, you will act with admirable wisdom to remain at Breslau.

For some days past, I have talked of nothing but hail, rain, snow, and bad weather. This is not the way to put you in a good humour: I shall therefore give over, for I perceive I have little success.

I am, notwithstanding, among the most zealous of the friends of Monsieur Jordan.

L E T T E R LIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, May 12, 1741.

I HAVE received the pleasant description your majesty has given of Maupertuis. His servant set off yesterday, and has no doubt but that his master will return to Breslau.

Nothing is talked of here but peace, which is affirmed to be near, and for which I rather wish than hope. It is said the enemy flies,

when your majesty's army makes any shew of approach. This it is asserted they did at Strehlen.

According to the Leyden gazette, the horse of M. Maupertuis ran away with him, during the battle, and galloped into the midst of the enemy.

I know not what ill humour is; and of this I can bring proof. I have taken the liberty to send your majesty two letters, in which there are verses; and for my part I never rhyme, except when joy will not suffer me to reason.

I yesterday heard a good number of masses, for my amusement; for I could not go to church from devotion, because we have no assembly of the reformed religion here; and—

Pour moi, comme une humble brebis,
Sous la houlette je me range;
Il ne faut aimer le change,
Que des femmes et des habits. *

It is with great joy I hear that your majesty is at present in perfect health, and that your headaches are entirely gone.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* “I, an humble sheep, obey my shepherd. We ought not to delight in change, except of women and of drefs.”

Jordan cites these verses from Bayle, under the article *Racant*; but I can find no such lines there, at least not in the best edition which I have examined. T.

LETTER I.IV.

From the King.

The camp of Molwitz, May 13, 1741.

THE lines you sent are not your own ;
They're not to hearty laughter prone.
Pray mount your Mercury somewhat higher,
Ere you to pleasantry aspire.
I'd rather see you scratch, and spit,
And deal out cat-a-mountain wit,
Than vent your ancient moral saws,
Which dunce can vent, with like applause !

Grief Nature form'd you to dispel.
Speak what you think, and you'll speak well.
Your mind can furnish ample store
Of wit and humour's charming lore :
Give but this ample mind its due,
All will be native, all be new ;
And Attic elegance will teach
What learned gall could never reach.

Then cast this garb of wisdom off ;
At cold, tame, disquisition scoff,
The lacquey dull of languid age,
And leave to calculator's rage
Of inches, lines, or corns of barley,
Of cisoid, curve, or cube to parley ;
Leave him, in scientific terror,
To prove the world is prone to error ;

By algebra to count his pains,
And how much mischief still remains!

I've drawn your portrait ; pray forgive—
But don't forget, meantime, to live.
I've told you my philosophy :
If yours be better send it me.

Do not you imagine, Mr. Man of another world, that two jocular letters are sufficient proofs, to christian people, of your present good humour : we must have more. May you remain at Breslau so long as fear shall continue to be your privy counsellor ! May the enemy be as fearful as yourself ; and may I never lose the benefit of your friendship ! Thus prays one who has the honour to remain,

Most prudent,
Most grave,
Most scientific Jordan,
the most religious admirer of,
Sir,
Your very high Doctiloquous Sapience.

L E T T E R LV.

From the King.

The camp of Molwitz, May 16, 1741.

AT length the Fox is caught, trepann'd;
Of wit convicted here you stand!
For verse so charming, free, and flowing,
Can only be of your bestowing.

Alarm'd as is your noble soul,
March on! You'll meet with no control!
No pit to catch you, ready made!
No dire mishap of ambushade!
March boldly, then, nor once repine
With us to sit, and drink good wine.

Or, if this tempting lure should fail,
And peace and plenty can't prevail,
Know, sir, that Brieg you'll fruitful find
In food to feed your hungry mind.
Worm-eaten, here, you'll meet with books
Unknown, except to pastry-cooks!
Vast folios! Which, with pedant mien,
Without are gilt, within are clean!
And which we well may brutal call:
For, should they chance on chine to fall,
Heaven help thenceforth th' o'er-curious wight!
'Tis much if more he walk upright!

Should all these small impression make,
Yet sure this after bait must take!

I'll warrant you the wondrous pleasure
To sit and nothing do, at leisure !

Thus, petty trader like, I cry
Camp wares, expecting you will buy.
Of fame, indeed, I've none to proffer ;
You come too late, the sale is over !
In search of Fame you need not roam ;
You've long since made her house your home.

L E T T E R LVI.

From the King.

Undated.

WITH maukish melancholy,
Doleful tones, and grumbling in the gizzard,
You, sage sir, have the folly
To relate a right pleasant tale :
How Maupertuis, the man who flatten'd the poles,
With an arrow's speed, arrives flying,
From the dead and the dying ;
Afraid lest whisker'd rogues, with hideous sabres,
Finally should not fail
To cut short his learned labours !
But the best of the jest is, these sons of Mars,
These blust'ring, ranting, manslaughtering huffars,
Are such simple souls
That they believe him to be a wizzard !
Or a pagan priest,
At the very least !

“ Pardi !

“Pardi! Gentlemen,” said I,

“He is worfe than either, why

“He is a mathematician”——Indeed?—

“An, astronomer”——Zounds! He ought to be flead!

What a Vandal!——At Vienna,

Which nor rhubarb nor fenna

Can purge of ignorance: where folly we behold

Perch’d under filken canopies and cloth of gold,

Judge whether he were not held at defiance!

“Begone Mr.—What’s your name?—Oh! Mr. Science!—

(The fools affected candour I will own.)

“Surely, fir, you cannot but see

“You and your language are alike to us unknown!

“Begone, fir, you we beseech.”

Thus they civilly difmifs’d poor Maupertuis

With a courtly bow, and a kick in the breech.

Such is the manner in which you ought to have told the tale; thus it ought to have been dressed, by a man who has no other occupation. I know not what to think of you, but your letters daily become more lamentable. It should seem as if you would, if possible, infect the whole world with that gloom and uselefs chagrin by which you are preyed upon. Take my advice; become reasonable; drink your glafs, act the rake, and be merry; grief is the height of folly. Be prudent: love me a little, and do not doubt but that I shall ever remain your very joyous servant.

L E T T E R LVII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

PEOPLE here are extremely impatient to learn some intelligence, relative to the march of your majesty's army. It is said, as you approach, the foe retires. Were I myself at the head of the Austrian council, I could not give them better advice. Who can withstand the warlike ardour of your majesty's soldiers?

There is another new edition of the Anti-Machiavel, with numerous justificatory pieces, in favour of M. de Voltaire. The following is an epigram, inserted in the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, on the editor of that work.

Des auteurs peu considérables
 Ont eu d'illustres éditeurs ;
 Et les plus illustres auteurs,
 Des éditeurs très-misérables ;
 L'éditeur et l'auteur sont aussi quelquefois
 Deux sots obscurs, qu'unit leur goût pour les fornettes ;
 Mais ici nous voyons le prince des poètes
 Éditeur du prince des rois. *

May

* " Authors of little note have had illustrious editors; and
 " illustrious authors have had editors the most wretched. Some-
 " times both author and editor are blockheads, who club their

" wits

May God soon send your majesty into these parts !

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LVIII.

From the King.

SIGNOR JORDAN,

The camp at Grotkau,
June 1, 1741.

PÖLLNITZ wrote me word that he would send me some verses, and I in answer said I would send him money. I have received no poetry with his letter, and he shall receive no gold with mine.

Thou dost not tell me a word of dear Cefario, but talkest of nothing but thy puppy of a book-feller, and of his pitiful book.

We shall fight three pitched battles, make four assaults, and engage in a hundred skirmishes ; after which thou shalt behold me, humble Gamaliel, at the foot of Paul Jordan ; from thee to learn prudence, and the art of peace.

“ wits to folly. But here we behold the prince of poets the
“ editor of the prince of kings.”

The gingle of the prince of poets and the *prince of kings* is so pointless, in English, that a poetic and epigrammatic translation, in which the meaning of the author should be preserved, seems an impossibility.

T.

H 4

Adieu,

Adieu, dear friend: take care of thyself. Prithee recollect how interested the girls of the Werder and the New-town are in thy health. Salutation.

L E T T E R LIX.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, June 3, 1741.

THE letter it has pleased your majesty to write to me will be sufficient to preserve me from gloom for ten days——The baron von Pöllnitz will not fail to send you verses; it is doubly his interest. Cefario is arrived at Berlin, in good health. He performed the journey in four days. Men may always travel with speed through countries in which tranquillity reigns. This is what I write to M. von Kayserling, who thinks it a misfortune that he cannot, with his own eyes, behold the mournful effects of war.

Your majesty's letter makes me shudder—Three pitched battles, four assaults, and a hundred skirmishes, though they do not make Jordan tremble, would terrify the devil himself!

You love the tumultuous field of Mars, and, though in continual danger from his faulchion,
determine

determine to follow his standards; the precious bequests of Minerva and of Ceres are only bestowed on peace.

Your majesty does me great honour, or rather laughs at me, when you speak of Gamaliel studying the art of peace. How happy am I when your majesty is at Berlin, or Rheinsberg, and when I divide my time between the pleasure of serving your majesty and the pleasures of leisure, and retirement.

Contented and tranquil the moments I pass,
Undisturb'd and at ease, with my girl and my glass.

The reason that I think of Berlin originates in the wants of the hospital, and the conference.

I can be of no use as an attendant on Bellona; I therefore humbly request that the conqueror of Silesia would permit me to return to that city. I take no pleasure in this country: the women and the wine are equally bad; morning, noon and night we hear of nothing but war; I am awakened by the thunder of the artillery, and the cry of the inhuman soldier; my wishes therefore all centre in Berlin.

I am induced to request this favour of your majesty because I am assured peace is determined on, which makes me half frantic with joy. I wish to celebrate that happy day in the place where I am most myself, in my library, where
my

my books never answer a word to all the silly things I say; and it is affirmed that Berlin will soon have the happiness of seeing your majesty.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER LX.

From the King.

Undated.

WAS it necessary to write a sermon, to persuade me to let you go to Berlin? Do you not blush at your childish impatience to depart? You shall come here, if you please, and make honourable amends to the whole camp. You will much rather incline me to have compassion on you by your cowardice than by the attachment you profess to have to Mr. John Calvin. My verses certainly are not to your taste, because they are bold and true; but, being contented with them myself, this is my consolation: and you may preserve them as being my profession of faith.

Send me word, I beg, whether it be true that peace is concluded*; whether the Prussian troops will remain here, or whether there is any talk of a battle. In a word chatter away.

* This seems a strange question for the king to ask Jordan; but so it is. T.

L E T.

LETTER LXI.

From the King.

The camp of Freywalde, June 13, 1741.

GOOD pettish fir, and may it please you,
Why would you fly our sweet Silesia?
What is your reason, what your plan?
You're much too good a courtier, man,
To own, with frank temerity,
You're weary of our company.
Enchanting Jordan, be sincere;
Say why you wish to disappear.
Inflate with wind we name firocco,
Mourn you for Horace?—Blue Morocco!
Or Seneca?—Well bound in Russia!
Do these impel you back to Prussia?
Or, haply, is't some living beauty,
Who bids you think on love and duty;
Who, in your presence much delighting,
Is not quite satisfied with writing?
For not where Folly's toys unite,
Not in the palace, you delight.
A place so lonely may not be
Compar'd to our society.
No! Levity, your love to change,
Incites your worship thus to range!
She is the goddess of your nation,
The race most trifling in creation.
Inconstancy despotic reigns
In Frenchman's heart.—Thus Jordan feigns
Some absent happiness, and views
A distant good which he pursues,

But never catches.—As to me,
 Enjoyment is felicity.
 But I begin to know your tricks :
 In heav'n had you a coach and fix,
 Dissatisfied in heav'n to dwell,
 You'd bid the coachman drive to hell.

This is all I have to say in verse, but my prose will not contain less truth, and I dare venture to inform you it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to find a place in which you should rest contented. We shall soon depart for Strehlen; we find no amusement here, except with huffars.

Farewel, dear Jordan. My compliments to the Portico, and the Lyceum. My philosophy sends her humble service to yours, and I myself am, good sir, your most obedient.

L E T T E R LXII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, June 17, 1741.

I HAVE received your charming verses, written in the true Norman style; for may I perish if I understand what are your majesty's commands, or whether it be your will I should

go to Berlin, or remain at Breslau. The art of criticism, which I have studied, I find is but of little service to me, since it cannot teach me thus much discrimination. Nor is this the first vexation which the spirit of scepticism and doubt has occasioned me. Had I taken a dose of dogmatic philosophy, I should have immediately been positive; but my inclination to the academic sect, and the fear of failing in my duty, render me indeterminate. Perhaps my lamentations of Jeremiah, which I sent a few days ago, will dissipate these doubts; for, on the faith of a christian, I cannot remain in a city where the doctrines of Calvin are rejected as if they were the Sibylline verses. I never was a courtier; nor have you need of that race; for courtiers perpetually disguise the truth, which men are bold enough to speak, in your majesty's presence. Why then should not I be thus daring? I am weary of Breslau, in which I can neither pay my court to your majesty nor resort to my library, where, in company with the Muses, with Horace by my side, I enjoy tranquillity, and am enabled to despise the arts and vanity of the world.

The French I own are inconstant. They are thus from levity; I have wit enough so to be for the sake of enjoyment. But I am neither

I inconstant

inconstant in friendship nor in love ; and distinguished merit, in man or woman, seldom has to complain of infidelity.

May I humbly supplicate another favour of the conqueror of Silesia ; a draft on Vorfspann, for my purse is otherwise in danger of a consumption.

I have the honour to be, &c.

P. S. It is said here that we shall have a peace, and that all things will happen according to the wishes of Frederic, whom the world reveres.

L E T T E R LXIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, June 19, 1741.

I AM ashamed of importuning your majesty so frequently by my letters, and my rhymes, which must have the same merit, in your majesty's eyes, as the daubings of a sign-painter would in those of Pefne. But it is indolence which makes me thus garrulous ; and it must be owned it is great temerity to rhyme, at my time of life. The goodness of your majesty's

ty's poetry, written while you are marching over all Silesia with your army, and spreading terror wherever you go is to me incomprehensible. The sisters of the sacred valley joyously chant the noble acts of the German Apollo, whom Greece would have worshipped.

I most humbly thank your majesty, for the permission you have graciously granted me, to return to my dear books, which constitute the chief happiness of my life. Each man seeks happiness in his own way: a victor in a conquered province, yours is secure; but mine has here been very imperfect, for I have endured a famine of books, wine, and women. You are happy with your army, and I that I am allowed to depart. All happiness is ideal, and I am much perplexed, considering the nature of mine; I seek it in study; though thought often makes man wretched, and dissipation as often inspires mirth. But it is the general propensity of man, when happiness is in his power, to seek misery. A person the other day insisted that happiness was voluntary, and that he who was determined might guard against misery, by the power of his own will. I as warmly affirmed that minds are differently tempered; that to laugh at misfortune was the effect of constitution; and that the thing most surprising was to see

see

see men who, as I have said, might be happy if they pleased, seek to be wretched.

May Heaven soon restore your majesty to your people! There is one point in which I never can be sceptical: it is impossible for me to doubt that I should ever be other than your majesty's most devoted, &c.

L E T T E R LXIV.

From the King.

July 1, 1741.

FOR wisdom exquisite and most profound,
Which truly is not worth a doit per pound,
Some folks applaud themselves with folly such
That they get drunk, lest they should have too much.

The sage debauchee Jordan requests a copy of these lines. Strange absence of mind! The gentleman forgets that he is himself the subject of the epigram.

L E T.

LETTER LXV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, August 12, 1741.

IN this I send you some irregular verses, very irregularly written, by a man who never was regular. Consider them but as etchings in the taste of Barroc, which, however, have had the good fortune to please you.

I have an unconquerable desire to see the Prussians mount guard in the market place of Breslau, from the shop of a bookseller named Korn *. You will not, sire, refuse this consolation to Simeon, who wishes to see the saviour, not of Israel, but, of Germany. Your troops have very justly acquired this prerogative.

* In letter LXIII. dated June 19th, M. Jordan thanks the king for permission to go to Berlin, though no such permission appears in the letters printed. In this epistle and the two next we hear only of Breslau, except that Jordan writes from Berlin. He now desires to come to Breslau, from which he had petitioned so earnestly to retire. We can only solve the difficulty by supposing either letters omitted or verbal messages; and by recollecting, as is evident from the correspondence, how much M. Jordan struggled with his feelings, that he might flatter and oblige Frederic. T.

I might allege reasons of health to your majesty, for mine is so delicate that I can only enjoy it by rendering frequent, though involuntary, homage to the faculty. During six months I have had the temerity to refuse paying tribute to physicians, but at present necessity is all powerful.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXVI.

From the King.

W HILE convoy'd corn shall, from the foe,
Such numerous hazards undergo,
Thou may'st secure thy precious life
From fell huffar, and desp'rate strife,
Where pointed cannon, from Breslau,
Such rude incursions overawe.
Whether for bread or glory fights
The furious Mars, and wrath excites,
Thou may'st in peaceful study be
Protected in poltroonery.
Should Peril threat more near approach,
I'll send thee tumbril, cart, or coach,
Conveyance safe, from powder vile,
To where both art and science smile.

Given at our camp of Strehlen this
12th of August, 1741.

L E T.

LETTER LXVII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, August 19, 1741:

I AM arrived at Breslau, which I have with great joy seen embellished by your fine troops. The girls all ogle the soldiers of your majesty: nor am I surpris'd; they are as handsome as they are brave, and are equally resitless in love and war.

It is whisper'd here that your majesty is on the eve of an alliance with France. Of this I know nothing; but I well know that the unforeseen journey of M. de Valori has afforded employment to the whole corps diplomatique; like as a comet with a vast tail does to that of messieurs the astronomers.

It is pretended that, in less than three days, there will be a battle: I fear this word as the Romans did those which expressed death. I love increase, but not destruction. The sword may deprive your body of that life which love bestowed, and for which your country is under great obligation to love. Not to preserve the life thus given, I will venture to say, would be ingratitude.

Your majesty has been expected here some days, and M. de Bulau has for that reason quitted the house he occupied. You will be received in this city as the Jews would receive their Messiah, should he think proper to make his appearance.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

From the King.

The Camp at Reichenbach, Aug. 30, 1741.

YOU hate them much, yet you suppose
That we're eternally at blows ;
In hot pursuit huffars entrapping,
And daily catching Austrians napping.
Softly, sweet fir!—Pray stop, and breathe.
For you may arguments unsheath
More swift, I ween, than we our swords.
Know, victories are not won by words.
Our morning fun, perhaps, may soon
With all the splendor shine of noon.
The pilot, who the port would gain,
Stands watchful of the varying vane ;
And tacks the helm, and sets the sail,
Whene'er propitious winds prevail.

For these propitious winds we are waiting,
that we may steer without danger. I hold our
arrangements

arrangements to be certain, and I think I shall scarcely be blamed for playing a safe game.

We have the beautiful country of Silesia in view, which forms one of the most charming prospects in the world : nor is the fine and numerous army, encamped on these hills, one of their least ornaments.

Adieu, friend Jordan, give my respects to madam Philosophy, and tell her I hope to see her once again in winter-quarters. Nor forget my compliments to my lady Belles Lettres, informing her that I appoint her the like rendezvous ; and, though I have for a time dropped their acquaintance, I do not mean it should end here ; for that, when the campaign shall be over, I mean to cultivate their friendship with increasing love, and ardour.

Of thy candour, thy knowledge, thy philosophy, and especially of thy agreeable conversation,

I am the admirer and friend,

L E T T E R L X I X .

From M. Jordan.

S I R E ,

Breslau, August 30, 1741.

ROBINSON * arrived yesterday, and by his arrival surpris'd every body. Hopes of peace again revive, and I am delighted to see that every thing contributes to the glory of your majesty. This formidable Prussian monarch acts the coquette ; all endeavour to win him, while he remains unconcerned, and at his ease. The Frenchman looks gloomy on the business, but satirical ; my lord the Englishman is merry ; the Dutchman is enraged, and says the journey is undertaken to no purpose, for that the happy negociator has nothing but insignificant proposals to make. Pöllnitz had a skirmish yesterday with the Hanoverian †. The king, my master, said the latter, will soon appear in all his glory ! That, replied the baron, with a satiric sneer, will probably be when he takes a journey to the other world, to judge the dead.

* The English envoy.

† This enumeration evidently relates to the different ambassadors. T.

It is said there are six hundred huffars on the scout, between Breslau and Neumarck. I certainly shall not go to enquire into the truth of the intelligence.

May God preserve your majesty !

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXX.

From the King.

The Camp at Reichenbach, Sept. 2, 1741.

QUHEN Anglo-plenipo schal stonde astounder
 Than stunnyed brasse or wyldered yron founder,
 And, wythe his pack
 On his back,
 That hee not opened hathe, to schew hys wares,
 To Almaine Emperoure on bonkis of Styxis repaires,
 Telling quhat i quhithe magic lore hym toulde,
 Then to the preefte schal he hys sinnes unfoulde ;
 And offe hys greete errour,
 To bee Europa's mediatour,
 And ecke to us Legislatour ;
 And in Jamaika schal give up the ghoste,
 Cacique pacifique of that y straunge coste !

The above is a prophecy which I have discovered among the centuries of old Nostradamus : you shall have it for what it cost, that is

to say for another in return, which I know will be excellent, and which indeed will not only repay me the principal but interest at a hundred per cent; especially if you will promise to be for ever mine.

Farewel. Send the enclosed to Voltaire.

L E T T E R LXXI.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, September 2, 1741.

YOUR verses are charming; I cannot read them often enough; they shew no appearance of that facility with which they are written.

The whole conversation here is concerning the great part you act. It is affirmed the Saxon is come to ask as a favour of your majesty, that he may in some measure contribute to the glory of your house. The very artful minister Bulau, with that submissive air which humility gives, comes to present you the power of his prince. I flatter myself your majesty will grant him this glorious privilege.

I bless God, and return thanks to your majesty's cares, for our present prosperity! Sheltered by your wings, I sleep in tranquillity as

great as if the palladium were in my keeping. The people of Berlin fear a second battle. For my part I fear no more, for victory is a certainty; and were I to be John the Baptist, and preach to this good people, I should exhort them to place entire faith in their Messiah. Peace and content are mine, for Frederic is crowned with fame, and profits by victory and policy.

Yet your majesty does not rise so early as the king of England, *who sweats blood and water* * at his own inaction. Yet he—

Is daily seen before the sun to rise,
To nothing do but yawn, and rub his eyes.

Your majesty, on the contrary, does not interrupt your warlike exploits, by your correspondence with Voltaire. The lady Muses are become very vain of seeing themselves thus courted, by so great a king. When I return to my books, I shall not fail to obey your majesty's commands, and tell them—

“ The king, your tutelar deity, only regards
“ his friend Mars as a necessary ally; but you,
“ daughters of Parnassus, he caresses with pleasure; your recreations, amid all his cares, are
“ never neglected.”

I have the honour to be, &c.

* A proverbial expression in the French language.

L E T T E R LXXII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, September 4, 1741.

I HAVE received your admirable verses, and those with which you have honoured Voltaire, which I immediately dispatched. Your prophecy foretels the fate of Robinson, and he and his king flutter and disturb themselves in vain, to shew the little politics they possess. Your majesty has made Nostradamus speak the language of wit, such as is not to be found in his works, which many read but few understand.

Is not the ironical manner in which your majesty is pleased to apostrophise the little wit I possess, immoral? I monopolise all the wit in Silesia! The ridicule is too evident. I! whose genius can, at best, only be compared to a small stream! While yours, like a torrent, overflows and bears down all opposition! I have just as much wit as that man has taste who is able to distinguish good champagne, and this is all I require. Beside, I am at present like a husbandman, who does not sow his land, because he is in want of seed. Your majesty is on the point of entering Bohemia, and my magazine of wit is

at Berlin. The moon shines only with borrowed light; deprive her of the sun and all is darkness; her splendour is eclipsed.

Your majesty affords sufficient employment to politicians. The partisans of the queen of Hungary endeavour to discover, in the countenance of the Saxon minister, the effects of his journey to the army; but he is too cunning for them; they cannot penetrate his thoughts. His uniform aspect adroitly conceals his good or ill success.

One work of supererogation I cannot but intreat of your majesty, which is the continuance of that kindness which I will endeavour to deserve.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

From the King.

The Camp at Reichenbach, September 7, 1741.

TO-MORROW, fir, decamp we must.
 But whither? Humph! Why that, I trust,
 Nor saint nor devil can divine.
 Yet let me whisper, friend of mine,
 From softer slumbers some may waken,
 When they shall hear that Neifs is taken.

Should

Should Fame report how we behave,
Calling our army fine and brave,
Or, in Silesian valley, say
From Austrian proud we won the day,
Let not your mighty soul, alarm'd,
Too soon suppose my worship harm'd.

Whoever Victory leads in chains
Must, while pursuing, num'rous pains
And perils dare. He who will quarrel
Must often venture life, for laurel.
Then should you lose your king, and friend,
And miss Fate master Death should send,
I hope that friend you'll often see,
Though he, good lack, must absent be.

I must be divorced, for a few days, from the lady Muses: but, as our present plan will ensure tranquillity to Silesia, and procure us good winter quarters, I have its success greatly at heart.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Do not forget me, but rest persuaded of the friendship which I shall, during life, maintain for one Master Charles Stephen. So be it.

LETTER LXXIV.

From the King.

The Camp of the Neisse, September 15, 1741.

FROM the Neisse, Master Jordan, I write,
 Of the project my brain brought to light.
 Wonder not if your hopes I should chouse :
 Lackaday !—'Tis the Mountain and Moufe.
 You must know my old Mentor *, of wit obsolete,
 Who's as full of himself as an egg's full of meat,
 With ha ! and with hem !
 And curst indolent phlegm,
 Has Neuperg permitted our plan to defeat.
 No matter for that, fir ; I still shall pursue
 The principal purpose I first had in view.
 Trump about at Vienna perhaps is the plan ;
 But I've shuffled the cards, let 'em win if they can.
 Mars smiling remembers his happy campaign,
 And plenty and peace are returning to reign.
 To Berlin the muses and graces we'll draw ;
 With our quirks, and our jokes,
 There we'll live, like the folks
 Who are happily rid both of war and of law.

We face the enemy at present, to whom we are very near. Neuperg dares not so much as — lest we should overhear him, and a battle is more than ever probable. We are in one of

* The old prince of Anhalt. T.

the finest camps in the world, and the two armies, seen at one view, seem like two fearful Lions, each tranquilly at rest in his lair.

Write to me often, and remain persuaded that my attachment is inviolable.

Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXV.

From the King.

The Camp of the Neisse, September 17, 1741:

LITTLE Parthian, great Poltroon,
Who only canst escape
By swift retreat, in love or war,
The perils of a rape!

In hot dispute, and wordy wars,
Shouldst thou be call'd upon;
Still, hocus pocus, shuffle, cut,
Hey! Presto!—Thou art gone!

No cunning Norman, who in trope
And figure can talk treason;
Can more emphatically prove,
To wrangle is to reason.

Such are the advantages which that Academy

demy * bestows that fights flying, and never affirms.

Your request, sir, is rather pretty than pleasant; especially as I flatter myself I shall shortly see you here, in all safety, when Neuperg shall have decamped, and we shall have undertaken the siege of Neifs.

My compliments to Pöllnitz. Tell Voltaire that, should he have no business at Brussels, he will oblige me by coming to Berlin in November or December. Say the same to Maupertuis. Farewell, *Jordane Tindaline*. Continue to love me, and be assured that *ego sum totus tuus*. *Vale*.

LETTER LXXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Breslau, September 18, 1741.

DO not complain that your attempt on Neifs has failed. The world knows it is not your majesty's fault; the action, which is publicly spoken of, will wipe away this small stain,

* The king here alludes, as he does in various other passages, to the ancient Academicians, or Sceptics, who taught the uncertainty and incomprehensibility of truth. T.

from

from the beautiful picture of the Silesian war. Who can but wonder to see your illustrious majesty, with the coolest and most courageous ease, attack and burn a magazine, in the face of the foe !

It is even whispered that your majesty has been slightly wounded in the arm, and a person has been bold enough to affirm he saw you with it in a scarf. That arm which your people adores ! under which they live in safety ! which the enemy dreads, and of the force of which the world justly vaunts !

The news gave me great pain, nor could my gloomy fancy determine to believe it was false.

Your majesty has drawn a superb picture of the pleasures we shall enjoy at Berlin, under the olive branch of peace, which you are willing to grant to Europe, and which Europe intreats. Ah ! When shall I behold these happy days ?

The Baron von Pöllnitz wishes to become a free mason, if your majesty will grant him permission.

This letter will be good for little, unless it should happen to amuse your majesty. It is the offspring of leisure, but not of indifference. I am no dogmatic stoic ; I enjoy pleasure like a thinking being. Descartes has pedantically
said

said—"I think, consequently I exist." For my part, I should say—"I enjoy pleasure, consequently I think." Yet of that indifference which should induce me never more to write verse I am ambitious. My head at present is full of rhymes; still I find it as difficult to write bad poetry as those, to whom Apollo has been favourable, do to write good. It is you, fire, and love, who have made me a poet. I act, with respect to poetry, as Petrini does with respect to the violin. I am not blind enough not to perceive that I am just as good a poet as I am a foldier. But I console myself, for the misfortune of not being able to vaunt of these gifts, by the happiness I possess, a happiness before which all indifference flies, of being with most profound respect, &c.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

From the King.

September 24, 1741.

TO thy doctoral science I remit a very whimsical letter, for Gresset; which I charge thee to copy, to criticise, and to send. Shouldst

thou think the letter pleasant, enclose a copy, in thy own name, for Voltaire.

Adieu. I am very busy to day, another time my letter shall be longer, consequently more dull. Bid Pöllnitz babble.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, September 24, 1741.

COUNT Algarotti is arrived, with the Russian ambassador, gay and contented; for he is proud of the Prussian deeds which embellish the gazette, and he resembles the trumpeter of the day of judgment.

The poor Swede is gloomy, in despite of the efforts he makes to conceal his gloom by a forced composure. He lives however in hope, and remembers that fortune daily changes. Yet with us fortune has lost her fickleness, for our soldiers are too conscious of courage to suffer defeat.

The surrender of Lintz is positively affirmed, and it is even added the French are on the full march to besiege Vienna, while the Prussians besiege Neiss. God grant these things may soon
come

come to pass; that your majesty, after so many warlike and glorious exploits, may enjoy tranquillity and repose! May you partake of the pleasures of that peace which you will procure for the world! Thus Jupiter, at intervals, quitting his arms and his thunder, yields to the seductive charms of pleasure.

According to your majesty's commands, I this day write to Voltaire and Maupertuis—Frederic, Maupertuis, and Voltaire, will bestow those delights on mankind that will render earth envied by heaven; the conversation which I have had the honour to listen to, between these thinking beings, have been to me the most delicious ambrosia.

In imitation of the poets of the past age, I have chosen a mistress to whom I may occasionally address my verses, not being able to make her any other presents. I know not whether your majesty will be satisfied with the following thoughts, on the agreement between the heart and the understanding, which I have versified.

“ The understanding has but little power over
“ the heart, by which it is held in continual
“ slavery. The understanding prescribes rigo-
“ rous duties, the heart pants after pleasures. If,
“ Iris, you wish to make love the basis of your
“ happiness, be sage in your choice, and bestow
K 2 “ your

“ your tender heart on him among your lovers
 “ who thinks most. Who could condemn such
 “ a choice? My reason was never insensible to
 “ affection; my heart adores you, Iris, and my
 “ understanding accords with the dictates of my
 “ heart.”

Nor, however they may sometimes disagree, is it on the subject of love, alone, that my heart and understanding are in unison: my heart is delighted to serve a monarch whom my understanding admires. They divide between them the pleasures of his amiable and mild dominion.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, October 6, 1741.

THERE are a thousand rumours in town which I believe to be false. All hopes of peace seem to vanish. It is affirmed your majesty's army is encamped, near Brieg, in its former situation. Letters from Neifs say that the town was opened to both parties, and that the magistrate had given a very considerable sum, to obtain this kind of neutrality. Ridiculous as it is,
 this

this intelligence is credited. The public are flattered with the happiness of seeing your majesty, at Breslau, on the 20th of this month; and it is said the states are to assemble, two days after, to do homage. Some affirm this is a thing impossible; first, because those who are in Upper Silesia cannot come, however good their inclinations, without running great risks; and, again, because there is not time sufficient for many vassals to receive full powers, from their respective chiefs.

I have been assured your majesty's fine army will go into winter quarters on the 19th; and that, on the first of November, the whole court will be at Berlin.

I have written to Voltaire and Maupertuis, according to your majesty's orders.

Poor Madame de Rocoules is dead; her lamp is extinct for want of oil.

It is said the queen of Hungary is entirely at variance with her consort.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXXX.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, October 11, 1741.

LORD Hyndford, for the consolation of politicians, arrived yesterday. He brings two articles of intelligence : one that the condition of the army of Neuperg is better than was supposed ; and the other that he waited till your majesty's army should go into winter quarters, that he may recruit in like manner.

The Cologne gazette, of the 6th of October, says——“ It is generally rumoured, at Duffeldorf, that the grand affair of Juliers and Berg “ is entirely settled, in favour of the prince and “ princesses of Sultzbach ; the king of Prussia “ having, as it is affirmed, renounced his claims, “ in consequence of other equivalents.”

The people of Breslau are impatient for your majesty's arrival, to receive homage. They have a rage for illuminations, and flatter themselves such will be commanded.

Thiriot has written to me from Paris, and mentions the death of poor Rollin.

Rollin,

Rollin, the wise bigot lies here,
Till ages some few shall elapse;
Who ne'er tasted pleasure, for fear
He should lose all the joys of *perhaps*. *

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, October 12, 1741.

THE continuance of the English Ambassador at Neiss turns the brains of politicians. Some say he is ill, others that he is negotiating.

I have heard that a critical history of the city of Breslau is about to appear, written by a young officer, who is said to be ill satisfied with it, es-

* Epigrams are seldom capable of a literal translation. The French is,

Ci-git le tres-bigot Rollin,
Qui quitta les plaisirs de l'être,
Et ce qu'on a de plus certain,
Pour l'espoir d'un très-grand peut-être.

Literally—Here lies the Bigot Rollin, who quitted the pleasures of existence and certainty, for the hope of a great (or prodigious) Perhaps. T.

K 4

pecially

pecially with the fair sex, of whom he complains. The work is in French, and some sheets of it have even been read, which endeavours were made to suppress. I will exert myself to obtain a copy for your majesty.

The day before yesterday, the son of Baron von Schwertz was baptized to whom your majesty stands sponsor. He is named Frederic-William-Maximilian-John-Népomucène. Thus he is sure of the protection of two saints; though saint Frederic, if I do not mistake, will afford him more powerful aid than saint Népomucène.

Great preparations are making here, for the homage which the states of Silesia are to render your majesty. The throne is erecting in the knight's hall, which a year ago the Cardinal occupied.

I have received the mottos which have been sent me by your majesty's orders. Such as my own leisure has produced, I have remitted to his excellency Baron von Podewils. It were to be wished that some might be sent by all the learned of the kingdom, from which the best might be selected.

I have the honour, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Breslau, October 18, 1741.

THE titles which your majesty has been pleased to honour me with have to me nothing attractive; to be inspector general of human infirmities is revolting, both to the heart and understanding; and reason teaches me to condemn the others. I never had the vain wish to possess a pompous title. Let *Jordan*, his majesty's servant, but stand at the head of an epistle, and I would not barter this revered title for all the mitre has to bestow. Titles are, to reasonable people, what trinkets are, to a woman of understanding; they are even so insignificant that they are not ornamental. A woman full dressed, though ugly, will attract momentary notice, if she discover taste in her dress; but no titles, however sounding, will induce reasonable people to cast a single glance toward the man who has no other merit. Beside, I am as little proper for the hospitals as I am for the kingdom of love; the one is the rendezvous of disease, and the other of despair; and I wish neither to be sick nor in despair. The satirical

2 correspondent

correspondent of your majesty, who says I am in love, does me more honour than I deserve. I never was but once in love, and I am as much averse to this passion, at present, as your majesty is to bigotry. I will own, I have lately been in some danger; but my understanding is now too ripe to be so easily duped. The puissant but silly god of love, who inhabits the eyes of Celimena, only took up his abode with me for a week, and this was a week too much. I gave him nothing but Greek and Latin to read, and proved, by the most subtle metaphysical arguments, he had no business with me. I am not ambitious of his favours. I should be more so of those of the god of verse, that I might reply to a poem of a hundred and forty two lines, that bear the impression of a masterly hand; a hand that hurls thunder on its haughty foes; a hand that is to sign the promised peace! Were this god favourable to me, I should not at present be so embarrassed as I am. But to answer a poem so long is to me too severe a task. My Pegasus is restive, broken-winded, and will founder at the very beginning of the race. I never mount him but I look like Don Quixote, astride on his Rosinante.

I admire your majesty's politeness, when you call me a deserter from pedantry. Would I
were!

were ! It is a rock on which men of letters generally are wrecked ; a malady of the mind, from which I do not believe myself exempt.

Your description of the soldier's life, during autumn, is charming ; nor can I help wondering that, while so deeply engaged, your verses should flow so freely. When I read them, my imagination takes fire ; like the imagination of Graun, at hearing the voice of Farinelli. At other times, my fancy is dry and cold ; my endeavours to enliven it are all in vain ; winter or summer, it is still the same ; capricious even in the extreme, and most so when most it is wanted ; so that my will is obliged to act with it as a wise man does with a termagant wife ; he groans, takes patience, and is silent *.

It is positively asserted here that Neuperg is departed for Moravia. God send him a good journey ! He has left the field open to your majesty : and with good reason ; it is his interest to suffer you to take Neifs, since any resistance on his part must cost him many men, and his queen has not any to spare.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* The candour, modesty, and amenity of M. Jordan do his memory great honour ; few bad poets are equally conscious of their weakness. T.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Breslau, October 21, 1741.

PRINCE Leopold it is said is before Neifs, and that the garrison cannot long hold out, but that the place will soon surrender to your majesty's arms.

Rumour positively affirms Neuperg has twice had the honour of an interview with your majesty, which occasions the approach of peace to be suspected.

It is singular that letters have been received from Venice, which say your majesty is expected there this winter. This intelligence gives me pleasure, for it revives in me a hope, which I had always entertained, of visiting Italy. Cataneo I hear confirms the report.

The citizens are preparing for illumination, and they seem to be very desirous of distinguishing themselves, on the occasion.

An odd adventure has happened here. The bookseller Korn, who is returned from Leipzig, intending to pay a visit to M. Blockmann, with whom the citizens are all delighted, instead of going to his house, mistook and went to that of

M. Vockel,

M. Vockel, the Saxon counsellor, whom he supposed to be the city director. Compliments having passed, Vockel asked what news from Leipzig; and Korn, who supposed himself conversing with M. Blockmann, replied that people were very much dissatisfied in Saxony; that nobody was paid; and that the Lutherans were persecuted; with a thousand other circumstances, of a like kind. M. Vockel could not comprehend the reason of such discourse; nor did the farce end, till the bookseller began to put questions, relative to the functions of the director, when he discovered his mistake.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

From the King.

The general quarters of Neintz,
October 25, 1741.

LIGHTER than æther, when thy soul
Shall burst the body's strong control,
Then Jordan, changing state and name,
Thine essence thin, thy lambent flame,
Transfus'd in timid turtle-dove,
Shall gently coo of peace and love!
Shall seek its native fruits and flow'rs,
And haunt its much-lov'd olive bow'rs!

Or

Or should unpitying search of game
 Make thee the sportsman's fatal aim;
 Alack, then must thy wand'ring spirit
 Some lamb-like tenement inherit !
 On hills of thyme, thou'lt feed and sleep ;
 Of sheep become the most a sheep.
 I'll stake my royal word of this,
 No mortal metempsychosis
 Can make thee mount with eagle wing,
 Or reign of quadrupeds the king.

Your wishes rise and your pen runs. You are for peace at all events ; and unfortunately peace you must not have. But, in revenge, I promise you the campaign shall soon be ended. Be with me on the 27th at the latest. I want some conversation with you ; after which it will depend upon yourself whether you do or do not precede me to Berlin :

Where the fine arts, united all,
 The times of ancient Greece recall ;
 Where lofty tow'rs can well protect
 That life which you so much respect ;
 Where lie your love, your heart, and mind,
 For these you always leave behind ;
 Where all your written wisdom lies ;
 Where——Pshaw ! your earthly paradise !

Thither you may return as soon as you please, provided you will promise to love me ever, and to remain certified of reciprocal affection. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, January 27, 1742.

PEOPLE are much divided in their opinion, concerning your return. Some affirm it will be on the 12th of March, others on the 15th, and others again on the 25th. Nay, there are wagers laid that it will not be before the month of November. Those who endeavour to discover the reason of every event say that, if your majesty come to Berlin, it will be an indubitable proof of approaching peace, for which all Europe languishes; especially because it is affirmed the grenadiers have joined their respective regiments, and that your majesty's fine troops are returning into winter quarters, for repose.

An opposite party pretends this is all false, and that the war will again begin in the spring. While some, who keep a middle path, affirm it is indubitably true that a suspension of arms is on the tapis.

France is said to be embarrassed, and rumour asserts that her troops perish in Germany; that Marshal Belle-Isle will pass through Berlin, on his

his return to Paris; that your majesty has sent an adjutant to Dresden, whose business is entirely a secret of the utmost consequence, for that he cannot have brought news of the surrender of any fortrefs; and that the cardinal has said he has seen the actions of all the princes of Europe in his magic mirror, except those of the king of Prussia, which he could not discover.

I am exceedingly mortified that I am come to the end of the chapter of rumour.

Pesne has finished the picture of your majesty, which is one of the finest that can be imagined. If he might be permitted, he would have maffes said, that the rage of gaming might seize the inhabitants of Silesia and Prussia.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

From the King.

Olmitz, February 2, 1742.

THOU makest war on me, unfeeling Jordan, for not enjoining thee, in the most positive manner to write to me. Hast thou not wit enough to comprehend that, though I should forbid the foolish and importunate to write, my
 dear

dear Jordan would not be included in the prohibition? Canst thou doubt of the pleasure I take in reading thy letters, or of the satisfaction I feel, in my exile, at receiving letters from my country? And, though none even of these reasons should strike thee, know that two words from the hand of my friend would be more precious to me than all the subtleties which brains stupidly prolific, and people destitute of friendship and genius, produce. Recollect that I take pleasure even in thy black strokes, and that I highly vaunt of the short correspondence which thy levees and thy library will allow.

With respect to news of myself, I can send thee none; except that the dæmon, which leads me into Moravia, will bring me back to Berlin.

I am a lunatic, dear friend, thus to quit repose for the frivolous glory of uncertain success. But the phrenzies of this world are sufficiently numerous; and I suppose mine to be one of the most ancient.

Take my advice, let thy ideas be *flesh-coloured* *, not gloomy; let thy tints be all vivid, during my absence, and cheer thyself with the

* From the second paragraph in letter one hundred there seems to be some allusion here, the sense of which perhaps is not easily discovered; and likewise, that passages have been omitted. T.

touches of Watteau, in preference to those of Rembrandt.

Adieu. Do not, I entreat thee, ask poetry from a man who can think of nothing but hay and chopt straw. Pity me, but cease not to love thy faithful friend.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

From the King.

Großbitisch, February 11, 1742.

FROM gloomy seat of gloomy faint,
From land of simple fwains,
From superstition's holy groves,
And strange priest-ridden plains;

From haunted hill, from wizard, imp,
Nightmare, and goblin-nation;
Where relicks, liars, friars, fiends
And fears have ta'en their station;

From those unenvied drear abodes,
I speak it to my shame,
Impell'd by Folly, where I flew,
To seek the bubble Fame!

In short, from the most diabolical spot in all Moravia, in all Europe, amidst roads the most detestable and fatigues the most insupportable,
I
having

having a moment to myself, I write to convince you that, notwithstanding all my labours, I do not forget the most laconic of the scribbling fraternity. Inform Maupertuis that my journey into Moravia will, to him, be preparatory of a journey to Berlin; which will prove the axiom of Wolf, that things and incidents in this world are all connected with each other. This is a truth, in the present instance; but I know not that it is a truth which will be easily divined. In a word, peace will restore the arts and sciences to Prussia. Tell Maupertuis I shall till then reserve acknowledging my gratitude for the past.

Write me letters six sheets long; prattle away; insert every thing that enters your head.

Farewel, most amiable, most pettish, most fantastical, of mortals! Think occasionally of the philosophic warrior, who fights for Rheinf-berg and his friends.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Znaim, Feb. 25, 1742.

TO judge by your letters you are the busiest man in the world. You filch news, yet seem a miser of your time. Perhaps you are employed in reducing a volume in folio to one in duodecimo, for I believe too well of you to suppose you the author of a large book.

According to this rule, were you to judge by my loquacity, you would imagine that I am unemployed here, and that my only pastime is your favourite amusement *. But, between ourselves, a very serious blow is meditated against the house of Austria; and, according to appearances, it is possible that a few weeks will be infinitely decisive to the affairs of Europe. My hussars approach within four miles of Vienna. Lobkowitz flies, and Khevenhuller wanders. In fine, the enemy is totally confused.

Tell K * * * that to satisfy him I shall make some addition to his pension, after which I hope he will suffer me to be at peace.

* "*Votre contenance favorite*"—The phrase is obscure. T.

Farewel.

Farewel. Remember I love long letters as much as I hate large books. Do not forget me. Inform Kayserling he is ungrateful, indolent, and perfidious, to forget the absent; but he is not the first whose brain has been turned by love. Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN,

Znaim, Feb. 28, 1742.

THESE gentlemen huffars have very pleasantly, or rather vilely, filched from me letters, among which there was one for you. We shall see whether the enemy will profit by the capture. Of this I doubt, for as far as I recollect it was a wretched collection. You will gain the time which you would have lost in reading, and the public may perhaps have the advantage to possess Tindal Jordanien some weeks sooner, and I the mortification to be deprived of your letters an additional post. Such are the consequences of a letter lost.

I live here at Znaim from day to day; sometimes very busy, and at others very indolent. When I have leisure, however, I profit by it,

and read, write, and think much. This you will say is to make the best use of our machine. True ; but we had better make use of our stomach ; especially since digestion is sometimes a thing of uncertainty. For a like reason, we ought to employ our powers during this short life ; otherwise they will be wasted, without advantage to ourselves, or the world.

The roofs of the houses here are all flat, in the Italian fashion ; the streets are dirty, the hills barren, the vineyards numerous, the men foolish, the women ugly, and asses plentiful ; and this is an epigrammatic picture of Moravia.

I have this moment received your letter, in prose and verse, for which I thank you. But it is too short ; you ought to know that I make a great distinction between long works and pleasant epistles. Turn all Berlin into rhyme ; no matter how trifling the subject, for my curiosity is insatiable ; especially in what relates to political conjectures, which generally are very distorted.

The news I continually hear of the enemy leads me to imagine we shall soon come to action. Should it be so, may the fortune of Prussia favour me for a few hours, or rather for a whole day ; that the affair may there terminate
with

with as much glory as it has been begun ! In the mean time, fear nothing. Get rid of your dis-ease, and do not forget your absent friends, who love you much. Farewel.

L E T T E R XC.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, Feb. 29, 1742.

How vain am I to see your majesty write and send verses to me, at a time when occupied by affairs so difficult, and so important !

Your majesty certainly is in an unknown country, when you are in that celestial court which, by my troth, is unworthy of your company *. Fame, it must be owned, is leading your majesty through disagreeable roads ; but I have remarked that so are all roads which lead to her temple. I dread lest your majesty's health should suffer, and think I can logically demonstrate my fears to be just.

The Dutch have purchased the Luxemburg for fifteen millions, with which purchase the po-

* M. Jordan here refers to the poetical description of Moravia, given by the king in letter LXXXVII. T.

liticians of Berlin are delighted ; they think it a subtle artifice, worthy of admiration. The partisans of France condemn the act, and suppose M. Fenelon already busy at the Hague, in restoring things to their former state.

The Dutch gazette, it is said, affirms the emperor will immediately go to Cologne, to adore the three kings, whose names are certainly known to your majesty ; for these are facts which you are not apt to forget.

Your majesty commands me to babble, and I obey. May the god of dulness protect you from the attack ! In England, the noise of such triflers is drowned by the continual ringing of bells. Heaven send my loquacity may amuse you ! Though I should rather pray it might set your majesty to sleep, for that would be for the good of your health, and I should then be of great use.

I am astonished to find that, occupied as you are by the affairs of Prussia and the empire, you should take any pleasure in reading the nonsense I write. But who can write, or laugh, or joke, when fighting for what cannot be obtained ? Beside I have lost my health, and am condemned to take three bottles of diet drink per day. Is it possible to be witty, and poetical, under such circumstances ? I am unacquainted with

with the road to renown ; nay, from systematic cowardice, I avoid it ; but I know the path that leads to health is a very disagreeable one : I wish Esculapius and his whole stock in trade at the devil ; for, if Heaven do not aid me, I shall die under the cure.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XCI.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN,

Znaim, March 8, 1742.

WERE I to relate all that passes here, I should not want employment ; for we are as busy as we can be. I can say nothing of the future, which is very uncertain. I can only tell thee that we have our work before us, and that the building we have begun is not yet finished.

The pride of the Austrians seems to me the harbinger of their ruin. This ruin will cost us dear, but will nevertheless follow. I imagine Berlin is at present the abode of dulness and women ; and that a man might well return thanks to Providence, for having sent him any where else.

I live like a philosopher, labour continually,
amuse

amuse myself when I can, and take care to keep cheerful and in good spirits. I wish thee the same with all my heart, and pray God to take thee, Jordan, into his holy keeping.

L E T T E R XCII.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Pohrlitz, March 11, 1742.

WHAT shall I write to thee from this place? Nothing new; except that we are on the march to the blockade of Brunn; that we have taken three hundred prisoners at Gœding; that we shall take more, and that the war will be hotter than ever. Judge, therefore, whether I am likely to return to Berlin; or whether the sweets of peace are near! I imagine this year will afford greater events than the preceding. The perplexity of affairs increases; nor is it in human prudence, at the present crisis, to predict the future. Time will draw the curtain, and discover what is to come: new scenes will then be disclosed.

A comet has been seen at Vienna, and every body there says it is a presage of good fortune. For my part, I think the contrary, and imagine

we

we should rather draw terrestrial than celestial horoscopes. Good measures, timely taken, wise deliberation, and prompt and just resolves, are better guides, by which to judge of the success of enterprises.

Adieu, dear Jordan ! I imagine thou art weary of my prattling ; but not, I should hope, of the friendship and esteem I have for thee. *Vale.*

L E T T E R X C I I I .

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, March 18, 1742.

THIS Mr. Comet has at length shewn us a trick of his trade ; he has occasioned the death of cardinal de Fleuri, who is gone on a visit to the other world. The same service was performed, by a comrade of the comet, at the death of cardinal Mazarin. This important intelligence affords infinite amusement to political newsmongers, and ample subject of reflection. They are impatient to know who will be his successor, and whether the helm will be confided to cardinal Tencin, who, if ever there were a cunning fox, is one ; the creature of the Jesuits, a society that, unfortunately for mankind, has great influence over the affairs of this world.

It

It is imagined the cardinal's death will change the present system of Europe, and that Chauvelin * may perhaps remount his mule. This unforeseen accident is attributed to the various changes which have lately happened. Some affirm he was greatly affected by the fall of Walpole; and the conduct of Sardinia, together with the third augmentation of Holland, have been the darts with which death completed his great work. In fine, the world is eager to see whether peace will be accelerated by this event, or war continued.

Mr. Finck, the English envoy, arrived here two days ago; and, as I hear, intends to depart on Tuesday next.

Report says we have no battle to fear, and I recover breath at the intelligence. It is added that your majesty has formed a chain, to prevent all surprize; and that, when this is completed, we shall have the consolation to see you. This hearsay hope has given me health. I have been able to leave my chamber, some days since, and visit colonel Cannenberg, who is relapsed.

We are told, the Austrian troops have marched to meet the French, and prevent their junction with your majesty.

* Chauvelin had been in the ministry, and was banished by the cardinal, for having attempted to supplant him. T.

Baron von Pöllnitz has been here some time. He throws himself at your majesty's feet, and knows not whether he may venture to intrude upon your time, by writing to you.

Pesne is recovered, and has employed his returning powers to finish the picture of cuckoldom, which, according to the opinion of connoisseurs, is a master-piece.

I am at the end of my chapter. Letters from Paris tell us Voltaire is there, and that he will remain there three months; they add that his Mahomet may perhaps appear; and that the rose-coloured canopy * of Crébillon, the son, has not had all the success that was hoped.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XCIV.

From the King.

MOST DEAR JORDAN,

The Quarters at Sclowitz,
March 17, 1742.

THE difference, between the leisure of Berlin and the business of Sclowitz, is that men write poetry, at one place, and take prisoners at the other. I protest I have been so tormented,

* "*Le canapé couleur de rose.*" The title of a book. T.
and

and occasionally disturbed, that to think with that freedom which is the mother of imagination, and consequently of poetry, has scarcely been possible.

The enemy, four thousand strong, has attacked a village, in which Truchsess and Varenne commanded with four hundred men; and, not being able to daunt these brave fellows, they set fire to the place. Still our troops did not lose their courage, but killed near two hundred men, and some hundreds of the horses of the foe. Truchsess, Varenne, and some officers, have been slightly wounded; but their wounds are very unequal to the glory they have acquired. Never did the Spartans surpass my Prussians; which gives me so much confidence in them that I think myself tenfold more puissant than I was. We have taken above six hundred Hungarians; and our brave soldiers, who only know to conquer or die, leave me nothing to fear for my renown.

Give that picture to Knobelsdorf, as a token of my remembrance. Inform me what you think of the marquis d'Argens; whether his levity and restlessness be truly French; whether he have the art of pleasing; in a word, whether he be approved by Jordan. Should you one
day

day see me again, you must expect an inundation of words.

The honour of turning the wheel of Fortune, for all Europe, is truly a very severe task. Independence, leisure, and oblivion, though less splendid, are in my opinion more happy, and the true portion of the sage, in this world. How often do I think of Remusberg, and that voluntary application which rendered me familiar with the arts and sciences ! But, after all, each condition has its pains and penalties. At that time, I had my petty pleasures and my petty griefs. Mine was a fresh water voyage ; at present I am on the open sea ; one wave lifts me to the clouds, another dashes me down to the bottomless abyss, and by a third again I am propelled nearer than ever to the regions of bliss. Motion so violent but ill accords with the philosophic soul ; for, say what we will, to be indifferent to good or ill fortune, and to banish sensibility from the human heart, may much easier be talked of than put in practice. In vain would we appear unmoved in prosperity and adversity ; the countenance may disguise the feelings, but the interior man, the workings of the heart, will not be the less affected. All I wish for myself is that success may not corrupt humanity, and the virtues which I have ever
professed

professed to love. I hope and flatter myself my friends will always find me what I have been; sometimes more busy, full of cares, and disturbed, but continually ready to serve them; and particularly to prove to you that I love and esteem you with all my heart. Adieu.

L E T T E R XCV.

From the King.

Schlowitz, March 19, 1742.

I HAVE received your second letter, in verse and on politics. It is charming. Nobody but yourself could have said so many pretty things on * * *. But no wonder; for you are so perfect a master of that subject that it is evident you speak feelingly.

On house-tops, and taking their telescopes out,
At Vienna the courtiers are all on the scout;
In planets consulting their hopes and their fears—
When lo, sir! Ah woe, sir! A comet appears!
The women come peeping—"Oh Jesu! Good lack!
" 'Tis flaming and hairy I vow in its track!"
The Queen * in a panic begins to bewail!
"I'm ruin'd! I'd plac'd all my hopes in its tail!"

* The French text reads L * * *. There can be little doubt but that *La Reine* are the words which have been omitted. T.

Politicians

Politicians thence conclude that the downfall of the house of Austria approaches, and that the end is come.

We shall certainly have a battle; it may even happen on the anniversary of Molwitz. I do not say this to terrify you, but because it is true, and cannot fail. My hopes are higher than ever, and I think myself as certain of success as mortal can be of mortal event.

Purchase and send me Boileau's works, and Cicero's Letters, from the third volume to the conclusion. Let it please you to add the Tusculan Disputations, the Philippics, and Cæsar's Commentaries.

Farewel, Jordan. I most cordially embrace you, praying God to take you into his holy keeping. My compliments to my friends.

L E T T E R XCVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Undated.

I HAVE great news for your majesty! Marvellous news! News not of terrestrial origin, nor of the acts of men! News that comes from the first hand, and which excites the attention

of all who delight in novelty ! A huge comet, with a long tail, has appeared in the heavens, for these three days, and has already made three or four people, who have been desirous to trace its proud path, catch cold ! Opinions, concerning its effects, and forebodings, are various. Some believe it to be of ill omen, and that it can only come to spread the flames of war over all Europe. Others, on the contrary, have the politeness to suppose it beneficent. The only thing I fear is lest, with a stroke of its tail, it should derange the whole order of our poor earth.

A paltry newspaper is published, in Holland, under the title of the *Cyclope errant* *; from which I have extracted the two following passages. It is necessary to remark that the author always speaks in allegory.

“ There is one for the king of Prussia, the
 “ heroic virtue of whom we have depicted.
 “ We have taken it from a statue in the Farne-
 “ sian palace, representing Hercules, with a
 “ lion’s hide, resting on his club. He holds
 “ three apples in his hand, plucked in the gar-
 “ den of the Hesperides, which are emblems of
 “ three kinds of virtue: *Moderation in anger,*

* The wandering Cyclops.

“ *temperance,*

“temperance, and a generous contempt of the pleasures of the world.

“ I have just received orders for a coat of
 “ mail proper for academicians, who intend to
 “ follow Bellona. The reason of this order being
 “ sent me is that one of the first of the acade-
 “ my of Berlin, having been curious, and ap-
 “ proached the lady too thoughtlessly, his horse
 “ not bearing the usual load which a Bucepha-
 “ lus is wont to carry, galloped away with him
 “ to the enemy ; to the great disquiet of men of
 “ letters, who highly rejoice that he is once
 “ more found. I have sent him a telescope,
 “ that he may view objects at a distance and no
 “ more run the same risk *.”

Poor Pefne is very ill, and has kept his bed these four days.

The duchess of Wurtemberg is so pleased with your majesty's favours that she would canonise you, were women permitted to interfere in heavenly affairs. You will be her saint, as you are the saint of many others. We are very good friends with the marquis d'Argens. There is a young man in her suite named Despars, who has as much wit as can well be imagined. I have seldom met with persons who

* Maupertuis is the academician here ridiculed. T.

express themselves so ingeniously, in conversation.

A new philosopher has made his appearance, in the horizon of Berlin. I mean young Vatel, who has so well defended the philosophy of Leibnitz.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XCVII.

From the King.

Undated.

I EXPECTED every moment to have heard that the cold in thy eyes, which has haunted thee so long, would have deprived thee of sight, and had prepared some very fine verses for the occasion, which I have been highly mortified not to have an opportunity to send. How have I wished thou shouldest become blind, for thou wouldest not then have had any pretence for absenting thyself, and my rival, thy library, would have become as useless to thee as Venus would be to impotence.

Thou makest me tremble for our good Europe, with thy comet and thy prophecies. I would rather the prophet and his phenomenon were

were at the devil, than see our charming little globe swallowed up by a voracious and thievish meteor. Hark thee, learned and sublime Jordan, I give thee notice that if, hereafter, thou shouldest prognosticate misfortunes, and fatalities, and especially public calamities, thy name shall be erased from the list of great men, thy wandering soul shall be eyeless in the next world, thy statues shall be buried in the dust, and thy memory effaced from my heart.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

From the King.

Sclowitz, March 23, 1742.

I HAVE continually the same things to repeat in praise of your letters.

Familiar or sublime you write
 With easy wit, in art's despite;
 Your flowing diction never nods,
 But seems the language of the gods.

I have seen what you so learnedly predicted, concerning the comet which has lately appeared. It has given Maupertuis an inflammatory fever, because he forgot to announce its ap-

proach according to rule, and it has had the effrontery to make its public entry without astronomical certificate, or passport.

All read their comments as they please :
Hence some prognosticate a peace ;
While others dread that England's court
Is all puissant, in support.
For me, I Heaven hold too sage
To vex itself, with mortal rage.

We lead very industrious, philosophic lives,
at Scowitz. I expect Cicero with impatience;
his writings would, under my present circumstances,
be a very seasonable relief.

Our holy empire, good old dame,
To new made emperor swears her claim
Is much the riper :
But, whether Danube or the Seine
Bear up his long and lordly train,
She'll pay the piper.

This appears to be the more probable, as we
may reasonably expect to see the queen of
Hungary ruined, by the empire.

Thus hungry hounds the hunted boar assail ;
And thus, at length, his strength and courage fail.

I know not what vertigo has seized on Pöllnitz,
that he should go to Frankfort without my
permission.

permission. My gentleman has wit indeed, but not a grain of common sense.

What ! Fifty ! Yet as beetle blind !

Deform'd in body as in mind !

A cynic ever, never sage !

When will the blockhead be of age ?

Cardinal de Fleury is not, as you supposed, dead ; he is full of health and spirits. Recollect, therefore, some other prophetic phenomenon, which might have been typified.

Your courier cometh,

Heav'n shield us from it,

Brings goods news—or brings bad :

Thus here, and there,

And every where,

Men all are running mad.

Farewel. My compliments to all friends, male and female. Think of the absent, and sleep in peace, in spite of the perils we encounter. Continue to love me, and be assured of my best friendship.

L E T T E R X C I X .

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Schowitz, March 28, 1742.

GO to madam de * * * and tell her that, having informed her what my will was concerning her son, of whom she has disposed contrary to my intention, if she do not cause him immediately to return, I will take revenge of her like an irritated master, who punishes a bad citizen, acting contrary to the good of the country. Announce my vengeance, and let her know I have more means than she supposes of obtaining satisfaction for her infidelity, and treachery ; that she has discovered the secret of quarrelling with every body ; and that I am at length obliged to own her opponents have reason on their side ; but that there are houses of correction for wicked women, as there are places in which bad citizens are sequestered.

Adieu. Be persuaded I love thee with all my heart.

L E T -

L E T T E R C.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, March 31, 1742.

I AM exceedingly obliged to your majesty for your kindness, at being satisfied with my letters; especially that which your majesty calls the second. Although I regularly write twice a week, I cannot send an epistle without enclosing some of my vile verses; and you are pleased to praise, either my verses or my folly.

If I have said any thing pleasant on the * * *, it has been said with the desire to please your majesty. I should find it difficult to talk sense, and still more to have *flesh-coloured* ideas, were I to understand what I have said in your majesty's sense. You have the art of adorning facts by fiction. To tell a lover he must no longer doat on his mistress would but incite despair; but to shew him the moth burning its wings is the way to gain his attention. We gild the pill that the sick may swallow it with the less disgust.

Your majesty's verses on the comet of Vienna are charming, and the point is highly pleasant.

I do

I do not wonder at the alarm of a bigotted woman, beholding a comet without a tail.

The fall of the house of Austria is not here supposed to be so certain as it is in France. The reasons alleged are that she has powerful friends, who support by supplying her with money. The expiring torch say they flames out with greater fierceness, and with its last spark excites dreadful conflagrations.

Your majesty seems to believe me under the care of the physicians, to rid myself of a certain malady; but I swear by the God Jupiter, and my good friend Mercury, that this is a disease with which my poor nature never was infected.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R C I.

From the King.

Scowitz, April 2, 1742

FROM your arm-chair, the Muses throne,
Where man and nature are your own,
In which with vagrant ease you rove
From pole to pole, yet never move,
From that arm-chair—first having penn'd—
When you poetic packet send,

The

The gift I take ; in verse and prose see
Myself the Monarch of Potosi.

The courier loiters, whets his whistle ;
I wait, pet, fret, get no epistle.
In vain I wish that you had wings !
We are but mortals, though we're kings !
In vain I wish, from your full font,
Supplies of all the wit I want.
Grown weary, then, in grievous plight,
Sad elegies I would indite ;
And strait to lonely haunts I rove,
To rocky waste, or gloomy grove ;
And call on Echo to repeat
My verses—when I've scann'd the feet.
But oh ! Increase of black despair !
Nor thee nor Echo find I there.
For Echo, though perchance I hear her,
Is gone, if I should come too near her.
And don't your heart, while as you read,
Ah ! Don't it, Jordan, don't it bleed ?

Once more the Comet : Yes ! They say,
It but prognosticates the day
Of peace, rencounter, joy, and pleasure ;
When I and Jordan, out of measure,
Prattling as fast as we are able,
Shall beat your famous men of Babel :
Nay, lips unlock'd and tongue fans clog,
Out-gabble Jewish synagogue !

In myrtle bowers shalt thou be found,
Anacreon's son, with roses crown'd ;
And lips distilling Hybla sweets :
Or, in Corinthian cool retreats,

From

From grape unpress'd, rich nectar quaffing,
 With demi-gods carousing, laughing !
 The loftiest verse from thee shall flow
 Apollo's self did e'er bestow !

Not but that some few gallons of water shall first flow through Moravia ; though the arrival of this delightful day is not the less desired by me, nor will it be the less rapturously felt.

We are on the eve of great events ; these it is impossible to foretel, but we shall certainly soon hear news of that remarkable kind which will change or perpetuate the face of Europe. Think a little on the poor Sisyphus, labouring at his uphill work ; and be assured that neither fortune nor misfortune, sickness nor health, principality nor kingdom, shall ever alter my friendship for thee.

L E T T E R CII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, April 3, 1742.

I AM proud of the approbation your majesty bestows on my letters ; this encourages me. You praise my prosaic rhymes, but you should

should rather pity the author, who versifies in poetry's despite. His salt is insipid, and his taste, from his love of antiquity, something gothic.

To return to the comet: I must own to your majesty I am very little satisfied with its conduct. It has scarcely deigned to appear; yet it is said to be a comet of abilities, and that it might shew itself with propriety, and would be admired by being seen. I can say nothing to it, though I have done every thing in my power to pay it my respects. I have been told it has taken its station near the polar star, whence it contemplates you combatting. I am unfortunate, for my sight is weak, and like my understanding often confused. Hearing, feeling, and taste, are all the senses I have left; and if these will but remain I shall be satisfied, for I have learnt to be contented. Give me but the flavour of the sparkling wine, let me but feel the smooth velvet of the cheek, and hear the recital of your glorious deeds, and I shall be happy! What need I more? Too much penetration is often a misfortune; the conjectures of politicians resemble the conjectures of a juggler's audience.

It is your majesty's will that Heaven should not interfere with the affairs of men; but, though pure reason would tell us Heaven has no
concern

concern with human events, yet many of them are so inexplicable that I am obliged to believe the contrary.

Your majesty will with this receive the Tusculan Disputations, the Philippics, and Cæsar's Commentaries. As I could not purchase a copy of the Commentaries at Berlin, madame de Montbail has given me one for your majesty. The other things will be ready at the end of the week.

The gazettes speak of nothing but the misfortunes of the empire, by which I am greatly affected. He who could elect an emperor may deliver it from these afflictions. Nor could this monarch enjoy a greater advantage than that of being the friend of your majesty. Oh that he might be permitted tranquilly to profit by your labours !

While the comet shall continue in our hemisphere it will enjoy all prophetic rights. Nor can the end of its mission be interpreted, till it shall disappear. Should it be asked what extraordinary things it has occasioned, it may be answered—an emperor destitute of money and land ; a king who in one year could conquer a vast and puissant country, without asking his people for a penny ; and Jordan catching

*** † are no common occurrences; nor could they have happened without a comet's aid.

Your majesty has charged me with a commission to K ***, which I have executed. The worthy man is of nothing more desirous than to serve your majesty. He does not wish, at his age, to remain in indolence, while his friends are at the army. He regards his situation as disgraceful, and further protests that it is not possible to live at Berlin with his income, where in reality every thing is very dear.

Your majesty has returned the request of the young philosopher, Vatel, without letting me understand your commands, or what answer I am to give.

You have ordered me, sire, to present your compliments to your friends; but this is an order which it is impossible I should execute; the number is too great, I could only perform it to the chosen few. May God preserve your majesty! This is my continual prayer.

I have the honour to be, &c.

† See the concluding paragraph of M. Jordan's last letter. T.

L E T T E R CIII.

From the King.

Schlowitz, April 3, 1742.

I HAVE no reason for once to complain that you do not talk enough, but that you talk too much of the world at large, and too little of Berlin. I wish you to relate whatever passes at home, because that highly engages my curiosity.

The news from this place is that the Austrians are setting their own country in flames; a day does not pass in which they do not burn two or three villages.

The Passions, raging with destructive brand,
Against Moravia arm their impious hand.
Like Troy behold her wretched towns expire!
Victims of Vulcan's hate, and Vulcan's fire!

You reason very jocularly, and very much at your ease, concerning fame; yet are most assiduously laying in a sufficient stock of this material, for your own use, at the very time you require others to sit with their arms folded in indolence.

But your example is of force
To make me 'tempt the daring course.
In showers, laurels on you tumble;
Oak leaves will serve, sweet sir, your humble.

Enjoy your Apollo, and permit me to pay my court to Mars. I have as great a right to be ambitious as yourself, though in a very different way. You prepare a banquet of pleasures, to induce me to peace, which is, of itself, the most delicious of banquets.

Who is it that paints these delights with such rapture,
In colours so vivid, where pleasure thus beams;
Joys Epicurean, the senses to capture?
Why, truly, 'tis Jordan the stoic, it seems.

Contradiction is here perhaps as manifest as in the reproach you make me, on the voluntary privation of that liberty of which I am enamoured.

The world is a Bedlam, to frenzy consign'd,
Wherein madmen have five thousand years been confin'd;
Who, acting their pranks, as impell'd by the fit,
Continually vaunt of their excellent wit.

I send you a picture with which I suppose you will adorn your library, and I at the same time suppose you will regret paying the postage. All is contradiction, except the friendship with which I am sincerely yours. Farewel.

Tell Knobelsdorf that he must write concerning my buildings, furniture, gardens, and opera house, to afford me some amusement.

L E T T E R C I V.

From the King.

Wichau, April 5, 1742.

MY observations on your state of health are, perhaps, as uncertain as those of the astronomers, who dispute on the existence, appearance, and form of the comet that has made so much noise at Vienna, and induced so many lunatics to turn prophets. Having learned from you the grand art of doubting, you ought not to take it amiss that I extend this art to doubts concerning the nature of your disease; especially as your health is dear to me, and well merits my attention.

To mystery's deity I recommend you ;
Not to the quack of Epidaurus, who
Would pills, and poison'd unguents, daily send you,
Lest he should rob the devil of his due.

I should much rather recommend you to the enchanting god of love, did I not fear the venom'd shafts which the little winged villain too often employs.

If maim'd you be, 'tis not in wars
Which pride and faction wage ;
Devouring man, devouring earth,
With blind and ceaseless rage.

In

In Cupid's cause, sans subsidy,
A volunteer who bleeds,
Of right, must be admitted one
Of Cupid's invalids.

Among whom I one day expect to see you, and to compliment you on the excellence of your establishment, and the pleasures of the neighbourhood; for I imagine Cefario will be of the party, and that those whom we call amiable people will not be long before they follow.

At present, I am at Wichau, whence I shall march into Bohemia, for reasons too tiresome to repeat. I think to be within a few miles of Prague on the twentieth, with the whole army. You will easily conjecture that this I shall do to defend that capital of Bohemia against the Austrians, and support the feebleness of the French, who are unequal to its defence.

There is a dose of military intelligence for you, which will do you as much good as a dose of bark, and concerning which you trouble yourself little. Adieu, dear Jordan. Write to me often; be circumstantial; repeat every trifle you hear; bestow plenty of ink upon me.

I am your faithful friend and admirer.

L E T T E R CV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, April 6, 1742.

I HAVE been enchanted by the last verses it has pleased your majesty to send me. However accustomed I am to be surprised by your talents, I still cannot comprehend the possibility of reigning, hurrying, acting, making war, and writing witty poetry. Your majesty's Pegasus is indefatigable; he never relaxes his pace, while mine is as motionless as the wooden horse of Troy. Sober reason very gravely advises me to meddle no more with rhymes, but to be satisfied with prose; to which I very angrily reply—Be pleased, madam Reason, to be silent; it is the absolute will of my hero that I should rhyme, in despite of dulness. And who could not perform miracles to give him pleasure?

How much am I affected to see your majesty, by inevitable circumstances, engaged in a kind of life which ultimately cannot but displease you, and be prejudicial to your health! Such motives make me passionately wish for peace, notwithstanding the interest I take in your majesty's glory. I daily expect to hear of some great blow, struck by your majesty.

Borne

Borne on the tempest's dang'rous wings,
To port the pilot safely brings
The ship, which waves and seas assail,
And halcyon days once more prevail !

How happy shall I be again to have the honour to pay my court to your majesty at Rheinf-berg, or at Charlottenburg, and to see you lay aside those thunderbolts which make Europe tremble, and enjoy the pleasures of a permanent peace ! I figure this rapturous delight to myself as the devout do that of banqueting with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ; and, when I shall obtain it, I will not barter my happiness for their ambrosia. The banquet of the gods must be delicious, but it is a banquet only prepared for ghosts ; and, in your majesty's palace, the feast will be less divine but more substantial.

God guard your majesty and preserve your health ! These are the first of my wishes. Man is never without a favourite wish, which borders on extravagance and castle building ; but this of mine precedes all others, by right of pre-eminence. I often visit Tourbillon, to talk reason and converse on this subject ; and we resemble a couple of bigots, who are never so happy as when speaking of their saint.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R C V I.

From the King,

Prostnitz, April 8, 1742.

I CANNOT write verse to-day, for we are marching among mountains, and know ourselves to be in Bohemia by—

By scutcheon'd posts, by rugged rocks ;

By wooden saints, in corners ;

By begging monks, who sally forth

Right simple soul suborners !

By priests, who twang forth lusty laud,

Unto the Lord most high !

And pater-nosters, groans, and beads,

Do drop most righteously !

By grim pandours, who, should they catch

My lord in lonely place,

To persons paying small respect,

Would bid my lord uncase.

This is the route of the greatest part of the army, now on the march to join the prince of Anhalt, and prince Leopald, near Pardubitz.

Not far from where dwelt Wallenstein ; and Ziska,

Bohemian hero ! Near to the camp renown'd,

Where, on a day, he taught disgraceful flight

To that proud foe who him free-booter call'd ;

Yet, him opposing, practis'd equal pillage.

These

These are verses that drop from my pen I know not how; I have no doubt you will think them very bad. To write good poetry is indeed difficult, though nothing is more easy than to write ill. We do not all possess the happy art of Jordan.

Capricious vixens, proud and shy,
Who court them ill the Muses fly;
And me they hold, who countries ravage,
But little better than a savage.

All who wish to be are not favourites with Apollo; it is necessary first to pay him assiduous court, and especially to possess a kind of versatile visage, and an undescribable similarity of taste to the God.

Adieu. I have not time to talk more nonsense.

L E T T E R CVII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, April 14, 1742.

YOUR majesty's pyrrhonism is a dangerous enemy to combat; nor do we know where to attack. Expert in the art of doubting, you

can clothe all things in the garb of reason ; yet no gripe can hold the sceptic eel by the tail. I never could have imagined that scepticism would have been employed, to demonstrate an accusation which I believe wholly groundless. On the contrary, I should have thought doubt was itself the thing most favourable to my cause.

In the ruby carbuncles that blaze on my face,
The quick eyes of Pyrrho love's poison can trace.

But of this I am as free as the child unborn. There is as little of this poison in my body as there is of the warrior's virtue in my soul ; and, since your majesty is so disposed to sustain scepticism, perhaps you will find some congruous syllogism to prove me a hero.

It is long since I might have been ranked among Cupid's invalids, a name I never pronounce without trembling. Not that I am wholly incapable of the service of this deity, but that because, in general, our faculties wear out and decay. This is the case with all sublunary things ; the mind loses its vigour and doats ; for which very profound reason I conclude such misfortunes I cannot avoid. Since Scarron's cassock was out at elbows, why should not my faculties be the same ? I employ the remaining powers of my mind in favour of friendship,

ship, instead of love ; for the result of friendship is always pleasure and content. I have known a king toward whom such sentiments cannot be too strong.

I am persuaded your majesty has been informed of the dispute between the marquis d'Argens and the dutchess. The contest was warm, and their separation and reconciliation public. The ladies and the learned are divided in their opinions concerning the cause of quarrel : the former say it was jealousy ; that the marquis d'Argens is in love, and ought not to be, except with his wife and his books. He has sworn all his Sunday oaths that he is not ; but he is not credited. He was required to remain three years at Stutgard. But would it be the act of a philosopher to sacrifice his freedom, and his reason, which constitute the charms of life, to the foibles of humanity ? The marquis, who is delighted with Berlin, and thinks that the only place proper for him, would not be absent from it above three weeks ; and this was the real origin of the dispute. The reconciliation was singular. D'Argens, kneeling to the dutchess, intreated her esteem once more, and the interview drew tears from the persons present. They no longer live in the same house however, and though they visit it is with premeditated coolness.

coolness. The lady is ever ready to shew she hates d'Argens, from feminine caprice; and the philosopher is equally ready to demonstrate he acts from the dictates of reason. Systematic hatred is the only true. The marquis is writing a comedy, the subject of which is the perplexities of the court, and I have advised him to lay the scene in the anti-chamber of the dutchess, for there the passions are seen to play their parts. Enmity and Love on that stage are absolute, and Reason a slave.

I thought I could not do better than engage the marquis d'Argens to write a relation of all that has passed himself, for your majesty's amusement; for no person is more capable.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CVIII.

From the King.

Leitomischel, April 15, 1742.

HOLA! fir, hola! Who the devil can match you! Don't you hear how I'm puffing and calling to catch you? Whoo! Zounds! How you gallop! I mean how you fly! Alackaday, what's to become of poor I? Your way you keep winging, still higher and higher, While here I am left to look up and admire!

These

These are the sensations that *Divus Jordanus Tindaliorum* has inspired, by his two pleasant letters; in which there is, without exaggeration, as much wit as would supply a month of my common expenditure. I say, sir, the dæmon of poetry possesses you. You write verses so well that I am determined to write no more.

A silly architect once chanc'd to stray
To Rome, and took St. Peter's in his way;
Where every splendid ornament, profuse,
That pride, and wealth, and genius may produce,
Collected stand.—He came—To gaze he turn'd.
With fires till then unfelt his fancy burn'd;
Amaz'd at all the miracles he saw!
Convicted, struck by reverential awe!
At length he cried, with self-contemning ire,
“I'll build no more—I'll only live t'admire!”

I leave you to apply this tale, which indeed very forcibly applies itself to your verses, and my admiration of them.

Most errant of your errant tribe,
My wand'ring life must I describe?
I'm vex'd, I'm pleas'd, I'm low, I'm high,
I'm hot, I'm cold, I'm wet, I'm dry,
I'm here, I'm there, I know not where,
This hour all hope, the next all care;
While plenty, famine, rest, fatigue,
And every contradiction league,
Of yes and no, of bright and dreary,
That might a man of iron weary!

But,

But, blest be Fate, my temper's such,
That, be it little, be it much,
Be the weather gruff or gay,
In November, as in May,
Of present blessings never cloying,
I'm cheerful still, am still enjoying.

Did you see with eye unjaundiced, you would be the most amiable and the most happy mortal God ever created. But, as perfection is not to be found in this world, you are only the former. I beg you will be kind enough to calm your fears for Europe. Were we to grieve for the individual misfortunes of every man on earth, life would be one chain of afflictions. Let each spin the flax from his distaff as well as he is able. Be contented to participate in the fortunes of your friends; that is, of a very small number of persons. This is all nature has in conscience the right to require, of a good citizen; otherwise the brain would not supply moisture sufficient for the tears we should have to shed.

Europe, by fiends possess'd, is running mad!
There's reason so to say, and so 'tis said.

The abbé de Saint Pierre is very busily adjusting the clashing interests of kings; and this he wishes to do with as much ease as you write verses. There is nothing wanting to complete

the grand work, but the consent of the parties. You have read these visions on arbitration, and synonymous frenzies.

I have nothing to tell you of a place where nothing is doing, except that our soldiers are so many Cæsars, and that I love you ever; whether desponding because ill, or gay because in good health. Farewel.

L E T T E R C I X.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

April 17, the second fine day of
the year 1742.

I HAVE received the letter with which it has pleased your majesty to honour me, dated at Proßnitz. As I usually carry Silesia, Moravia, Bohemia, Austria, Bavaria, Hungary, and Turkey, in my pocket, I am always able to follow the redoubtable army of your majesty; but, should my maps increase with your conquests, I am afraid my pockets will soon be too much loaded. I also fear conquest has too many seducing charms for your majesty. Perhaps I shall say, like Bias, I carry every thing about me; since all Europe will be in my pocket.

The

The Bohemians, seeing you enter their country without chaplet, bead, or rosary, ought to entertain a very indifferent opinion of their saints, who stand like stocks and stones, and never move, but suffer your majesty's armies to act at will. What are these celestial *** about, in the fine principality of Paradise? They do not seem to me to have more wit than my old flipper, or to be more capable of deceiving your majesty. I fancy, indeed, you have found the secret of enchanting them, like as the Syrens enchanted hearers by their songs. I am intolerably suspicious of poets, and of their rhymes. You no doubt address them in holy verse, and thus captivate and render them benevolent.

The charms and incantations well I know
Of dulcet sounds, that so melodious flow !

Had I any misfortunes, their melody would soften them ; but your servants have none.

With respect to my verses, they are so rude that they might well produce the effect of the skin of Ziska *, and put to flight the man who should attempt to read them. They do not

* * Ziska, or the one-eyed, was a famous but cruel chief of the Hussites, who dying ordered his skin to be made into a drum, which, if beaten, would be sufficient to put the opponents of his followers to flight. This anecdote, however, is said to be fabulous. T.

spring spontaneously, but, on the contrary, are produced by contortion, and convulsive motions. When I am about to be delivered of a rhyme, I resemble a bigot, at the tomb of the abbé Paris *, or the Pythian goddess, in one of her fits. The simile is indeed very applicable, for this goddess, on her tripod or stool, never uttered any thing but nonsense.

A propos of Ziska and of Wallenstein : let me intreat your majesty not to make them your models. They glutted the earth with human gore, you understand the art of making men happy ; they were the plagues of the human race, your virtues are its ornaments. The talents of Tindalian Jordan are confined to one very real species of knowledge, a knowledge of his own ignorance, of which he is perfectly convinced. I hope your majesty will pardon this accidental praise I bestow upon myself ; for, to know our own ignorance, it is necessary we should be very learned. Alas ! I was not formed for science. Men who know nothing are happy ; but not so those who are ignorant of nothing.

* The abbé Paris was a Jansenist who, after writing pious books, and scriptural commentaries, which nobody read, betook himself to retirement and knitting of stockings. After his death he became a saint and worked miracles, till government would not suffer him to work any more. T.

Peace is again the topic ; the reason alleged is that public affairs are so perplexed they cannot long remain in so critical a state.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CX.

From the King.

DIVE JORDANE,

Chrudim, April 11, 1742.

YOUR verses, at present, flow like a torrent. I imagine you keep Apollo in pay, and that the sisters nine are all in your service ; otherwise it would not be possible to write as you do. You must have discovered a mine of charming things in Pindus, and a new vein of beautiful thoughts.

Nor madrigal, nor song, nor glee,

Not one poor impromptu,

Will condescend to visit me ;

They all are flown to you !

Monopoliser, as you are,

You all the profit pocket

Of small and great poetic ware ;

While I'm a bankrupt blockhead !

This is what a man gains by the dog's life we
here

here lead for the love of glory, as our friend Chaulieu said.

Loose rob'd Anacreon's pride was he,

And honour'd be his name !

Yet, rival'd in the race by thee,

He's now surpass'd in fame !

This is a commodity of which you have plenty. Nor is that prudence you possess, which is so inseparable from your courage, a thing less to be admired in you !

Of valour, prudence is the source ;

Its true support and guide :

The rest, at best, is brutal force ;

Is anger, instinct, pride.

You well know that we cannot be more brave than when our circumspection never exposes us to danger, except such as is rational and necessary; and, as you are extremely provident, you are never exposed to any. Hence I conclude few heroes equal you in valour. Your courage has hitherto preserved its virginity; and, as all new things are better than old, it follows that your courage is something peculiarly admirable: like a flower in the bud, which has never yet been injured by the sun's heat, or northern blights. A being so worthy of esteem that it equals the metaphysics, and dissertations,

of the marchioness du Chatelet, on the nature of fire.

All that you want is a white plume of feathers, that shall nod and conceal your audacity; a long rapier, a warlike pair of spurs, and a voice not quite so squeaking. You would then sally forth a complete hero! Permit me to congratulate you, divine and heroic Jordan; and, from the summit of your glory to entreat you would cast a gracious smile on your friends, who are wading here through the mire of Bohemia, with thousands of other mere human creatures.

I imagine D'Argens is mad. Do not tell him so, however, but take good care not to stir the bile of our philosopher, who appears to me to have more of that merchandise than of good sense.

Adieu. Thou knowest the sentiments I entertain for thee.

L E T T E R CXI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, April 22, 1742.

I AM at my wits ends. I know not how to begin the letter I am to write to your majesty.

I have

I have no subject on which to write; not a single article of news! The gazettes speak of peace. That of Cologne pities the world, because the flux of the cardinal, which continues, may continue the war. Peace indeed seems to be as slow footed as the Mans * messenger. I recollect, on this occasion, the remarks of Bayle on the flux of Julius Cæsar; where he proves, in his usual manner, which your majesty so well imitates, that the greatest events have often been caused by the most insignificant accidents.

Among these, the quarrel between the dutchefs and the philosopher may be classed. It is, however, very serious, and resentment is so great that she will not eat on silver † because the word awakens ideas of revenge, and hatred, which bring on a want of appetite. The marquis supports it all without resentment; passion is vain; he is unmoved; his enemy strikes and he forgives. The world impatiently waits your majesty's opinion on this important dispute. I for my part say nothing; though I know what I think.

It is reported here that the Russians have taken part with the French, which gives me

* *Mans*, a town in Germany. T.

† The marquis's name, *d'Argens*, signifies silver in French. T.

pleasure; that the Austrians have been chastised before Scharding, which fills me with joy; that the queen of Hungary persists in refusing to yield, which incites my fears; that the king of England is sending a body of troops into Germany, and that Holland is following his example, which put me in a panic.

It is added that the king of Poland has a severe fit of the gout; that, however, he is expected at Glogau, where the king of Prussia is to receive and regale him magnificently. And this is the whole of my gazette, which seems to me not worth reading; I, therefore, hastily conclude.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, April 24, 1742, rainy weather.

THE letter with which it has pleased your majesty to honour me came very opportunely, for I was at my wits ends. My Apollo has taken flight, on a visit to Lucifer; and there is a stillness over the whole town which is exceedingly distressing to those who are in
lack

lack of news for their correspondents. But your charming and ingenious verses have re-animated my languid mind; the fire and wit of your poetry teach me to speak the language of the gods *.

This is, indeed, a language which greatly resembles the *lingua Franca* †, and which I should not be very able to understand, were I condemned for any length of time to reside on mount Parnassus. Yet your majesty deigns to praise my verses, and it is with difficulty I can forbear supposing this praise to be delicate and artful satire. I know king Frederic, and how apt he is occasionally to laugh at his neighbour's expence. He always was somewhat addicted to keen and dignified satire.

It is satire indeed, to resolve to write no more poetry because Tindalian Jordan writes poetry so well! I can but answer, the language of verse is so familiarised to your majesty that it is become your common speech.

The architect, who beheld the regularity of a magnificent edifice, at Rome, and renounced his art that he might live only to admire, is ex-

* This last sentence is in rhyme, therefore, according to M. Jordan, in the language of the gods. T.

† *Lingua Franca* is a mixture of all the languages, spoken by the sailors that frequent the Levant. T.

actly my picture. Nor have I, to render the resemblance perfect, any thing more to do than to imitate him entirely; to quit the restless whim of rhyming, and renounce eloquence, which, for a man in his senses, will be to act consistently; and, thanks be to Heaven, the little sense I have I continually endeavour to preserve.

The description your majesty gives of your present life will appear poetical, to any person who does not know your majesty's manner of thinking, when at the army: for to speak of a king is to speak of a happy mortal, who is unacquainted with fatigue, or pain, and whose only employment in the world is to get rid of all trouble. A king is created for pleasure, and a man of science for poverty; the former gratifies his passions when he pleases; the latter lives in the continual dread of hunger.

The comet has thought proper to change the order of things. There is a kingdom on earth the monarch of which makes war in winter, and endures the rude assaults of the rudest season, while by his favour the man of letters is effeminately seated on a couch, cursing that disease which forbids him the practice of the enjoyments, which he might otherwise procure.

We cannot all see with unjaundiced eyes; the
human

human mind is so little master of itself that it excites our pity. I am wrong to afflict myself for the evil which happens in society; and with as little reason am I inclined to grieve because the vintage has not been good in France. Society forms one great whole, and La Fontaine has well proved in his fable of the belly and the members, how necessary it is that each part should reciprocally be afflicted, by that particular evil which must affect the whole*.

I know not whether Europe have lost her senses, but I very well know she is very much to be pitied for this loss, brought on her by some persons. If the man in health be refused his pleasures and his food, and be tormented from morning till night, his health will soon decay, and he will no longer find content, or pleasure, in the world. There are two persons who afford Europe so much employment that there would be no great wonder should she go mad.

The old doating abbé de St. Pierre may be allowed to undertake to adjust the interests of the princes of Europe, as young men are forgiven the follies of love. I excuse the attempt of the abbé as I do Alexander, who wept that the world was too small. The house of indus-

* This and the following sentence are each of them self-contradictory; I, once more, can but follow the author. T.

try will at length be completed. Nothing could have given this undertaking success, to which your majesty has been pleased to contribute, except the activity of the minister of state, De Happe. I return my personal thanks, because of the interest I take in the good of society. The police will be well regulated. One thing is still wanting, which is that your majesty should appoint some person to superintend the pavement, and the buildings of the city.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXIII.

From the King.

Douffime Jordane Tindaliensis,

Chrudim,
April 27, 1742.

TH' œconomist Phœbus deigns always to shine
On your verses, but darts not a ray upon mine.
Thus Fleury, as careful, will only advance
His friends to the lucrative posts of finance.

I do not wonder, therefore, that you write so much poetry, and so little news. You are more inspired by the nine lovely sisters, who protect the arts and sciences, than by hideous
and

and deformed scandal, with the eyes of a lynx,
the ears of a hare, and the snakes of Medusa.

Yes, favourite lover of the Graces,

Who lull you in their arms,

To Scandal's hateful face you, rightly,

Prefer their blooming charms.

To Scandal, monster ! who, envenom'd,

At rich and poor man's door,

In town and country, hall and cottage,

Tells all she knows, and more.

Such are the reasons why I receive little intelligence, and many rhymes, from Berlin. But a mixture of the two would give me great pleasure. You tell me nothing of all the follies which regularly, and periodically, are committed. You send me no information of your learned correspondents, of my buildings, my gardens and friends; in a word, of all the things in which I am most interested.

The various events, on political scene,

Compar'd to your magical-lanthorn have been.

Say what's your opinion ? Or rather relate

What fortunes the old beaux of Berlin await ;

Their squabbles, and squibs,

With their girls and their ribs,

Their kissing, their scratching,

Their parting, their matching ;

For words can't convey

The sensations which may,

In the heart of the absent, such trifles create.

Perhaps you suppose me too much occupied to think of my friends ; but you ought to feel they are often in my thoughts, in despite of business.

Its friends, and its feelings, the heart will prefer
To restless ambition, that prompts us to err ;
Or pleasures seductive, that dazzle and blind,
That weary the body and satiate the mind.

The noble soul firing,
High raptures inspiring,
Thee, Friendship, I claim !

Thy force, and thy flame,
Thy sympathies, tears,

Smiles, joys, hopes and fears,

Reign sacred, and pure, in my bosom enshrin'd !

I now come to our itinerary. I am with the grand army in Bohemia. The prince of Anhalt is going to command in Upper Silesia, and prince Didier has quitted Moravia, where he no longer could find subsistence. We shall apparently remain in this situation till hay harvest, which may perhaps be two months hence. And here ends all I have to say, except assuring you of the sentiments of esteem I entertain for you. Adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, April 29, 1742.

YOU maliciously compare my flow of verse to the torrent's impetuous course. You must however allow the stream is not always clear, without which conclusion, if your majesty will be pleased to be sincere, and speak rather as a philosopher than as a poet, you must confess the comparison is ill applied. My consolation and justification are that, when I dip into the waters of Hippocrene, I find them muddy, and know not where to find them otherwise. Your majesty, by praising, treats me as we treat a parrot, when we give it sugar, and thus tempt it to chatter. I am but your parrot; but, if I can but amuse your majesty, I am satisfied.

Beside, I really profit by the correspondence: I receive letters that abound in wit, and charming poetry; verses which bear the stamp of Chaulieu, which are inimitable, and which endear you to that god who, according to the fable, is ministered to by the nine sisters.

Such prerogatives are not for every man. Poetry is like courage: all men are not brave,
neither

neither are all men poets ; to be truly either they must be born such. A coward may perform an act of valour, at least as I have been told, for I do not know the fact by experience ; and a man who is not born a poet may, once in his life, write good verses, because nature occasionally delights to be capricious.

With respect to prudence, I will do myself the justice to allow this is a quality I possess. I never had any occasion to put my courage to the proof : perhaps I may have more of it than Hannibal, or Scipio ; but, be it prudence or be it modesty, I do not wish to make the experiment. Thus the affair must remain undecided ; and, poetically speaking, I thence conclude, though not philosophically, that I may pass for a poltroon. The thing cannot indeed be demonstrated in due logical form. Beside, what the devil do I want with courage ? I have no foes to face ; except the foibles of human nature, which I should be sorry to extirpate ; for, though they often make me do ill, I still confess, had I the courage of Alexander, I would not give them regular battle. There is one foible, however, which I have the valour to conquer, and this is the love of fame, should such an enemy ever attack me ; for I know, were I vanquished, I should lose my peace of mind.

Ingolstadt

Ingolstadt is said to be taken by assault, by the Austrians, who have even put the citizens to the sword. It is added that your majesty's chancery is to be transported to Glatz: and to all this I add that I am very ill, and have had a body given me very ill fitted for this life.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXV.

From the King.

Chrudim, April 29, 1742. A day for satire, a clear sky, and the first in which some bushes have pushed forth their buds.

AT length 'tis fallen!—Th' abode aerial
Of Urania, defended in its pride
By Talpafch fell, pandour, and Ulan grim,
Intrench'd and isolated, rear'd aloof
From human intercourse, by screech-owl haunted,
Or by wand'ring spirits, gibbering nightly plaints;
Assail'd, surrounded, storm'd by bands Teutonic,
Itself, its forts, its holds and towers of strength,
That haughty and contemptuous stood, are fall'n!

That is to say that Glatz surrendered, on the 28th of this month, by capitulation; so that I am now without reserve master of all Silesia. Mr. * * *, a bad copy of some wretched English

lish original, has just determined to leave us. Imagine how much I regret his loss.

His pantomimic melancholy
Can only copy English folly.
I'll conquer worlds, in one campaign,
Ere he shall English wisdom gain.
Zoilus was ne'er mista'en for Plato,
Nor such a Therfites for Cato.

Forgive this trait, which has escaped me against a man whom you honour with your esteem : but I imagine that esteem to be something like that of a person—

Who, if you're sick, sends kindly greeting ;
Or, in the same breath, utters, meeting,
“ Dear sir ! I hope you're very well !—
“ I wish the rascal was at hell !”

You send me no news of Berlin, of Tourbillon, of Cesario, nor any extracts from the chronicle of gallantry.

Why do you not mention the gouty old lover ;
His hot fits, and cold fits ; and all you discover
Of him, the sweet youth, who so active can leap,
A vig'rous adept, at the game of bopeep ?

Here is nonsense enough for once : satisfy yourself, my dear Jordan, till the next post, when I hope to be out of your debt. Adieu.

LET.

L E T T E R CXVI.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, May 1, 1742.

I SHALL only speak of war and politics to-day, and therefore shall not depart from rule, since these are the peculiar pleasures of your majesty, as dear to you as the arrangement of her toilet is to a coquette. You have learnt valiantly to fight, to beware of political artifice, and adroitly to discover what politicians endeavour to disguise. It is the peculiar excellence of your majesty to live at your ease, amid the most assiduous labours; to employ your genius and to quit the pleasures of life, yet to think the whole an amusement.

Politics begin likewise to be in fashion at Berlin. The first question always asked is, Where are the armies? What are they doing? Men of letters quit their libraries to read newspapers, which lie, and never are favourable to us, though I cannot discover the reason.

It is here rumoured that the enemy has seized on Olmutz. Others, on the contrary, affirm he has retreated into Austria, fearing to be attacked in front and rear. The most subtle politicians

assert that, in less than a month, these good Austrians will be kind enough to evacuate Bavaria.

The present general topic is the memorial of the Earl of Stair, to the states of Holland. Commentaries are made on the following words.

“When your High Mightiness shall have
 “put all your frontiers into such a state as to be
 “under no apprehension of a surprise, his
 “majesty and your high mightinesses may be
 “able to protect your allies, in such manner as
 “shall appear most expedient; and, by this
 “means, other princes who are desirous of
 “joining with the maritime powers, may do it
 “the more freely, and with the less apprehension*.” It is asked — Who are here meant? And concerning this opinions vary: each thinks he can solve the ænigma. One of these politicians very artfully enquired what I thought on the subject; and I, very truly and frankly, answered I could on oath assure him it was an affair of which I was extremely ignorant; but that I could inform him, in all confidence, though I never had been a conjurer, that your majesty was encamped at Chrudim.

* The words of the memorial are quoted, and not the French translated. T.

I have

I have read an account, which is said to come from the army, as circumstantial as account can be, of an attempt which I believe to be entirely false, and which was that the governor of an Austrian fortress had formed a project against the life of your majesty, which was defeated by the dexterity of a Jew.

Shall I relate an article of intelligence, as comic as it is untrue? The father of Maupertuis has shut his son up in a monastery, because he wished to marry a woman who was an improper match. How do I love to discover weakness like this in the heart of a mathematician! But stoics themselves, in such cases, are never masters of their passions*.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect and most devoted gratitude, &c.

* M. Jordan says this anecdote is false, yet reasons on it as if it were true; this however is one of the passages in rhyme, and how far he might poetically suppose rhyme had nothing to do with reason it is impossible to say. T.

LETTER CXVII.

*From the King.**Doctissime Doctor Jordane,*

Chrudim, May 5, 1742.

I CALL aloud for news from Berlin, and you are hard hearted enough to shut your ears. I receive nothing from you, but the gazettes of Pindus and the oracles of Apollo. Your verses are charming, but I want news. Tell me what weather you have at Berlin; what is done, what is said there, and if you can find nothing better talk to me of the horse in bronze;

And of the equestrian hero *, slave surrounded,
For that he Swedes and Visigoths subdued.

Relate any trifles you please, provided that you do but talk of my country; and deign to be a little more circumstantial.

You who can so politely teach
E'en satire's self to smile,
May surely, to divert your friends,
Her journal keep awhile :
Some blockhead sure may sacrifice
To make the absent laugh,

* The great Elector.

Berlin

Berlin can furnish many a fool,
 And many a paragraph:
 'Tis not your learning, wit, or taste,
 In these degen'rate days,
 But malice, plenteously dispers'd,
 Will crown you, sir, with bays.

Perhaps you have discovered some of this malice, too copiously dispersed through the last letter I wrote to you; if so, I entreat a thousand pardons. Though you well know it does not depend upon ourselves to be sad or merry, but that it is a consequence of temperament; like so many other mechanical operations of the body. Perhaps you think this is not exactly true, respecting satire, and that it is a dose found in great abundance with those persons who are so inclined; but I answer,

To satire I was ne'er addicted, no
 I want the wit—I'm sorry, but 'tis so.

With mathematic regularity I must tread in the steps of custom, and follow the general example of our good and ridiculous species. We are all inclined, whether from complacence, or because we have nothing better to do, to speak ill of our neighbour, and idly to scatter the venom on which scandal feeds in the most unchristian-like manner.

We do not however pique ourselves much on our christianity; and it is common enough to suppose that to be the father of a bon mot is better than to be a brother in Christ. Men forget brotherly love, when they are accustomed to make war.

Nor Talpatsch, nor Pandour, who daily gird
And swarm around, no brethren are of mine;
No, Heav'n forefend!—They're Imps of Beelzebub;
His Cubs, on Bears and on Baboons begotten.

How can you expect we should revere the form of man, in people who scarcely have any traces of such form? Moral similitude, in my opinion, is a more intimate cause of unity, among mankind, than similarity of figure; and I deny that our enemies possess either. How then is it possible to love them?

We are preparing to open the campaign, which yet will not be soon begun. Perhaps we may remain housed longer than the twentieth of the present month. We are tolerably tranquil at present; the old prince of Anhalt covers Upper Silesia, and your humble servant is here, collecting his principal forces, to fall with great superiority on the foe; which cannot be done till forage arrives.

This is a trifling military lesson, to rectify
your

your ideas, concerning what you ought to think of our operations; and that, if you should be questioned, you may know what to answer.

Moravia is a vile country, which cannot be maintained for want of provisions; and the town of Brun could not be taken, because the Saxons have no cannon, and because he who would enter a fortress must first make a breach in the walls. Beside that the country is reduced to such a state that the enemy cannot long subsist in it, and it will therefore soon be evacuated.

Adieu, Doctissime Jordane. Labour in honour of science, and rank me among the first of your admirers and friends. *Vale.*

LETTER CXVIII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, May 5, 1742.

I HAVE received two letters from your majesty, equally witty; and indeed all are so which fall from your hand. The last is seasoned by that salt which satire itself prepares. Harmoniously you can touch the lyre, can make war like a hero, and can excel as a satirist.

Your majesty wishes for news——The king of Poland, it is said, has bought a diamond at Leipzig which has cost eight hundred thousand crowns. We are told too there is an abbé at Vienna, sent on the part of France, named Fargé, who is negotiating there very secretly, and that there will be a suspension of arms.

With respect to literary intelligence, I thank your majesty for asking for it; for without vanity I have a good supply. A defence of Machiavel has appeared, ill treated as he has been by the author of the Anti-Machiavel. The work is printed in Holland, but the author is anonymous; and in this he shews his prudence, for he really deserves to be brought to a state of repentance. He has treated Voltaire without mercy.

Some books are arrived for your majesty, which it will not be necessary to send. The new volumes of the quarto edition of Rollin, the beautiful poem of Racine on religion, and a new selection of poetical and oratorical extracts, are all waiting in your majesty's chamber, to be turned over by your royal hands. When will that happy moment arrive when a confirmed peace shall tranquilly suffer us to enjoy our good fortune? Tourbillon has been ill, and kept her chamber for a fortnight. I have occasionally been to visit her, and we have had our conversation

versation parties there, as card parties are held in other places. The dispute between the dutchess and her philosopher has been the general topic, especially among the ladies; and Tourbillon has avoided interfering, very frequently, by making her retreat.

Knobelsdorf yesterday departed for Rheinf-berg. Cefario continues the same, but I am sorry to see he loses his cheerfulness, and perhaps his health.

Here is a charming letter from Voltaire, written to a clergyman in London; and I hope by Monday's post to send your majesty a poem, in the style of Scarron, on the labours of Hercules, which I think excellent. The author has communicated it to me himself, and the question was put for my opinion whether we ought to enjoy pleasure whenever we have an opportunity. I maintained the affirmative, and that to act otherwise were sinful. I will expose my opinion to your majesty's criticism, certain of the excellence of your judgment.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXIX.

*From the King.**Fredericus Jordano Salutation,**Chrudim, May 8, 1742.*

I HAVE received a letter from Knobelford, with which I am tolerably well satisfied ; but it is too dry, not sufficiently circumstantial. I wish that the description of each moulding of the palace of Charlottenburg, should contain four pages in quarto, for this would give me great amusement.

At length you are become a politician superior to Mazarin himself.

Rapacious plans, romantic fears,
 Suspecting all he sees and hears ;
 Infidious arts, unquiet dreams,
 For granted taking all that seems ;
 Foreboding wrong ; from false conclusion
 Error heaping, scattering confusion ;
 Searching for secrets in the moon,
 Discovering midnight in high noon ;
 In public playing hide and seek ;
 Beneath a mask, by nature weak,
 Pernicious projects still concealing ;
 Pretended treachery still revealing ;
 Such is the man you paint, I see,
 Whose politics and mine agree.

Such

Such is the politician concerning whom you reason, according to the manner of mankind, who always impute to their neighbour all the evil they themselves would do, were they in his place. Jordan, however, is allowed to satirize me, and time must justify me to the world.

Your wit poetic me would fix
 The weather-cock of politics.
 But no ; or Fame would, to the crowd,
 Have trumpeted the fact aloud.

From all which you find that your wit runs a little too fast, over the field of futurity.

Above the firmament, to mortal eye
 Impervious, Fate recedes: nor astrolabe
 Can mete her dread behests, nor tube discover.
 On shreds, by wretched Grub-street gazetteer
 Compil'd, Interrogation leanly feeds ;
 Yet, eating nought, eternally is famish'd :
 Though she, full oft inflated, thinks she's cramm'd.
 But thou ! Quaffing drafts Pierian as thou dost !
 Conforting with the Muses ! What ! May'st thou
 The pompous tales of proud Lorraine accredit ?

Here are politics in rhyme for you ; and nothing more is wanting to complete the picture but a treaty of peace, with the preliminaries, in the form of a dramatic poem.

In my letter, two days ago, I sent you your catechism, concerning our operations, and explained

plained, with all due length and breadth, what was passing here. I now add my prophecy is fulfilled, for the Austrians have quitted Moravia for the want of subsistence. You will soon see what consequences all these grand affairs and the complicated motions of the two armies will produce.

Adieu, *Dive Jordane Tindaliensis.*

L E T T E R CXX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, May 8, 1742.

IS it not surprising that I should be asked whether, when pleasure presents itself, it ought to be enjoyed? I am almost tempted to give no reply, for to decide so important a problem the heart should be cheerful; and he who is himself gloomy cannot speak, with effect, on the subject of pleasure. I own to your majesty that what mirth I have is mirth of mind, and not of heart. It is, therefore, unnatural, and as false as the assumed majesty of Baron, when he acted the part of Mithridates.

I will, therefore, undertake to decide the question, provided I consult the understanding
only;

only; and by this I will prove that we not only should enjoy pleasure, when it presents itself, but that not to enjoy it would be sinful. To fly pleasure is heretical; to profit by it is prudent; and this I should have little trouble to prove, since our inclination always inclines us to act thus; observing, however, that inclination is stronger in some persons than in others. Indeed, such a proof would only be to demonstrate that, being thirsty, it is necessary to drink. We always attend to our sensations, which we willingly gratify, for they are preceptors at whose authority we never take offence; since they not only prescribe what pleases but what is necessary.

I have a multitude of reasons in proof of my thesis; the first is that we ought to fulfil the duties of our vocation. Who can doubt that man is formed for enjoyment? By enjoyment only do we preserve and strengthen our faculties, each of which has a determinate portion of pleasure that has been adjudged to it, though some indeed have the advantage over others; but as there are pleasures in which they all participate, this is a partial remuneration for the deficiency, and forms a kind of equality between the whole. The food of pleasure, which is the support of these faculties, when distributed proportionately

portionately to the capacity of each, is never injurious, but the contrary; and only enfeebles and destroys when excessive. We are, therefore, constituted for pleasure, as fish are for water, and the propensity of our faculties at the prospect of pleasure proves the assertion. For this propensity increases in proportion to the strength of the impression incited by the presence of pleasure.

We feel a repugnance for whatever can injure us, and an attraction toward objects which contribute to our satisfaction. The force of nature is so powerful that it vanquishes even the fears of women; and that tender sex, naturally possessed of but little courage, when inspired by love, acquires fortitude. Love is a passion which produces more heroes than ambition and the desire of fame.

The presence of pleasure has this advantage that, by its influence, of the origin of which I am ignorant, it concentrates the man, so that his only endeavour is to render that homage which is required. At the sight of danger, self preservation and the love of fame contend for victory; each supposes pre-eminence its due, and each cites its prerogatives. But with pleasure it is different, pleasure stifles all ideas which do not concur in its gratification, and banishes

nishes all which are not necessary to this from the mind. Nothing dare dispute its superiority *.

Inclosed are verses by one M. de St. André, who is at Berlin; and I add the comedy of the marquis d'Argens, entitled, *l'Embaras de la Cour* †, which, in my opinion, is too serious. I know not why he has been unable to laugh, except that never, perhaps, did philosopher more perfectly experience the perplexities of a court. D'Argens departed the day before yesterday. Ginkel, it is said, has received a letter from Petersburg, in which it is remarked that our envoy is exceedingly intimate with the envoy of the queen of Hungary.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* I have made some trifling deviations from the insinuations and words of the text, not to enflame a passion which, in general, has no need to be enflamed. T.

† The perplexities of the court.

L E T T E R CXXI.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN,

Chrudim, May 11, 1742.

I HAVE been so stupified by a chaos of affairs, which have suddenly assaulted me, that for once I demand quarter. I am so busy, have so much to think of, so much to write, and so many orders to issue, that it is impossible I should hold any long arguments with thee. All that I can tell thee is that we shall encamp on the 13th, that the Austrians are marching toward us, and that certainly, without the aid of a miracle, I cannot return to Berlin before the end of October, or the beginning of November.

Adieu ; I commend thee to the care of philosophy, and the god of health.

LETTER CXXII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, May 12, 1744.

I HAVE imprisoned my Apollo, bid adieu to the nine sisters, and taken my departure from the sacred valley, that I may write nothing but news. Your majesty must have received two or three of my letters, full of political, literary, and home intelligence. The subject of my last was pleasure, but, to own the truth, this was but to hear your majesty speak on the same topic. The purest pleasure and the imagination are so intimately allied that no person could treat the subject in a more masterly manner.

It is reported here that count Bruhl is in total disgrace at the court of Saxony, and that the prince of Weissenfels is the sole cause of this, by representing to the king that the Saxon army was wholly unprovided. The good fortune of Bruhl has been universally remarked: he had every thing the world could supply, but he has left the Saxons destitute, and has afforded a fine opportunity for satire.

Rutowky, it is added, is in like disgrace, and
has

has quitted the army; but these are particulars which are related here with a mysterious air, and which I will not warrant.

We have very bad weather at Berlin; the north wind continually insults us, and the sun is gone I know not whither; whenever he makes his appearance it is but to lower upon us. I imagine he shines out at Chrudim, because your majesty is there, and he knows in what high estimation he is held by you.

The horse of bronze continues to carry his hero, whom I seldom pass without a salamalec*; for, to speak freely to your majesty, among the mighty dead, he is one whom most I honour. Were the Electors saints he should be mine.

The people bless God that there are no more beggars in the streets, and that they have been delivered from this race.

The dutchess will depart on Sunday for the country seat of count von Gotter. All people bless and wish her a good journey. D'Argens is her harbinger, and has been gone these three days, cursing those duties of decorum, which have obliged him to travel a hundred German miles to no purpose. He is continually appealing to what men are unacquainted with, to reason; he is not so intimate with the land of reason as

* A Turkish salutation signifying God save you. T.

your majesty is with the regions of satire, which to me form a labyrinth the very entrance into which I dread. We do not all possess Ariadne's clue; it is a present which the gods bestow only on princes, when they grant them authority.

K*** is afflicted to see that K***, to whom she has promised her eldest daughter, and whom she regards as the future support of her house, is on the point of departing. I believe she wishes to retire to her estate in East Friesland, and that she will ask permission. I freely confess to your majesty I pity her. K*** cannot digest the mortification of remaining at Berlin, while the whole world is at the army.

I know not whether your majesty has received all the books I sent, agreeable to your orders. I have the honour and the happiness to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, May 15, 1742.

I HAVE received your majesty's last letter, written in a political style, and which con-

tains much meaning in few words. The portrait of a politician is there truly traced.

I yesterday listened to one of these politicians, with as much submission and docility as your majesty would to Epicurus; were he to revisit earth, and preach pleasure. My instructor pretended that England has made very advantageous proposals to your majesty, tending to confirm you in the possession of Silesia; and that the continuance of the war could not be to the interest of the house of Brandenburg, since it was actually in possession of more than it claimed. Bad politician as I am, I protested this discourse was not common sense, and that the actions of princes resemble riddles, which seem all contradiction till we discover the key.

It is generally supposed a suspension of arms is on the tapis. But these are affairs of which I am ignorant. I only know that every body praises and admires Charlottenburg, and is charmed with the alterations made in the park.

I have the honour to inform your majesty of the death of the abbé du Bos, to which it is necessary that I should add twenty-five thousand counters * belonging to the academy have been

* *Jetons*—may signify either counters or medals of corporate bodies. T.

found in his chamber, which he had appropriated to himself.

The following is a pleasant anecdote. Father Patau, abbé of St. Geneviève, received a present of confectionary and flowers, accompanied by a letter, written in Arabic, without informing him by whom they were sent. The abbé Fourmont was ambitious of the honour of being the sole interpreter of this letter, to which he applied himself four days, turning over Arabic, Turkish, and Persian dictionaries. At length he very fortunately discovered the letter was written by Turks, in the suite of the ambassador, who were desirous to become christians. The abbé Patau vaunted loudly of this, and spoke of it to the queen of Spain. The queen burst into a fit of laughter, and protested not a syllable on such a subject could be found in the letter. M. de Fiennes was applied to, and he immediately interpreted the letter, and proved it to be a Turkish compliment, in which after God and Mahomet had been invoked, in favour of the abbé, he was informed that the flowers and fruits would gratify the palate and the sight. The truth is the queen of Spain had played the abbé this trick, by causing a petty trader of Aleppo, who sold jewels at the royal palace, to write the letter.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Q 2

LET.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

From the King.

DEAR JORDAN,

The field of battle of Chotusitz,
May 17, 1742.

CHEERFULLY do I inform thee that the enemy has been well beaten. We are all in good health. Poor Rottemburg is wounded in the breast and the arm, but it is supposed not dangerously.

Adieu. Thou wilt be glad, I imagine, to hear this good news. My compliments to Cesario.

L E T T E R CXXV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, May 20, 1742.

THE last letter your majesty has been pleased to honour me with was ill calculated to inspire joy, and dissipate English spleen ; it rather would generate the disease. The Austrians are marching toward the army your majesty commands ; despair is their guide. The fate of war is uncertain, and victory only to be obtained

tained by wading through seas of blood. Such subjects afford me little recreation ; I confess, I know none more melancholy. We become the prey of Fortune, who is often capricious, nay sometimes fatal, and we risk the loss of that good which most we love and cherish. But let us draw the curtain over this subject.

Ginkel has received his recal, and it is said will soon depart. The dutchess is gone. The following lines are said to have been written, by her, against the comedy called *l'Embaras de la Cour*.

Pendant au croc toute philosophie,
 Pour se livrer aux appas de l'amour,
 Frère d'Argens fit très-humble folie,
 Et se rendit l'embaras de la cour.
 Sur ce sujet, jamais sa comédie
 N'a pu paraître au coin d'un bon auteur ;
 Ni réjouir, malgré tout son génie,
 Un public las de rire de l'acteur *.

I have read a pamphlet which appears to me ingenious enough, on the present state of Europe. The subject is allegorical. A ball is

* Forgetful of philosophy, and yielding to the allurements of love, brother d'Argens humbled himself to folly, and became himself the subject of his comedy. It was, therefore, impossible he should write well, or, in despite of his genius, divert the spectators, who were weary of laughing at the actor.

exhibited, which is opened by your majesty with the queen of Hungary, who complains that she is exceedingly fatigued. The duke, her consort, does not dance, because he has sent for shoes from France, by which he is pinched. The Dutch do not think proper to dance, except in the torch dance. The allegory is further extended, but I cannot recollect the whole.

Holland, we are told, has granted the queen of Hungary a hundred thousand crowns, per month; and the English have done much more; they have voted two hundred thousand pounds sterling*.

I have been assured that general Prætorius is to enter the service of Holland, where general officers are wanting.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* The parliamentary grant of the year 1742, for the aid of the queen of Hungary, was five hundred thousand pounds sterling. T.

L E T T E R CXXVI.

*From the King.**Fredericus Jordano Salutation,*The camp at Schlep,
May 20, 1742.

YOU have no doubt received the letter in which I informed you of our victory, and I have now the satisfaction further to relate that it was not very destructive to our troops, which renders it more agreeable to me, and allows me to indulge the joy of my heart. Our advantages are complete, and the rout of the enemy, whom we have two days pursued, so terrible that consternation, grief, and dejection are universal among them, and excessive.

No person of our acquaintance is dead. Dear Rottemburg, who is wounded, will recover, and our slain are estimated at a thousand, or twelve hundred men at the utmost. The loss of the enemy is supposed to be between six and seven thousand. The account, which will appear, of what passed preceding and after the battle, is drawn up by me, and strictly conformable to truth.

I believe peace will soon follow, and that I shall return to Berlin sooner than you ventured to hope.

Bid Knobelsdorf prepare my dear Charlottenburg, and finish my opera house, and do thou lay in good store of pleasantry and content.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Thou seest I do not forget thee, since I thought of thee the moment after victory. *Vale.* My compliments to Cesar, tell him that our cavaliers have fought like so many Cæsars.

L E T T E R CXXVII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, May 22, 1742.

I CONGRATULATE your majesty on your victory over your enemies. The Prussians are formed for conquest, and the Austrians to be conquered. Never did prince make a more glorious campaign. To recover a province from the enemy, and to gain two victories in a year and a half, are the height of glory.

Your majesty cannot imagine the general joy of your subjects. The moment the news arrived I ran to proclaim it, that it might be immediately public. I stopped people in their carriages, and passengers, to announce it, and make them participators of my joy. I found

Tourbillon

Tourbillon in an ecstasy, who immediately exclaimed at seeing me—"The king! Tell me something of this king."

The Bavarian secretary, when he heard the news, ran to a certain person to hear it confirmed, and this person said, with a grave and serious air—"The king of Prussia has gained an empire for your master."—Your majesty has the art of making emperors, of conquering and of rendering mankind happy.

You must not, sire, be surprised at the incongruity of this letter; I am in raptures, and joy, like drunkenness occasioned by drinking champagne, overpowers the imagination by a too crowded succession of ideas. I fancy I behold the king of England jealous of the astonishing success of his dear nephew, and mortified at the first transport of his troops. The Dutch do not know how to behave.

The following verses are sung at Paris, and are characteristic of the levity of the people.

Par la conseil de l'éminence,
En diminuant sa dépense,
Louis croit soulager vos maux;
Conseils indécens, et profanes!
Ah! sire, gardez vos chevaux,
Mais défaites-vous de vos ânes.

Que, comme un vrai foudre de guerre,
Broglie soit armé du tonnerre;

On en est surpris, et comment
 Radote-t-on sous la calotte ?
 Non, il ne va précisément
 Que pour rechercher sa culotte *.

I have the honour, to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXXVIII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. The general quarters of Neintz,
 October 25, 1742.

WERE I to follow my inclination, I should say, come hither, dear Jordan, keep me company, and let us reason on the uncertainty of our knowledge, and the insignificance of our existence. But, as it is a rule with me to prefer the welfare of my friends to my own satis-

* “ Louis, following the advice of his eminence, imagined he should diminish our sufferings by diminishing his expenditure. Indecent and profane advice ! Ah ! fire, keep your horses, but rid yourself of your asses.

“ Let Broglio be armed, the thunder-bolt of war ! Can a dotard be found under an abbot’s cap ?—No, he is only gone in search of his breeches.”

It was impossible to translate these lines either as poetry or common sense. Their whole merit was temporary, and consisted in their allusions to persons and things which would require a long commentary to explain. T.

faction,

faction, I forbear, and bid thee remain a peaceable citizen of Berlin, pay frequent visits to Haude *, give audience to the learned in thy library, buy books at every auction, and write to me when thou hast nothing better to do. Thus am I sure to be obeyed: whereas, were I to write to a poltroon, and invite him to visit the army, I should but shed my ink in vain.

Poor Rottemburg is not dangerously wounded, but he suffers much from the gravel. I hope that in a week he will be better. I have not yet had sufficient calm of mind to rhyme, for I have continual employment, and perpetual arrangements to make.

Our loss in the last battle amounts in the whole to seventeen hundred men, six officers of infantry, and fifteen of cavalry; which is not great for a battle so decisive as that of Chotusitz.

Farewel, friend. Desire fat Knobelsdorf to write me word how Charlottenburg, my opera-house, and my gardens behave. I am a child on this subject. These are play-things with which I divert myself.

You know, therefore, it is useless to repeat what I think of you. *Vale.* My compliments

* The editor of a newspaper. T.

to good Monbail, Tourbillon, and little Tet-tau *.

L E T T E R CXXIX.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, May 26, 1742.

WE impatiently wait the arrival of a second courier with a circumstantial account of the battle, and we are extremely desirous of knowing the consequences of the pursuit. The victory is supposed to be decisive, and the more glorious to your majesty because you were neither aided by French nor Saxons. The Prussians have hitherto supported the whole weight of the war, to their own honour, and have brought affairs to their present state. Should peace be the consequence, Europe will be indebted for it entirely to your majesty. While you are gaining victories, the people sing in France, dance at Moscow, curse at London, and cast up their accounts at Amsterdam. Comedians, musicians, artists, and painters, daily pass through the city on their road to Moscow. The artists pay their respects to Knobelsdorf.

* All females. T.

The

The famous Valeriani has visited him, and was exceedingly pleased with the plans that were shewn him of the opera-house, &c. The Italian owned the antique and the taste of Palladio were every where conspicuous.

Inclosed are verses by young Vatel, who waits to know his destiny, presented to her majesty, the queen mother, on the late victory.

Count Rottemburg is here reported to be dead, but this I do not believe : from the hopes which your majesty has done me the honour to inspire, I flatter myself he will recover. Is it not afflicting that the homage paid to fame is attended with so much danger?

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXXX.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, May 27, 1742.

OUR whole conversation here is on the victory gained over the Austrians ; though this joy is mingled with apprehension, excited by not hearing the consequences of a battle so glorious to your majesty's troops.

The following story is current among the people.

people. A young man, a stranger, in the heat of the battle, put himself at the head of some squadrons, and fought with such surprising valour that your majesty demanded his name, that he might be suitably rewarded. The youth would not discover himself, but withdrew, and who he was still remains a secret. Such is the story, on which the vulgar, who are always superstitious, make commentaries.

Inclosed is a song, the humour of which will divert your majesty. The author does not wish to be known, and it was with difficulty I could procure a copy.

The two young princes of Wirtemberg greatly diverted their governor, by the excessive joy they testified when they heard of the battle. But, when they were informed that the count von Rottemburg was wounded, they began to weep bitterly, and deplored the misfortunes to which they were exposed, by the loss of their best friend.

Poor Kayserling has kept his bed these eight days, to which he has been obliged by a violent fit of the gout. He has desired me to lay his duty at your majesty's feet.

I know not whether all the papers I send come safe to hand; your majesty will, next week, receive the continuation of the labours of
Hercules,

Hercules, with a comedy, in which the portrait of the quarrelling philosopher * is drawn in a masterly manner.

An artist here has represented a vase of flowers, in tapestry, which is admired by all connoisseurs. Knobelsdorf and Pesne very much wish your majesty could see it, for it is a finished performance. The person is one of the workmen of the Gobelins, but poverty will not permit him to wait your majesty's return. Pesne labours assiduously at the platforms of Charlottenburg.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXXXI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

The Camp of ———.
Undated.

WHAT I foresaw is come to pass; we have had a decisive battle, the success of which you are acquainted with, and the consequences are, prince Charles has evacuated Bohemia, and is marching toward Brunn, or Wittingau.

* D'Argens, as I imagine.

T.

Rottemburg

Rottensburg is recovering of his wounds, and our loss is not excessive.

Thus is thy friend, a second time in the space of thirteen months, victorious. Who would have said, some years since, that the scholar of Jordan in philosophy, of Cicero in rhetoric, and of Bayle in reason, would act the warrior on the stage of life? Who would have imagined Providence had chosen a poet, to overturn the system of Europe, and totally to change the political combinations of her kings? But there are many events the reason of which it will be difficult to assign, and this may boldly be ranked as one of their number: a comet, remarkable in its course, and the orbit of which is distinguished from that of the regular planets.

I expect to hear from thee with impatience. Write to me fully concerning my buildings, furniture, and danciers, and thou wilt afford me recreation in the midst of affairs which, because of their importance, are become difficult and serious. I read as much as I can, and assure thee that, in my tent, my philosophy equals, or exceeds, that of Seneca.

When shall we seat ourselves under the tall and peaceful beech rows of Remusberg, or the superb lime-trees of Charlottenburg? When shall we reason at our ease on human follies

and the nothingness of man? These are moments for which I wait with much impatience; and with the more, because that man, having tasted of all things, usually returns to the best.

Adieu, dear Jordan; forget not thy friend, but preserve my remembrance in thy heart with all the faith of Orestes to Pylades.

L E T T E R CXXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE, Undated.

PEOPLE are impatient to know what effects the last victory has produced. The Leyden gazette informs us the news excited great consternation in England. The Dutch endeavour to persuade themselves the battle was not decisive, and it is added there is some misunderstanding between Holland and Great Britain. People here do not conceive the reason of the cantonment. Such is the intelligence that by chance has escaped the lips of masters in politics, who often are as taciturn as formerly the disciples of Pythagoras were.

The reflections your majesty makes, on the revolutions which a single man may occasion,

are equally just and ingenious. To speak frankly to your majesty, these revolutions have not excited my surprise. Before I had enjoyed the honour of paying my court to your majesty a month, I was convinced you were destined to accomplish great things. Every body was alarmed to see war break out at the beginning of your majesty's reign, for the glory with which you have run the race was not foreseen. You have convinced Europe of your military and political talents, and have always shewn your people that, though a merciless foe, you are to them a tender father. Your majesty, by the war, has proved you are not to be attacked with impunity, and that you have a formidable army.

The buildings proceed rapidly. The poet has almost finished his first opera. The dancers are expected. The streets are freed from beggars, and there is much spinning done at the house of industry. The new director, desirous of your majesty's favour, will carefully visit the house which is confided to his management; though, unfortunately for him, it stands at the end of *Wilbelms-Strasse* *.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* William-Street.

L E T T E R CXXXIII.

*From the King.**Fredericus Jordano Salutation.*The Camp of B——,
May 27, 1742.

I PERCEIVED the characteristics of sincere joy in thy letter, and discovered the friend and the philosopher. We are at present going into quarters of cantonment: and I imagine, considering the situation of affairs, and the advantages which the French have recently gained over prince Lobkowitz, that the war is almost at an end.

Adieu, dear Jordan. As soon as I shall be cantoned, my letters shall be as long as thou couldst wish, and perhaps I may converse with thee sooner than I hoped, in the new Lyceum of Charlottenburg; where I will personally assure thee that I esteem and love thee, with my whole heart. *Vale.*

L E T T E R CXXXIV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, June 2, 1742.

THE gazettes all resound with the glorious deeds of the Prussian army, which in history will be ranked with the thundering legion, and known by the epithet invincible. We are here told that, notwithstanding the defeat of the Austrian army, *Te Deum* has been sung at Vienna. I cannot imagine this to be true, nor is it mentioned in the public papers. One of the Dutch journals, entitled *Magasin politique*, has not the art of being guarded in its expressions. The German spectator, which appears at Berlin, repays this journal, as it well deserves, in its own coin.

Wagers are laid concerning the arrival of the transports from England, with troops. Some pretend the first fleet is already at Ostend, and others the contrary. If the embarkation have not yet taken place, your majesty's victory may well impede it entirely.

The report here is that marshal de Belleisle will go to Vienna, after having been at Dresden, Prague, and the camp of your majesty. This
step

step gives a glimmering of peace, and is pleasing to all.

Algarotti leaves Dresden, and returns to Italy, very much disgusted with Germany. His friends believe he will turn monk.

The French, it is said, are before Passau. People wish your majesty's troops to remain inactive for the rest of the campaign; they resemble a fine courser, which ought not to be run out of breath. Your majesty has hitherto supported the whole weight of the war; your allies have done nothing; they ought now to pay their quota. Such is our political conversation.

The Freemasons have deputed me to request your majesty's permission to hold a procession, with music, on the feast of St. John, as is practised in England. I wait your majesty's commands, that I may communicate them to the order.

Cesario still is confined to his bed. How delightful is the hope of soon seeing your majesty, here! How efficacious is its virtue over my mind!

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXXXV.

*From the King.**Fredericus Jordano Salutation.*The Camp of Kuttenberg,
June 4, 1742.

I AM so busy that, instead of having my mind free, it is more than ever loaded. The two Belleifles, and some French officers, are here. Poor Britz has paid the debt of nature. I regret him much, as a brave fellow and an old acquaintance. Rottemburg is out of danger. Those victims of their country who have lately so generously fought are most of them convalescent, and the surgeons give me great hopes of their cure.

I know not when I shall see you. To speak freely, not, I presume, before the close of the campaign. Adieu, *Dive Jordane*. My mind at this moment is neither cheerful nor heroic. Continue to love me, and remain persuaded of my esteem and friendship. My compliments to Cesario, to Tourbillon, and to the architect.

L E T.

LETTER CXXXVI.

*From the King.**Fredericus Jordano Salutation.*The Camp of Kuttenberg
June 5, 1742.

YOU will, no doubt, by this time have been informed of the happy consequences of our victory. The enemy has retreated to Budweis, where they have joined prince Lobkowitz. This will prove the day to be incontestably ours; for nothing so well confirms our superiority as the flight of the enemy, and a retreat of sixteen German miles.

The narrative printed at Berlin, which no doubt at present is read in every coffee-house in Europe, was written by me. I related the whole battle with exactness and truth. The story of the stranger is a mere fable. A sentinel * gave rise to it, who, being with the baggage, imagined he should find more safety in fighting with others than in remaining there alone.

* Un maître de poste.—I doubt whether a sentinel be meant or some officer in command, but I believe the former. T,

I pity poor Cefario. You must own he is very proper to become a husband ! His state, however, both of body and mind, excites my compassion. Rottemburg is entirely recovered, and we are here in tranquillity. I read much when I have nothing more serious to do, and my tent infinitely rather resembles the abode of a philosopher than the ridiculous tub of Diogenes, or the indecent lodge of Leibnitz*.

I have received the verses you sent me, The burlesque on Hercules appears to me trivial enough. I hope the comedy you promise me will be better. Adieu, Jordan, faithful friend, and good citizen, but whose very prudent wisdom invents more than one means of concealing its master's weak side, his attachment to his own species, and his love of the dusty caverns of the old Latian land.

* Leibnitz was remarkable for the slovenly manner in which he lived. T,

LETTER CXXXVII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, June 5, 1742.

I HAVE received two letters from your majesty at once, which is more honour and pleasure than I merit. They serve me as remedies, and are excellent lenitives to a man who, ever since the month of November, has been in the murderous hands of the faculty. The juices of my body are in a very bad state, as is the mind presiding over this body. I still have felt my heart rejoice, since the gain of the battle, and the revival of my hopes that we should again see your majesty at Berlin. Haude flies only with one wing. Francheville published a periodical paper which might have become very interesting, but that he is not encouraged, and cannot please the censor. My delight is in my library, for, while I turn over my books, I more and more persuade myself that every thing in the literary world is frivolous. The only study salutary to men is that which teaches to live with and know each other, and which contributes to our preservation and our pleasure. Other sciences I only look upon as the sports of children.

Of this no person is better convinced than your majesty, who, during your life, have philosophised so much.

The building of the opera-house advances apace, as is the remark of every body. The same may be said of the ceilings of Charlottenburg, at which Pefne works with great assiduity.

The public has been impatient to see a relation of the battle, printed by the court of Vienna; it has at length appeared, and proves that the Austrians allow they have, in due and good form, been beaten by the brave Prussians.

The count de Tœrring, it is reported, will go to Vienna.

God preserve your majesty! May I have the consolation soon to see you, in the superb and charming gardens of Charlottenburg!

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXXXVIII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

The Camp of Kuttенberg,
June 7, 1742.

THESE curst French pull down as fast as I build up! The emperor and the king of
France

France have well selected their two gossings to command in Bavaria, and who have suffered Khevenhuller to pass the Danube in their presence. To enumerate all the mistakes of these generals would be impossible. And what will be the result? The whole weight of the war will fall upon me. It is a very consolatory reflection to remember that countries have been conquered for others! Prince Charles has marched toward the Moldau, to attack marshal de Broglie, who remains at Frauenberg. Belleisle is at Dresden, and the Saxons on their own frontiers. What a medley! This is the moment, the crisis, for the present year. In a fortnight more, light will be thrown on the scene.

Inform me what is said of the battle; whether it excite great rumours in the world; whether the people take any part in it; whether the army be supposed capable of beating the enemy, and whether it be thought I understand how to make war. In a word, tell me every thing relative to this subject.

Write to me fully concerning Charlottenburg, the park, and the opera-house. Let your descriptions be copious, that my entertainment, on subjects so agreeable and amusing, may be the same.

Heaven knows when I shall converse with
you

you in that charming retreat, and talk reason freed from the whirl and perplexity of the world. I very much fear this desired moment is more distant than it is supposed. In the mean time, I read and think much. Perhaps you will find me more reasonable than I have been ; whether therefore better, is a question. This is a *latus per se*.

My compliments to the friend whose body and heart are ill. Tell Pöllnitz I do not write to him because I am busy, but that his letters give me pleasure, and that he will do well to write often.

I desire you will send me a good telescope, to discover distant objects, and such as nearly suits your own sight.

Adieu, *Dive Jordane*. Forget not the poor Ixion, who, like a madman, turns the great political wheel of Europe ; and be certain that to thee I devote friendship equal in duration to my own existence,

LET.

LETTER CXXXIX.

From the King.

The Camp of Kuttensburg, June 10, 1742.

BORN for the arts, the Muses' child ;
A feeling heart and manners mild ;
Alive to wit, to grandeur dead ;
By no heroic frenzies fed ;
The tyrant and his flatterer's foe ;
Propense alike to mirth or woe
As each were present ; prone to wile
The hours away, that sweetly smile
On jocund youth ; with flowers bedeck'd,
Such as the laughing Loves collect,
From Cyprian isle, where Venus reigns,
O'er rapture's bowers and pleasure's plains ;
Unknown to care, my spirits high,
Sportive and gay—Thus once was I.

Alas ! Too soon Fate interpos'd ;
War and Ambition soon disclos'd
Tremendous scenes ; and with them came
The bright seductive phantom Fame ;
Triumphant, haughty, hot, and daring,
For human miseries little caring,
She dazzling came, I fell before her,
Renounc'd my nature, vow'd t'adore her,
In search of victims wildly ran,
And lost the better part of man.

Then Glory shew'd her hideous face,
Then taught the maddening hand to trace

Destruction

Destruction in a sanguine flood,
 And mark her route by seas of blood !
 Gore-dripping wreaths her temples bound ;
 With shrieks, writhes, howls, and tortures crown'd !
 Nations her sacrifice she dooms,
 And every breath snuffs hecatombs !

No ! Perish first, me and my name,
 Ere I aspire to Nero's fame !
 The blood of friends for vict'ry shed ?
 'Twould taint my board ! 'Twould haunt my bed !

Though hist'ry's page my name might know,
 What good can hist'ry's page bestow ?
 Let but another age arrive,
 And where's the name that shall survive ?
 Or, in Elysium, who can hope
 He may with ancient heroes cope ?
 We die, our mem'ry Envy rends,
 From her dark slabs not death defends.
 She finds Fame's vulnerable part ;
 She finds, and strikes her to the heart !
 Then happy he, from noise retiring,
 Who lives unknown and un aspiring ;
 Who reckless can when dying say,
 " Erase remembrance—Hide my clay."

Here is morality in metre and cadence for
 you, with which I hope you will be satisfied.
 I sometimes flatter myself I still shall pass the
 end of autumn with you at Charlottenburg,
 and reason on the emptiness and nullity of all
 human events. I have concluded an agree-
 ment

ment for the famous collection of the cardinal de Polignac, which I shall wholly possess. It will be sent by Rohan to Hamburg, and will be an additional ornament to Charlottenburg, which will afford you as much amusement as your library.

Encourage Francheville till my return.

G A Z E T T E.

Prince Charles of Lorraine and Lobkowitz have formed a junction, passed the Moldau, and have driven a flock of Frenchmen before them, of whom Broglie is the shepherd. The Prussians will march toward Prague, to bring the French once again into the high road, or to conclude peace.

Adieu, dear Jordan. I say nothing of the esteem, the friendship, and the sentiments of your humble servant.

L E T T E R CXL.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, June 12, 1742.

I FLATTER myself we soon shall have the honour to see your majesty tranquilly enjoy,
at

at Charlottenburg, the fruits of your military labours. But the letter which it has pleased your majesty to send me seems to envy me the happiness of that hope. We are told that marshal de Belleisle, when he shall quit your majesty, will proceed to Vienna. Of the truth of this I wish to persuade myself; it is a lenitive which it is good to swallow; but my confounded reason, the eternal enemy of my peace of mind, objects that, if the marshal were to go to Vienna, preliminaries of peace must, at least, have been signed. I regret poor Britz, as I do so many other worthy people, who have fallen the voluntary victims of their love of fame!

Report says the enemy intends to hazard a second battle, and this is very positively asserted. Although I do not fear him, I still wish he would remain quiet.

It is rumoured that a young officer has been killed in a duel, in defence of the fine eyes of the gallant countess of Breslau, at hearing which I was surprised.

The music hall will be ready on Saturday next: it represents Parnassus and the Muses. In a fortnight, two more will be finished*. No man can be more assiduous than Pefne.

* I imagine M. Jordan means two more rooms and not two more music halls. T.

Cesario's gout is in his hand ; in other respects he appears to have been tolerably well, for a week past, both in body and mind.

K * * * will go to her estates in the country, as I believe she continues indisposed. I pity her ; to be ill, to have five daughters to marry, a vagabond son, and a man for a son-in-law whom she cannot dispose of, are afflictions sufficient.

I have received some jewels from your majesty, for sale. They were sent off on the 23d of May, and arrived here only on the 12th (of June). I shall give an account of them to Frédersdorf, that I may not trouble your majesty. The Freemasons impatiently wait your majesty's permission, and D'Argens an exemption from the excise duties, for his effects.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXLI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

The Camp of Kuttenberg,
June 13, 1742.

AT length I inform you of the so long expected, so much desired, intelligence, the

end for which war was made, the great article of news, in a word, the conclusion of a good and advantageous peace. * * * * *

* * * * *

I give you time to breathe—I imagine news so little expected, and so agreeable, may happen to incite pleasure. Let not your joy, however, be indiscreet. I forbid you to mention it till the affair shall become public.

I have acted as I thought was necessary for the glory of my nation ; at present I act for its happiness. The blood of my troops is dear to me ; I stop up every channel of further effusion, which a war, carried on with barbarians, must inevitably have caused, and I shall now, once more, yield to pleasures of the body, and to the philosophy of mind. I shall be at Berlin toward the 15th or 20th of July. Take care to be in good health about that time, and make provision of whatever your mind can imagine most diverting and most agreeable. In a word, let me find in you the wisdom of Plato, the eloquence of Cicero, the docile complaisance of Atticus, and the aid of Epicurus.

Adieu, most pacific Jordan ; the Hector thy friend will soon salute thee in the modest and simple guise of a philosopher.

LET-

LETTER CXLII.

*From the King.**Fredericus Jordano Salutation.*The Camp of Kuttenberg,
June 15, 1742.

PEACE at last is arrived! Peace for which thou so long hast sighed, to obtain which so much blood has been spilt, and of the return of which Europe began to despair! I know not what will be said of me. I own I expect to be satirized, and to hear those common-place remarks which the ignorant and the foolish, in a word, which unthinking people repeat after each other. But I trouble myself little concerning the senseless jargon of the public; and I appeal to all the doctors of jurisprudence, and political morality, whether, after having done all that man could do to fulfil my engagements, I was under any necessity not to depart from them, when, on the one hand, I saw an ally who acted ill, and on the other an ally who did not act at all; and when, in addition to which, I apprehended, on the first reverse of fortune, I should be abandoned, in consequence of a clandestine peace, by the most potent of my allies.

I demand, whether, under circumstances in which I foresaw my army ruined, my treasury

S 2

exhausted,

exhausted, my conquests lost, my provinces depopulated, my people wretched, in a word, all the ill fortune to which the chance of war and the duplicity of politicians expose men; I demand, whether, in such a case, a sovereign does not act rationally who, by sage retreat, guards against certain shipwreck, or evident peril?

Do you ask us for fame? Of this my troops have gained sufficient. Do you require advantage? Conquest answers the demand. Do you wish veteran troops? I appeal to the testimony of our enemies, which is irrevocable. Nothing can surpass our army in valour, force, patience under labour, and whatever can constitute invincible troops.

If a gamester be thought prudent who, having thrown in seven times, quits play, how much more ought a warrior to be approved, who shelters himself from the caprices of fortune, after one continued succession of victory!

You will not be the person to condemn me; it will be those stoics, whose austere temperament, and overheated imaginations, incline them to rigid morality. My reply is, let them follow their own maxims; but that the country of romance is better constituted, for such severity of practice, than that continent which we inhabit; and that, after all, a private person has very different

different reasons for being an honest man to those of a sovereign. The question with the former respects only his individual advantage, which he ought constantly to sacrifice to the good of society; therefore, the rigid observation of morality, with him, becomes a duty; for the rule is—"It were better one man should suffer than that a whole people should perish."

The object with a sovereign is the advantage of a great nation, which to procure is his duty, and which to obtain he ought to sacrifice himself, and consequently, still more, his engagements, when they begin to oppose the welfare of his people.

Such is what I have to say to you, of which you may make use in time and place, in companies and conversations, without remarking that peace is concluded.

Press Knobelsdorf to finish Charlottenburg, for it is my intention to pass much of my time there.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Doubt not of the tender friendship I have had, have, and shall have, to the last breath of life.

L E T T E R CXLIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, June 18, 1742.

FROM your majesty's letter, I perceived you were far from satisfied with the French. They have committed a great blunder, with respect to the corps under Khevenhuller. The Leipzig gazettes say they have been beaten by the Austrians. Your majesty commands me to inform you of the thoughts of the public, on the present state of affairs. As I am unacquainted with disobedience, I shall speak on the subject with all that frankness to which my mind is prone, and scrupulously report the different rumours.

Your majesty may be assured of one thing, which is that, in general, the French are not beloved. It is with pain that they are seen in the heart of Germany, there to spread disorder, and afterward to fish in troubled waters. Nor has your majesty's alliance with France been regarded with pleasure; for it is asserted the interest of that nation is to see your majesty's power enfeebled. Men presume, as the French have only sent very bad troops into Germany,

they have not, from the commencement of the war, done any thing in support of their allies; and that the whole burthen has been borne by your majesty.

Add to all this, many people imagine your majesty will dupe the cardinal, who is not so far advanced as he supposes himself to be. The most refined politicians affirm your majesty might gain greater advantages by an alliance with Holland and England; which powers would grant whatever your majesty should please to ask, would you be of their party. Your majesty is compared to a beauty, whom all the world courts, and who has a right to sell her favours at a very high price.

Such, on the faith of an honest man, is the quintessence of what I have very long heard. My answer has always been, in the words of madame de Sévigné, we cannot judge of events, unless we know the bottom cards of the pack.

The last victory has gained your majesty great honour. All accounts of it vaunt of the intrepidity which you on that occasion discovered; and surprise is excited by the talents of your majesty in the military art. The people testified great joy, at the news of this victory; and, if there be a reason which leads them to wish your majesty's return, it is that they may no

longer see you exposed to the dangers of war.

I have sent you telescopes of every kind ; your majesty will have the goodness to choose that which best shall please you, and to return me the others. It was with great difficulty I could obtain them.

The tapestry weaver, whom I had the honour to mention to your majesty, and who has executed the beautiful vase of flowers of which I spoke, waits the decision of his fate.

May God preserve your majesty's health, and soon bring you among us ! Had I any faith in the efficacy of prayer, I would even sell my books, that masses might be said ; nor would I ever quit the altar.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CXLIV.

From the King.

The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 18, 1742.

THE palm of peace to dread alarm gives respite,
In olive groves we smiling pile our arms.
No more is heard the sanguinary sound
Of timbal, clarion shrill, or shouting foe,

Those

Those fields which late, by rage, with blood of man,
Carnage, and death were fullied, soon shall laugh,
With corn, and wine, and oil, abundant crown'd.
The warrior brave, whose tyrant's int'rest vile
Him enemies uprais'd, or seeming such,
Shall with the warrior live in brotherhood;
Performing gentle acts of courtesy
To him against whose life, but yesterday,
In rage, he rear'd his hand. Death hears! Again
The brand of Discord, vainly seizing, shakes,
And, there to wait new crimes, once more th' abhorrent
Spectre plunges, down to his native hell!

Come then, oh Peace! With garlands never fading
Come, prodigal in charms, with blessings stor'd,
To heal earth's wounds, and dry her scalding tears!
Ah! World accurs'd! Infatuated man!
Not even thou, oh Peace! All lovely as thou art!
In good exhaustless! No, till thou hast chas'd
The monsters Av'rice and Ambition hence,
(Dread warfare for a form so soft and fair!)
Not thou canst fix on earth thy sure abode!

My muse, occasionally growing warm, has just produced these verses. My imagination still catches fire, at intervals, when the affairs with which I am often overloaded will permit.

It is at Charlottenburg that I hope again to meet my Apollo; though care and age must greatly diminish ardour. Should I find that the god has totally forsaken me, I will then addict myself to eloquence and morality. We will pass many happy days, or, at least, rational

days together. That is to say, we will have disputes not a few.

Sagely reclin'd, in orange groves,
We'll laugh at Folly, while she roves
In search of bliss, that flies so agile,
And is, when caught, so very fragile :
At madmen, fadmen, wisemen, statesmen;
Him who admires, or him who hates men,
Your philo, and your misanthrope,
Who feed in figure, bleed in trope ;
At cuckolds, and at cuckold-makers ;
At merry play'rs, sad undertakers ;
At beaux, and clowns, lank hair and curl'd ;
At all the whimsies of the world,
On bank or bench, on stool or throne,
Careful to not forget our own.
Yes, Jordan, we will laughing blame
All, and the first of follies—Fame.

Insulting forc'refs ! shadow bright !
Ah, wherefore rise to haunt my sight ?
I weep, and view those fatal charms
For which I set the world in arms.
From dreams that bid remembrance ach,
Like some poor lunatic, I wake !
Review my frenzy, stand aghast ;
Amaz'd at madness now 'tis past !
'To virtue turn, and hope to find
Some solace for my wounded mind !

Adieu, dear Jordan. Of all your admirers,
I am the least of a flatterer ; and, of all your
friends, the most sincere.

LET-

LETTER CXLV.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, June 19, 1742.

I CONFESS to your majesty that, since Saturday last, my body has undergone a most agreeable metamorphosis. I feel no more pain; I look no more with jaundiced eyes; and my soul is exempt from fear. Peace concluded, and the collection of cardinal de Polignac purchased, are events which English spleen itself could not withstand!

People report that the minister von Podewils is gone to Vienna. I know not on what grounds this false intelligence is circulated. One thing I well know which gives me inexpressible joy, and that is that your majesty has gloriously concluded the race which you gloriously began. What a charming page in history will the conquest of Silesia be!

Inclosed is a letter anonymously written to Tourbillon, the author of which she would give any thing to discover. I requested a copy from her, which she had the complaisance to send me, and which I thought it my duty to communicate to your majesty. You will have the goodness

ness not to mention the affair. Other pieces are added which may afford your majesty amusement.

My present occupations will not suffer me to answer the charming lines of your majesty. These occupations I venture to assure you will be daily multiplied. At one moment I have a professor to place; at the next I am to take care that no beggar in the street, in despite of famine or extreme thirst, shall intercept the walk of the citizen; then again I must sign salutary orders, which have just been issued by the grand French council*; and presently must proceed on foot, a truly apostolic mode of travelling, to visit paupers who in the morning have been taken from some public place†. He, who is assaulted by so many troubles at once, may well groan, under the weight of his affairs.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* A chamber to which the affairs of all the French refugees, and colonies, were committed. T.

† Beggars taken up during the course of the day, as I suppose. T.

L E T.

LETTER CXLVI.

From the King.

The Camp of Kuttenberg, June 20, 1742.

OF thy doctors I prithee get rid!

Let the rabble

Their gabble,

And their pills,

Swallow, to cure their ills.

But good sense and reason such remedies forbid.

What thou! Of sceptics the first!

Drink poison and burst?

Thou!

Mocking vulgar error,

Credulity's terror,

Yet faith in physician avow?

Well mayst thou be sick!

Yes, in truth, I must own,

Human reason is a bone

I cannot pick!

To-night a sinner, to-morrow a faint,

Or by moonlight holding quaint

Confabulation with hobgoblin and sprite!

All this may be very right,

With the herd;

But, once more I declare,

I cannot but stare

When such follies bob out of a worshipful beard!

I hope, with all your wisdom, you will really
be cured of your erroneous faith in physicians.

Depend

Depend upon it they understand nothing, or next to nothing, of the healing art. I would rather employ a juggler to teach me philosophy than a physician to restore me to health. I am very glad that Cefario recovers. I flatter myself I shall soon see you all. People daily depart from this place to return home.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Do not forget your friends, and love me ever.

L E T T E R CXLVII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation. Kutttenberg, June 23, 1742.

PEACE was yesterday proclaimed, with drum and trumpet. I hope the news will give you as much pleasure as the first time it was announced.

Inform me circumstantially of the public opinion on the subject, and do not conceal any part of the picture.

The day after to-morrow I shall depart for Kolin, whence we shall march to Chlumetz, and from Chlumetz I shall take post for Glatz, where I shall arrive on the 28th, and shall make some stay there, to regulate military matters,

ters, respecting the fortifications, and such civil affairs as relate to administration and the laws. I shall thence depart for Neiss, where, in like manner, I shall regulate the repairs of that fortress, and whatever has any connection with the new arrangements which I am obliged to make for Upper Silesia. I shall leave this place for Brieg, still continuing to fortify. On the 4th of July, I shall be at Breslau, where I shall remain till the 9th, when I shall depart for Glogau, once again to fortify. On the 11th I shall go to Frankfort, and on the 12th, at noon, your very humble servant will have the honour to pay his respects to you. Do you and Pöllnitz depart, in the afternoon, for Charlottenburg; and Cesario likewise, if health and love will permit.

Such is my itinerary, and the history of what I shall do from the 23d of June to the 12th of July, inclusive.

I return you thanks for the eyes you have sent me, for such they really are to a blind man, like me. Adieu, dear Jordan. My head is dizzy with the business which I have expedited this day.

My compliments to Pöllnitz. Do not forget me, dear Jordan; and tell Tourbillon that her husband has appointed us a field of battle

on

on which it is impossible to fight, for want of room.

L E T T E R CXLVIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, June 23, 1742.

FOR some days past the public conversation is all concerning the peace. I know not where the report originated, but it is said your majesty has issued orders from which it could not but infallibly be conjectured. Thus the guards are on their march to Ruppin, and necessary arrangements are taken for the regiments returning from the army. Those are even named that are to be garrisoned at Berlin; and your majesty, it is affirmed, will be at Breslau on the 25th, with numerous other like particulars.

The last letter your majesty was pleased to send me deserves to be engraved in brass; nothing can be more rational; it would stand conspicuous in the writings of Julius Cæsar and Cicero; it has enraptured me. Your majesty's proceedings bear their own justification. Alliances are like contracts, which are no longer
valid

valid when the contracting parties do not reciprocally fulfil the conditions. Good sense and natural right are, and will be, the apologists of that conduct which was formerly pursued by the great elector, with respect to France. Beside, do not moralists generally allow that we are authorised to commit a little evil, to avoid a greater? I defy the most rigid casuists to be able rationally to controvert the reasons alleged by your majesty in your letter.

When I consider the different events, collectively, which have happened since the death of the emperor, they appear to me all to have concurred to the glory of your majesty. The king of Prussia, who was supposed to be wholly occupied by pleasure and reading, was the first to make head against a formidable power, at a moment when he was least expected so to act. Europe was struck by the temerity of the attempt, but the battle of Molwitz, and the capture of cities, foretold success. There was not a power that did not endeavour to gain over the youthful conqueror of Silesia. France was the successful candidate, and she imagined herself in safety. Under the happy auspices of that alliance, the elector of Bavaria was placed on the imperial throne, and obtained the crown of Bohemia by the valour of the Prussian troops,

and the negotiation of France. The Austrians, by a fortunate but unforeseen blow, recover after their fall; the king of Prussia, jealous of this kind of fame, humbles them, once more, by new victory; his conquests, which time did but increase, and his fortunate success, to be strengthened and confirmed, required he should abandon his allies, whose furtive proceedings denoted intentions but little favourable to the glory of the house of Brandenburg. These allies immediately are abandoned without dread of their puissance, which is thus enfeebled, and by which their projects are suddenly deranged.

This picture, which my imagination paints better than my pen, is continually present to my mind, nor can I banish it from my fancy.

Harper has been invited to Moscow, by the empress of Russia. M. de la Chetardie has written to him on the subject, which letter I have seen; but Knobelsdorf has persuaded him from pursuing his intentions.

The ballet-master is arrived, and the female dancer Roland, with others. They are hard at work at Charlottenburg, where I have lately been. I found architects there, who came from Dresden to form their taste. This flattered my vanity, though I know not why.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T-

LETTER CXLIX.

*From the King.**Fredericus Jordano Salutation.*

The Camp of Kuttenberg,
where I shall not long
remain. June 24, 1742.

WE are on the eve of departure, and about to evacuate Bohemia, in which our officers have recruited their purses and their companies, where we have beaten the Austrians, and out of which I could have driven them, had I not preferred the preservation of Prussian blood to the vain glory of overwhelming an unfortunate woman, and a ruined country. Under auspices like these I re-enter Prussia, where nothing shall interrupt that order which awaits on peace, nor disturb the public tranquillity, unless it be the violence and audacity of my neighbours. I am not insensible to the approbation you bestow on my conduct; and I hope the thoughtless changeable multitude will, at least, begin to acquire some confidence in me, and will not think me so senseless as they accused me of being, at the commencement of the war.

The capacity of a man cannot be estimated in a week, especially his capacity for public bu-

finess. The world is unacquainted with secret springs; it obtains crude ideas, is blinded by false prejudices, credits reports that have no foundation, and, on frivolous suppositions, erects a system which it takes much amiss that government does not follow. But, if the false steps which a politician would commit, who should blindly adhere to the world's advice, were to be compared with the various windings of the persons who regulate affairs, the gross errors into which the first would fall will soon be seen; and the conduct of the governor will appear to be a rational and consistent plan. As the majority of men, however, are not reasonable, it is impossible they should conceive sentiments which require the efforts of good sense; or that they should properly estimate the conduct of those with whose projects and means they are unacquainted.

It is vexatious that the actions of statesmen should be subjected to the criticism of so many judges, who are so ill qualified as are those decisive gentry whom indolence, and a spirit of detraction, render politicians. But these are not the least of the disagreeable things which men, like me, devoted to the service of the state, have to encounter.

It is pleasant to hear you complain of your
cares

cares because you have the inspection of some twenty beggars. I have millions to guide and feed, yet I make no complaints. But you are idle, and have only lately discovered that the business of Parnassus may be dispatched with greater ease than the government of society.

I believe the verses of the Pomeranian to madam Morrien are by Manteufel. I do not know very well what they mean; but I have admired the turn of the episode, at the bottom of the letter. I even believe madam Morrien has written that passage herself, as a vehicle to acquaint me with things which she wishes I should know.

The verses on the as's are wretched; those to count Podewils are common-place; but those of the fawn are charming.

I have received a delightful epistle from Gresset, with which I will regale you on my return.

Peace in Bohemia, and the collection of the cardinal, were necessary to change your squalid and Good-Friday face, and impart to it the open cheerfulness of content. Your joy is extreme; but I pity you, with all my heart, when I see you seeking happiness any where but in self-approbation.

After this moral hint I dare not say more;

but in the mean time receive those protestations of sincere esteem, and the sentiments with which I am, &c. &c. &c.

L E T T E R CL.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

Glatz, June 28, 1742.

HARK thee, friend Jordan, I have too much to do here, too much fortification, justice, and military œconomy, to write long letters. I must speak to thee more fully at Berlin, Adieu. Thy German poetry is Hebrew to me.

L E T T E R CLI.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, June 30, 1742.

YOUR majesty treats physicians severely. They certainly, in all they do, can but grope in the dark ; the land in which they travel is all obscurity ; nature is little known to them ; yet are there some who by their abilities are able to prevent danger. No man is more
useful

useful in a country than a good surgeon. Were I a monarch, I would certainly procure the best in Europe.

I have had the honour to entertain your majesty with the discourse of the public, concerning the great and interesting news of peace. Your majesty may rest assured of one thing, which is that the joy is universal. To see the cardinal disappointed in his views, and his designs overturned, gives peculiar pleasure. There is but one voice on the subject.

Peace is to be proclaimed here, this morning; I am preparing to assist at the ceremony, and shall have the consolation to be a witness of the transports of the people.

Tourbillon cannot comprehend what field of battle her husband has appointed on which it is impossible to fight; the riddle is certainly an ingenious one, and to us wholly unintelligible.

Your majesty's reflections, on the wavering and thoughtless opinions of the people, are excellent: yet their inconstancy may be fixed; to effect which your majesty knows the art. There is a certain manner of taking them by surprise, which is sure to incite their admiration. They have been charmed by the fortunate success of the campaign; but, as this success seemed to remove the wished for moment of peace, they

yielded to their fears ; and now this moment is arrived when it was least expected, and your majesty has accomplished it by means which scarcely could have been foreseen. This is, indeed, to take the world by surprise.

Your majesty wrongs me, if you think me capable of complaining of the employment which the direction of the house of industry affords me ; I have but one purpose to accomplish in this world, to which I am ever ready to sacrifice every thing, and that is to demonstrate my perfect devotion to your majesty's service ; and, should you think me capable, to render myself useful to my country : my mind, occasionally subject to a state of indecision, never varies on this point.

I have the honour and happiness to be, &c.

L E T T E R CLII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation,

Neifs, July 1, 1742.

I HAVE been much diverted with your letter, relative to the opinions of the public. Neither I nor any person here knows any thing of the magazine you mentioned. The verses
of

of Francheville are languid and dull ; there is little point to the tale ; in a word, he does not excite laughter, and, therefore, I condemn.

You see, by the places from which I date my letters, I continually approach you ; and you perceive how events succeed each other. I am erecting great works here. This place is to become the barrier of the state, and the safeguard of my new conquests. I hence dispatch new regulations for the province, settle claims, and arrange the government, which is, perhaps, in disorder as great as that of these claims.

In fine, I intend to be at Berlin on the 12th, and there verbally repeat all that olio of tenderness and protestations which we make to our friends, when it is long since we have met.
Vale.

LETTER CLIII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

Breslau, July 5, 1742.

THIS is the last letter I shall write you on my journey. I have wholly finished my task, and dispatched my affairs, and am returning to my country

country with the consolation of not meriting self reproach, in what concerns her interest.

You will find me more than ever a philosopher, and rather in practice than speculation. I have had much to do since I have seen you, and have had my head so dizzy with work that I return thanks to God for being freed from it; for it has been sufficient to turn the brain of an honest man. Prepare to philosophise copiously in the charming groves of Charlottenburg.

Adieu, dear Jordan. On the 12th I will say more.

LETTER CLIV.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, September 8, 1742.

I AND D'Argens have heard Francheville declaim the first canto, and a part of the second, of the War of Silesia. There are many passages of which I can assure your majesty Voltaire himself would be vain. We have been really diverted by the enthusiasm with which he recites his poetry; and I could not help observing, from his strange manner and gesticulation, that, though he might write like

an angel, Satan himself could not be a worse reader.

It is whispered that some regiments have received orders to march. This I cannot believe, though it is only, perhaps, because I am a lover of peace. But who would not so be?

I shall have the honour to pay my respects to your majesty, at Potsdam, according to the commands which you have been pleased to give me. I anticipate my pleasure; for I am informed that the waters and baths of Aix have produced marvellous effects, on the precious health of your majesty.

Two days ago, all the foreign ambassadors went to visit the royal palace of Oranienburg; and, I am told, lord Hyndford could not sufficiently admire the beauty of its situation, and that he was afflicted at the misfortune of the destruction of the garden. Speculators reason much on the union which seems to reign between the ambassadors of the various courts.

An engraving has been made, at Paris, from the last portrait which Pefne has painted of your majesty, and I can discover but little resemblance in the engraving. Beneath it are the four following lines, written by the chevalier de Neufville:

*S'il fut par sa naissance au trône destiné,
 Les droits de ses vertus sont-ils moins légitimes ?
 Héros dans les actions, héros dans ses maximes,
 Il est roi philosophe, et soldat couronné *.*

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CLV.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

Breslau,
 September 21, 1742.

I HAVE received and read the first canto of the Silesian poem, which is too bad for me to say more concerning it, and the praise in which is too extravagant for me to suffer it to be printed. I hope the opera will succeed better. The poet, at least, has been informed of my ideas on the subject.

I have many affairs to regulate here, which may prolong my stay some days. I am writing some verses, but I am too often disturbed to

* Though born to reign,
 His claim to virtue suffers no diminution.
 A hero in axiom and in act;
 He is both king and philosopher,
 And wields, with equal ease,
 The sceptre and the sword.

write

write well. The busts of cardinal de Polignac, and the fingers, will soon arrive at Berlin. I shall take pleasure in both; but more still in meeting my dear Jordan in good humour, and full of that content of mind which fits so well on every man, and particularly on philosophers.

Vale.

L E T T E R CLVI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

Breslau,
September 27, 1742.

I HAVE received the letter which the erudite, the charitable, the theological, the impeccable, and the politic Jordan has written, and am exceedingly diverted with public rumour, in which an indolent and malignant multitude is generally careful that I should play my part. I shall soon have finished my Silesian tour, where I met with infinite employment. I have dispatched more business in eight days than the commissions of the house of Austria have terminated in eight years; and I have been generally successful. My head, at present, is full of nothing but calculations and figures; but I

shall empty it of them all, on my return, to make room for subjects more select.

I have written verses, which I have lost; I have begun to read a book, which has been burnt; I have played upon a harpsichord, which is broken; and I have rode a horse, which is lamed. To finish the picture, I have but to see you pay the friendship I have for you with ingratitude. *Vale.*

L E T T E R CLVII.

From the King.

Undated.

WHAT shall I say to thee, except that thou writest verse like Tibullus, and thinkest like Scarron? I hear your learned lyre vibrate in praise of the immortal Anacreon; but the pleasures he sung were much less indolent than those of your Apollo.—Why, notwithstanding your foibles, do you pretend to the cold wisdom of an austere son of Plato? For this you will get no thanks. You may martyr yourself, by abstinence in this world, but will never obtain the crown of martyrdom in the next. What a gloomy manner is this of spending life! For
my

my part, I follow the laws of Epicurus, and never refuse pleasure. I affect not to be vain of prudence which I do not possess; nor do I vaunt of the follies of which I am guilty.

Adieu. I am going to write to the king of France; to compose a solo; to invent verses for Voltaire; to change the army regulations; and to do a thousand things of the same kind.

L E T T E R CLVIII.

From the King.

Potsdam, May 5, 1743.

LIKE a prophet, I believed

You'd the comet foretel;

And of its birth;

And of the manner in which it would come,

Swallow the earth,

And swear 'twas an excellent sugar plumb:

Or in frolicksome fit,

With its tail give a hit,

And, in a certain time given,

Whisk us up to heaven,

Or whirl us down to hell.

I'm deceived.

Full

Of a tale of a cock and a bull,

You amuse

Me with news

Which

Which I should understand as soon
 As would the man in the moon !
 But pray behave like a solemn fir,
 And write me a volume, fir,
 To inform the world, if this rascal,
 With the hairy chin,
 Should unmask all
 His red hot ball batteries upon the poor earth,
 Till she burst in the girth,
 What is to become of my good town of Berlin.

Endeavour to dissuade Pefne from his emigration. He is a madman who will soon be paid, and who, after having lived thirty years at Berlin, has not yet been able to correct himself of the inconstancy and levity of his nation.

I have to-day taken rhubarb, of which I had great need. If the comet will give you leave, do you take some likewise. I will not ask you to come here, for I should be in despair to see you here against your inclination. Adieu.

L E T T E R CLIX.

From the King.

Jordanomania,

Potsdam, May 12, 1749.

YES! Friend you call yourself! Why true—
 There is no better
 To black letter ;

Russia

Russia or vellum,

And those who sell 'em ;

Red morocco or blue !

Then you are in love too !

And with whom ?

Perhaps with something human, twice a year.

But, it doth appear,

Your constant flame

Is the hideous dame

Hypochondria !—Such is your doom !

Would the must,

And dust,

Of your books would blind you !

That is to say, mind you,

If, when blind,

Your excellency would be so kind

As to come to Potsdam, where

You should be the first fool in the fair.

Yes indeed, fir, with incense we would smoke you,

And invoke you,

And of due right follow

You, as our Apollo !

That is to say, thou shalt have the privilege so to be. But it is all lost labour ; while thy library shall exist, it will be impossible to draw thee from Berlin ; and, as I have perceived it gave thee pain, I have relinquished the desire I had to see thee. Adieu.

L E T T E R CLX.

From the King.

Potsdam, June 27, 1743.

WHAT! Trembling still, good star-inspector,
 At this red, blazing-bearded Hector?
 You're sure he's coming? Him Heav'n confound!

Well, if we must be drown'd,
 Or like sucking pig sing'd, scalded, and roasted,
 I own that you, whom the Mifs Muses court all,
 More even than they did La Neuville,

Who, in his zeal,

Such fine words did fish up,

To dish up

A Bishop,

And render him immortal,

You, in the flower of your age,

So learn'd, so good, so sage,

Whose knowledge is lamplighter to the schools,

The husband of every wh—, the father of all fools,

High-priest of the town-spital,

I own 'twere pity you should yet be toasted!

As for me,

I agree,

The loss to the world would be but little.

I, young frenetic reformer, han't

The same plea!

Voracious as your cormorant,

I, in my zeal,

Would have made but one meal

Of all the old systems which Jew,

Egyptian,

Egyptian, or Phœnician philosopher
 Did promulgate ;
 Whether septuagint or vulgate ;
 And which our good Topinamboo
 Great-grandfathers did so revere and gloss over !
 I have defied fire and flame !
 Therefore of me, wretched sinner !
 Should Mr. Comet make a dinner,
 I confess he would not be greatly to blame.

At least thou seest I do myself justice ; and
 that, though I know thy merit, I have still
 virtue enough to esteem and love thee, without
 jealousy. Voltaire, I believe, will quit France
 entirely. Adieu.

LETTER CLXI.

From the King.

Potsdam, July 12, 1743.

PARIS and beauteous Emily no more
 Shall proudly triumph o'er
 Our poor Berlin !
 At length we win
 Him whom, in strange neglect,
 Dull Boyer and th' Academy reject !
 Hither he comes, not knowing where
 Better to go, the fam'd Voltaire !

Laughter shall shake
 And cry, Hold! My sides ache!
 While with satiric venom he
 Shall Boyer bite, and gird at Maupertuis.

He will soon arrive, for I have sent him a passport for horses. I have been as restless and as noisy as a ghost in an uninhabited castle, since I have been deprived of thy company. I can send thee no news from the republic of letters, except that Mauclerc is no longer at Stetin, that the Pomeranians are illiterate, and the people of Rheinsberg are little better, since Stephen Jordan has left them; but that in revenge the cherries are better there than formerly, and that merely because the air was become too soporific, by the Greek and Latin fumes which issued from a certain chamber, of a certain scientific gentleman, who was greatly addicted to study. Adieu.

L E T T E R CLXII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

Potsdam,
 August 20, 1743.

SEND for fifteen different kinds of Marseilles figs for me, in all four hundred fig trees, covered, and fit to bear fruit this year.
 I wish,

I wish, however, for more of the green fig than of the others. I likewise want three hundred vine shoots, such as may bear fruit the second year. The latter may be sent this winter, carefully packed up. I shall, beside, send thee a list of other Provençale rarities, which I wish to have.

I have written an article for the Berlin gazette, in which Potier is defamed in a choice manner. I have already sent for another ballet master, and I certainly shall have one less mad, for it is impossible he should be more so than Potier. I am very well pleased to be rid of so eccentric a fellow, though I am sorry that Roland is gone with him; but we can live without Potiers and Rolands, and our diversions will proceed all the same. Thy philosophy tells me I am in the right, and I thence conclude I am very much in the right indeed, since a sage approves my conduct. *Vale.*

L E T T E R CLXIII.

From the King.

Undated.

WH Y Jordan ! Though a clever lad,
 I shrewdly doubt thou'rt rather mad !
 To thee must I repeat, and say,
 How I'm tormented night and day ?
 That my poor ears are never free
 From teizing importunity ?
 That plan, petition, project, brief,
 Complaint, remonstrance, fool, knave, thief,
 In swarms beset me ? Or that I
 A kingdom's wants must satisfy ?
 That breath must come, from my poor lungs,
 To speak with many a thousand tongues ?
 That all the cares my brain fatigues
 Which live in many a thousand leagues ?
 And, knowing this, canst thou suppose
 On D'Argens I for ever doze ?

Send therefore for what thou thinkest proper
 from D'Argens, without putting me to the torture
 for a dozen of wine, more or less ; or troubling
 me about the trifles of Provence. The following
 verses are in answer to Voltaire.

Truth is my sovereign good ; nor can my mind
 In dreams of glittering grandeur pleasure find ;

From

From such without regret I see thee fall,
 Nor can I loss like this misfortune call.
 Those better gifts be thine thou fear'st to own,
 Then may'st thou smile contempt on king or throne.

Our two capering knaves are caught, and they shall be tried in due form. The rascals would be tilting, but punishment must set bounds to their impertinence. Adieu. I admire thee, and am silent.

L E T T E R CLXIV.

From the King.

Potsdam, August 24, 1743.

HOW fares our fev'rish chamberlain;
 He who so delightfully ridiculous makes
 All whom he undertakes;
 Th' infirm old Satyr, fam'd for his pleasant vein?
 He 'as turn'd author, I hear, within this week,
 And forsworn the court! One of D'Argens' recruits!
 Is a scholar! A genius! One of your wits!
 So that it now well behoves, and befits,
 And becomes, and besuits,
 My ignorance to bow before his Greek!
 For how ignorant we all are you will allow;
 That is, save and except your academicians!
 But, learned as you and your large perriques are,
 Why do you not order the physicians

To command the disease
 To be so civil as to please
 To quit the patient? Be it catarrh,
 Cachexy, cacochymia, or cacoethes!
 Oh ye gods! What a treatise
 Might be written on the *status morbi*!
 What a feast!
 Two volumes in folio, at the least!
 All beset by quotation, Latin and Greek! Or by
 Phrases so very fine and good
 That not one in fifty should be understood!
 Then, while doctors were wrangling,
 And pestles and mortars as tunefully jangling,
 Ere they could fix
 On prescription, according to art,
 Our Pöllnitz, to spite them, might depart
 With his naked soul shiv'ring to the banks of Styx!
 This were a pity—Our loss would be great.
 With his guardian angel too,
 Bankruptcy would ensue!
 For, all the saints swear,
 Sir Grim-Gribber Moloch has ta'en especial care
 To keep the old Satyr's soul
 Under his diabolic controul.

I shall be at Berlin, on Wednesday. Prepare me a pleasant comedy, and do it gallantly.

Voltaire will be here in a week. Prithee insert the article concerning Potier in the London and Paris gazettes.

Farewel, Master James Stephen. I am thy high and humble servant.

LET-

LETTER CLXV.

From the King.

Potsdam, August, 26, 1743.

WHEN Voltaire arrives, prithee let thy Doctorship lodge him and his intrinsic worth in thy fine library ; which are all the orders I have to give on this subject. How great a pleasure will it be to a Jordan to at once possess a fine Horace, bound in red morocco, and the caco-chymic Voltaire, enveloped in vest of cloth of gold ! Messieurs Achard and Boëtiger will exclaim—"What a great man that Jordan is ! His house contains every thing that is famous !" —Odes shall be written on thee, as tapster to the Muses. How many fine productions will soon see the light ! Yes, divine Jordan, the moment of thy apotheosis approaches ! A moment for which I have waited with so much impatience ; and when all the title-pages which thou hast learnt by rote, an immense dunghill of literature, will be heaped upon thee to illustrate thy learning ! I behold thee, my dear Corypheus, standing on a heap of dust-encumbered books ; piled to form a trophy for thee, their happy conqueror !

On

On Wednesday, my idiotism will most humbly place itself at the feet of thy sapience. I flatter myself I shall then see thee at the palace, that I may assure thee, &c.

L E T T E R CLXVI.

From the King.

Undated.

THOU hast mentioned some barbarous word, in thy letter, of a book which has been employed by Voltaire. Tell me what it signifies, for I do not understand. Thou mayest assure thyself Voltaire has made a collection of all the ridiculous persons and things of Berlin, which he will produce in time and place; and the secretary of impromptus will there find his niche, as I shall mine. I have lost the lines which he wrote in his tablets; send them me.

Beware of Wit's envenom'd stings!
 Hear not the Syren when she sings!
 Mellifluous sounds, which rapture swells,
 Are chang'd to madd'ning shrieks, and yells!
 Like forked viper, soon is arm'd
 That dulcet tongue that sweetly charm'd;
 And satire's ranc'rous killing lays
 Succeed to mercenary praise,

This is a short lesson from thy very humble servant, by which thou mayest profit; and, as I know it would be treason to talk prose in thy house, I have clothed it in rhyme; where, under favour of the sports and the smiles, it may present itself before thy judgment seat.

L E T T E R CLXVII.

From the King.

Undated.

THIS, good Signior Jordan, comes greeting to say,
We want you, fir, here, without let or delay;
Your wisdom's so larded with quips, quirks, and jokes,
That your presence gives pleasure to all sorts of folks.

Our priest, all impatient his conscience to clear,
Swears he'll not keep his sabbath till you shall appear,
His clerk, mean time, left to sing psalms to the pews,
Outbawls the Apostles, although they were Jews!
And who, by the bye, spite of all the book says,
Delighted in something much better than praise.

Your coming a thousand good arguments press;
A strapping young damsel, of easy access,
Your absence lamenting, all rueful complains,
Some nymph of Berlin her dear Strephon detains.

Return,

Return, then, and free the poor girl from her fears ;
Put an end to her sobbing, her sighs, and her tears ;
Or with dagger, I doubt, she will cure her disease,
And cut holes in her bosom to give her heart ease.

Poor Chazot, in his dungeon, labours at his flute like one of the damned, and drives all his neighbours mad by the musical torments which he inflicts upon them. Instead of dulcet breath, you would think him a trumpeter, blasting to arms. He gives Willich the head-ache. The famous chaunter of Thrace would have punished him for his effrontery. When you come, you will ask him, in eloquent speech, honied words, and smiling countenance, whether he never read the history of Marfyas.

I perceive you are seduced by our pleasures, Jordan, and for once I have written reasons enough to convince you, and prevail on you to double your speed. I hear you calling for your boots, and wrapping yourself up in that cloak which ten years ago was new, and then encased a soul devout. Fly on the wings of Love. Venus the prostitute invites you, wishing to render your life happy.

All this will seem to signify that we cannot do without your company, at Rheinsberg. Three days have we made the experiment, and they have appeared so many lovers years. You,
who

who have been a lover, ought to know that these years are thrice as long as common years ; therefore make an estimate of our impatience. The table wants thy aid, and philosophy still more. On Monday evening we shall all expect thee, at Rheinsberg. Lay in good store of good humour ; load thyself with the whole erudition of thy library ; but first puff away the dust, and be certain of being received like one who is necessary to our pleasures.

LETTER CLXVIII.

From the King.

Potsdam, November 17, 1743-

WHILE D'Argens did but counterfeit the Jew*,
That I admir'd his sage remarks is true :
But, when the Muses language he would speak,
Homer, translated into modern Greek,
A jargon more absurd could not compose.
Then to th' Academy, and humble prose,
Let him, if yet he love his peace and fame,
With modest diffidence, confine his claim.

And art thou still in the same dogged temper ;
in the same melancholy gloomy reverie ; more

* The marquis d'Argens wrote the Jewish Letters. T.

in love with thy library than any man less than a lunatic could be? Art thou so attached to thy Boëtiger, Achard, the wits of the new town, and the marmosets of Des-champs, that we cannot speak to thee without perceiving thy impatience to rejoin them? If these things still are thus, I wish not to see thee; but, if thou art prudent, come to me on Tuesday after dinner, and receive my praises and my caresses. *Vale.*

LETTER CLXIX.

From the King.

Potsdam, November 22, 1743.

MISER of thy moments! What, not a line!

Buried among those dusty books of thine,

All converse with the world hast thou forsworn?

Would they were rat-gnawn, blotted, torn,

Or in La-Mancha's court-yard set on fire!

Dost thou mind me, Jordan?—Write—

Abundantly, jocosely; tell me some merry tale;

Or, in mine ire,

I will not fail

Thee speedily to cite

Before Apollo; where thou shalt be told

Of all thy misdemeanors, manifold.

Yet, proceed with thy labours, polish thy works—

Oh may they 'scape the vile ravages of Turks!

(I mean

(I mean critics.) And of Time !
 That thy science, sublime,
 May that blest immortality find
 Which, Jordan, is native to thy mind !

If thou dost not write to me, and if thou
 satisfiest thyself with a letter two lines long, I
 will write a satire against thy silence worse than
 the Philippics, and be more bitter than Cicero
 against Catiline. Farewel.

LETTER CLXX.*

From the King.

Potsdam, May 6, 1744.

MY Muse, prostrate at thy feet, addresses
 thee with trifles. Incapable of pretending to
 the honour of great works, she contents herself
 with small ; satisfied if the name of Jordan do
 but illustrate and protect her rhymes.

* Some verses are at the beginning of this letter which to
 imitate would be very difficult, and, as their humour chiefly
 consists in their whimsical mesuré, they are omitted. They
 begin thus—

Une tempête
 Dedans ta tête
 De guet-apens
 D'un coup te prend, &c. T.

I. By

I.

By Jordan shelter'd, go my verse,
 That future ages may rehearse
 The flowing numbers ; void of fear,
 In presence of the bards appear ;
 Who, while they sweep the sounding lyre,
 By fame conferring, fame acquire !

II.

In Jordan's praise be firm and bold ;
 And let posterity be told,
 On tuneful blest Parnassian plains,
 That he with souls congenial reigns ;
 With bards who sweep the sounding lyre,
 And fame confer, and fame acquire !

III.

Shake off the shackles of the school,
 Which genius would create by rule.
 But, oh ! Let ev'ry pow'r expand,
 In concert with the kindred band
 Who join the song, and sweep the lyre,
 And fame confer, and fame acquire !

IV.

Thee, Jordan, let my verse invoke,
 And thee invite, or thee provoke,
 To visit these delightful bow'rs.
 So shall I gain increasing pow'rs
 To join the song, and sweep the lyre,
 And fame confer, and fame acquire !

Buy me the collection of maps which I want,
 and let them be bound up by provinces. But

[send neither Africa, Asia, America, Spain, nor Portugal. Adieu.

L E T T E R CLXXI.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

Undated.

I AM sorry, my dear friend, that thou art not yet well. I am very truly interested for thee ; and, I know not why, but I wish Jordan was in good health. Be not uneasy about me. Our affairs, thank Heaven, are in a good train ; and, with respect to myself, individually, I am a trifle in the universe. Scarcely can the atoms of which I am composed be perceived to exist. Thou wilt think this a very metaphysical remark, but I would have thee know war does not destroy the arts, except when barbarians make war.

In a few days we shall be at Prague, where affairs begin to wear a serious aspect. By this we shall profit, and I persuade myself that, with respect to our soldiers, nothing will tarnish the fame of my troops. We have undergone many fatigues, from bad roads and worse weather. But what are fatigues, cares, and danger,

compared to glory? It is so mad a passion that I cannot conceive how it happens that it does not turn every man's brain! But hitherto thy chief pleasures have been confined to love, and drinking, which thou preferrest to renown.

Adieu. Enough for the present. Write to me often, and be persuaded I love thee ever; and that, raillery apart, I interest myself in thy welfare and happiness as much and more than Boëtiger, Achard, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER CLXXII.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, August 26, 1744.

NEWS of the taking of Prague is waited for with great impatience. God grant it may soon arrive; and with it intelligence of the preservation and health of your majesty!

Every reader is delighted with the elegance and beauty of the rescript communicated to the court of England: it is, in effect, a perfect piece of eloquence.

My ill health is continual.

Baron

Baron von Pöllnitz is arrived and well; he writes to your majesty, and waits your commands.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CLXXIII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, August 29, 1744.

THE public is very impatient to hear news from the Rhine, and especially from Bohemia. Nothing can be more singular than the rumours, relative to these events, some of which say the Austrians have entered the country of Cleves; that the court of Vienna threatens to invade Saxony, with a body of men, to punish the Saxons for having granted a free passage to the Prussians; that the consternation of the Hanoverians is so great that they do not themselves perceive it is too visible; and that prince Charles has passed the Rhine.

I have not yet issued from my literary strong hold. I begin to be better, but my progress toward health is very slow.

The manifesto has been commented on, and the notes have given great satisfaction. Spon is suspected to be the author of them.

I flatter myself your majesty has read the *Observateur Hollandais*, which is printed at Berlin, and appears weekly. I esteem the author happy if, by these two sheets, he shall have gained the approbation of your majesty.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CLXXIV.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Undated.

I THANK thee for thy two letters, which I have just received. I wish thou couldst console me by sending me news of thy perfect recovery. Be not uneasy, my good fellow, concerning us; our affairs are in an excellent train, and I believe we shall, in a few days, be masters of Prague.

Our friend Duhan is in good health, and as active as a boy. We endure great fatigue, which I support better than, from my constitution, I could have expected. I am much occupied, at present, by regulating the preparations for the siege. Our heavy artillery is arrived rather late, otherwise the city would now be ours.

Adieu,

Adieu, dear Jordan; be careful of thyself, for the love of the monade; and be persuaded that the attraction of thy good heart continues to act on me in the inverse ratio of the square of the distances. Heaven blefs thee!

LETTER CLXXV.

From the King.

Undated.

GIVE the inclosed, my good lad, to Monbail, and assure her of my friendship. Thou art very cruel not to write a word of thy own health. Thou talkest two pages together about Prague, and not a syllable concerning Jordan. Shouldest thou again commit the same fault, I will not forgive thee. Have no fears for me, but do not forget thy friend, who loves thee much. Adieu.

L E T T E R CLXXVI.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, September 3, 1744.

THE letter with which it has pleased your majesty to honour me is a powerful lenitive for my illness, of which I am not yet rid. I bless Heaven to see every circumstance favour your majesty's designs. The defeat of prince Charles has spread great joy through the city, and supports the hopes of the timid. How much does that atom of which your majesty speaks so modestly excite the attention of mankind! It is a monade which forms great projects, is capable of surmounting every occurring difficulty, and incessantly forms vast projects.

I am impatient to hear of the fate of Prague. Berlin resounds with the combat of the hussars of Festelitz, and the taking of Königsgrätz.

May God grant, amid this splendid appearance of glory, health to your majesty, of whom the emperor, and the states of Brandenburg and Prussia, have need. I as much dread this excessive thirst of fame as a passionate lover does the victorious charms of his mistress.

It is here whispered that the queen of Hungary

gary is more than ever embroiled with the court of Russia; and this is a new subject of joy, for the poor sick philosopher.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CLXXVII.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, September 18, 1744.

I HAVE been exceedingly affected by the death of prince William, which has increased my fears for your majesty. We are told that a page belonging to his royal highness prince Henry was killed by his side. In the name of God, fire, take care of health, the preservation of which interests the whole kingdom! I shudder at the thought, and weep over those sinister effects of which an excessive love of fame may be productive.

It was yesterday rumoured that Prague is taken, but I think the intelligence premature. The public appears well satisfied with the answer to the declaration of the court of Vienna; I read it with pleasure, but nothing struck me so much as the declaration to England.

A criticism has appeared on the *Observateur*

Hollandais, which will occasion some literary altercation, that cannot but be amusing.

Your majesty commands me to inform you of my health ; I can but say it continues very indifferent, nor do I know when it is likely to be better. We must submit to the will of Providence. May God only preserve your majesty !

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CLXXVIII,

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, October 3, 1744.

MAN cannot be more sensible than I am of the kind concern which your majesty takes in my illness, which still continues. The surrender of Prague, and the happy delivery of the princess, are events which soothe my mind, and lighten my affliction. It would be difficult for me not to be uneasy concerning your majesty, while you daily expose yourself to the most imminent dangers.

Report says prince Charles is at Piseck ; that your majesty is marching to attack him ; that the Hungarians will not take the field in compliance

pliance with the queen's demands; that the French, seeing their king ill, are endeavouring to make peace; and that the empress of Russia will send eight thousand men, but God knows when, to join the Austrian army. Such are the rumours of the day.

Heaven preserve your majesty! And may I soon have the consolation to assure you, by word of mouth, of the profound respect with which, &c.

LETTER CLXXIX.

From the King.

Caro Jordano Salutation.

Undated.

I INTEND, dear friend, to see thee in the month of November; I wish thy recovery with all my heart. Our campaign is ended.

I philosophise, moralise, and think, much. Do not forget me, but be certain I love thee sincerely; get well, and preserve thyself for the sake of thy friend.

L E T T E R CLXXX.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, October 10, 1744.

THE conversation here is all on the victorious progress of your majesty, which does not a little contribute to the recovery of my health. Yet I am occasionally afflicted by the false and impertinent intelligence which some ill disposed and malicious mind takes a pleasure to forge, that it may have that of spreading its forgeries. According to these accounts, the Prussians have been beaten, the cavalry entirely overwhelmed, field marshal Schwerin taken, and two hundred prisoners shot because they mutinied; with a thousand things of a like nature.

The general joy at the birth of the prince, and the information I have received that your majesty is in perfect health, give me pleasure equally great. Tidings like these would dissipate the most obstinate spleen, and rejoice the heart of a poor philosopher who spits blood, yet who loves life, because he has the advantage to be happy.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T-

LETTER CLXXXI.

From M. Jordan.

S I R E,

Berlin, October 17, 1744.

SINCE your majesty so graciously commands me to inform you of my health, I am obliged to say it continues very ill. I have had a violent spitting of blood, last week, and my cough is as bad as ever. M. Eller flatters me, notwithstanding, and bids me hope a cure.

We are exceedingly alarmed here, at not receiving news from the army. It is said field marshal Schwerin has had orders to attack the Saxons, or to make a proposition to them to withdraw; and that prince Charles is commanded to avoid fighting as much as possible. Such are the current reports.

The natural reflections written by lord Chesterfield on your majesty's conduct are published, to-day, printed for Haude, in German, French, and English. A French translation of the work has appeared, done at Paris, and sold at Leipzig: that by Bielfeld is very good, and the translation is accurate.

L E T T E R CLXXXII.

From the King.

Undated.

HERE is a letter which I have received from Voltaire, with the answer I have returned. Have the goodness to remark what is necessary to be corrected, and I will make the alterations. As it is not my intention to transcribe it, do not make the corrections in the letter itself. Here too is the epistle to Kayserling, of which you may make a correct copy. As I shall send it to Voltaire, you will do well to hasten the copy of my answer, that all may be here again by to-morrow at noon. Pay my respects to the princess, and tell her, I shall write to her to-morrow, if I have time; and that I recommend her to take care of her health. My compliments to all the amiable fraternity. *Sum totus* thine. Knobelsdorf may bring me back all the papers.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Undated.

HAVE the goodness to remain at Berlin till Sunday. Count Truchseßs will tell you what you are to do for me. You must hire a chaise to bring the things which he will commit to your care. I will reimburse you, as soon as you arrive at Remusberg. To-morrow evening I shall leave this place. In a fortnight, at farthest, I shall pay your brothers, and be out of debt.

Have the goodness to order them to procure me a plain gold snuff-box, weight one hundred and fifty crowns, the price of which, fashion included, must not exceed two hundred crowns. Let my portrait, in miniature, be bought also, and placed in the box, when it is finished. It is a present intended to win some good soul, therefore let it be done immediately. I rely on your dexterity, your prudence, and your discretion; and am wholly yours.

L E T T E R CLXXXIV.

From the King.

Undated.

LET the letter which I address to you be copied, if you please, and notice the faults you discover. I have been so busy that I have scarcely had time to write to Voltaire. Machiavel is half finished. You would have blessed yourself to have heard us swear to day. I hope this year to make a fortunate fall from, and a happy return to, Berlin.

The song of the French grenadier is the offspring of design. These kind of ballads are seldom written so well. The song appears to me too correct for a street poet *, and too dull for a man of wit.

Adieu, till Thursday.

* *Un grivois.*

LET.

LETTER CLXXXV.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Undated.

SOME say thy health is again deranged, and others that thou art recovered. I know not what to believe; I shall be at Berlin in a few days, and, at least, let some one who has seen thee bring me positive news from thee, on my arrival. I hope it will be good. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

From M. Jordan.

SIRE,

Berlin, March 20, 1745.

I AM still in the condition I was, when I had the honour and happiness to pay my court to your majesty. My progress toward recovery appears to me very slow, by which the faculty are occasionally perplexed: they are often puzzled by accidents which they could not foresee. They, notwithstanding, affirm I must undertake a journey to Montpellier, toward

ward the end of April, or the beginning of May ; but in this respect I entirely commit myself to the care of Providence.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R CLXXXVII.

From the King.

Fredericus Jordano Salutation.

Undated.

I RECEIVED thy letter with much pleasure, yet perceived that thy health is neither so good nor so confirmed as I could wish. Thou wilt act as thou shalt think proper for thy health, and travel into any country on earth, by which thou supposest it may best be recovered.

I have written some verses, but I wish to correct before I send them to thee. Perhaps thou art in expectation of news of a different kind ; but thus goes the world ; the very contrary of what we suppose often happens. Give my compliments to the amiable gouty spectator *, and the perfidious Duhan ; tell them both how much I love them.

I am here surrounded by all the counter-guards, envelopes, ravelins, and morasses in the

* *Témoin gouteux.*

world. I have plenty of employment, cares, and inquietudes; but I complain of nothing, provided I can but serve my country effectually, and equal to my wishes.

Adieu, dear Jordan. Mayest thou enjoy all imaginable good, and particularly health, without which it is impossible to enjoy any thing. Love me ever, and forget not thy absent friends.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

From the King.

MY DEAR JORDAN,

Undated.

DO not increase my chagrin by thy illness; thou makest me melancholy; for I love thee with all my heart. Take care of thyself, and do not be uneasy concerning me: I am well. Thou wilt learn, from the public papers, that the affairs of the state prosper. Adieu. Love me a little, and cure thy disease, if thou canst, for my consolation.

L E T T E R C L X X X I X .

From M. Jordan.

S I R E ,

Berlin, April 24, 1745.

MY disease increafes in fuch a manner as to make me believe there is no hope of a cure. In my prefent fituation, I feel the neceffity of an enlightened and rational religion, without which we fhould be the moft pitiable creatures in the univerfe. Your majefty, after my death, will do me the juftice to own I have eagerly oppofed fuperftition, and ever fupported the interefts of the Chriftian religion, though far removed from the opinions of the theologians. As the neceffity of courage is only known in danger, neither is the confolation derived from religion experienced except under fufferings. The pagans profited by it, and I have had proof of it myfelf. Your majefty may believe what I fay. You have always fufpected me of being a Socinian. As I abhor the epithet of feftary, I think each honeft man forms his religion according to the knowledge he poffeffes, and confirms it according to his wants.

Let

Let me live or let me die, I shall live and die in sentiments of the most lively gratitude, which are due to the favours with which it has pleased your majesty to honour me.

I have the honour to be, &c.

End of the Letters between the KING and M. JORDAN.

I let me live or let me die, I shall live and die
in testimony of the most lively gratitude, which
are due to the favours which it has pleased
your majesty to honour me with.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours most obedient servant,
Edw. of the Bath House, in King and St. James's

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C II.

AND THE

MARCHIONESS DU CHATELET.

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C M.

AND THE

MARCHIONESS DU CHATELAIN.

L E T T E R S
BETWEEN
F R E D E R I C II.
AND THE
MARCHIONESS DU CHATELET.

L E T T E R I.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Cirey, August 26, 1738.

I HAVE just received the gallant and charming present of your royal highness, and employ it to testify my gratitude. Could you have sent me your genius, I might have been able to have answered the verses with which this present was accompanied, in a manner worthy of your royal highness; but I am obliged to send you nothing but vile prose, in return for all the favours with which you honour me.

I have learnt, from Thiriot, that you desire a copy should be presented to you of a very imperfect and very unworthy performance, which the members of the Academy of Sciences have treated with too much indulgence. I shall, therefore, take the liberty to send one to your royal highness ; but the packet is so large, and the dissertation so long, that a positive order from yourself is necessary. I have reason to fear, when you have sent this order, your royal highness will repent of it ; and that I shall lose the good opinion with which you have been pleased to honour me, and of which I certainly am prouder than of the prizes of all the academies of Europe. I hope, by reading it, your royal highness will be induced to correct my errors. I know your genius extends to every subject ; and I flatter myself for the honour of physics, that they are allowed a little corner in your immense territories. The study of nature deserves to employ that leisure which you must one day exchange for the labour that shall conduce to the instruction and happiness of mankind.

M. de Voltaire is, at present, much tormented by the disease of the nature of which M. von Kayserling has informed your royal highness. His greatest grief is to see himself deprived of
the

the pleasure which he takes in testifying under his own hand his admiration of and attachment to your royal highness, which are daily increased by the letters you are pleased to write.

Two errors have been discovered, by your royal highness, in the last epistle he sent you, which escaped him in the ardour of composition, and which I did not detect when I read the verses. Ill as he is, he immediately corrected them. Thus, sir, do you instruct us, even in what is to you a foreign language, and which is our mother tongue. I flatter myself that M. Jordan and the baron von Kayserling will be equally discreet with your royal highness; and that this epistle, which has not yet appeared in France, will not become public; which will be an additional favour conferred by your royal highness.

For my own part, after having long admired you in silence, the greatest obligation I can have to you is that of having given me an opportunity of testifying the sincerity of those sentiments with which you have inspired me, by the letters you have been pleased to write to M. de Voltaire, and that in these sentiments I shall ever remain, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R II.

From the Prince Royal.

M A D A M,

Undated.

IF I have obliged you, by the ink-stand which I have taken the liberty to present to you, I have been sufficiently rewarded by the letter which you have done me the pleasure to write to me. I think myself extremely flattered by the favourable sentiments which you entertain for me, and greatly fear they would diminish, were I fortunate enough to be in your company. The worthy Voltaire must have been acquainted with you, madam, when he composed his *Henriade*; and I could almost swear that you sat for the character of queen Elizabeth. No lady in Europe, nor in the whole world, possesses sufficient solidity of understanding, to write works on subjects so profound as those on which you write, with such sportive ease. I hope to admire them more minutely, when I shall receive the favour of the two dissertations, with which you have honoured the academy. It becomes me not to assume the judge, but I may be allowed to interrogate, I shall think myself honoured by your instructions,

tions. May I receive them on subjects of every kind! Fontenelle has said that all men have, and that great men confess, their faults. M. de Voltaire does not belie this character, in any respect. I ventured to express my doubts on some lines in his epistles, and these he corrects. To possess thus much condescension it is necessary to possess that superiority which he has over the rest of mankind. You know his merit, and I dare address myself to you, madam, to assure him that I rank him among my true friends; or, in other words, that I confide in his sincerity.

How fortunate are you, madam, to possess so singular a man as Voltaire, in addition to all the talents you have received from nature! I should feel an inclination to be envious, did I not abhor envy; but I am perfectly convinced I cannot but be one of your admirers. I know how much you enchant by your attractions, and how much you surprise by the depth of your knowledge. I have seen some of your charming verses; I have just received your prose; but how unfortunate is he who can converse with you only by letter, nor form an acquaintance with you, except at the distance of a hundred leagues!

I should add more did I not fear being importunate,

portunate, and to weary you, like actors who chatter as fast as blind magpies, and pertinaciously repeat speeches half an hour long, without once suffering themselves to take breath. I am but too sensible my letter cannot recompense you for the loss of a quarter of an hour's conversation with Voltaire, whose illness affects me much. I quit your company, madam, to write to him; assuring you that I am with all that esteem which is your due, and which cannot be refused,

Your most affectionate friend and admirer.

L E T T E R III.

From the Prince Royal.

M A D A M,

Remusberg, November 9, 1738.

I RECEIVED the letter which you did me the honour to write, and the instructive and laborious work which you have composed on the nature of fire, almost at the same time. There is no danger that works written by you should inspire dulness, they always inspire me with that admiration which they merit. Without wishing to flatter you, madam, I can safely assure you I did not imagine your sex, in addition

tion

tion to the graces bestowed by nature, capable of knowledge so vast, researches so laborious, and discoveries so solid, as those contained in this beautiful work. The ladies will owe to you what the Italian language owes to Tasso, which tongue, effeminate and destitute of force in itself, assumes a masculine energy in the works of this great poet. Beauty, which, in general, is the greatest merit of the ladies, will in you be esteemed but as the least of your advantages. I have reason to be satisfied with my destiny, which, though it deprive me of the happiness of admiring your person, at least, permits me to view the whole extent of your understanding.

My political work does not deserve all the praises you are pleased to bestow on it; he who thinks freely could easily have done as much; this is no great secret, and I believe any person possessed but of small knowledge of the affairs of Europe would have written as well, or better.

I feel I am born with nearly the same inclinations as the respectable inhabitants of Cirey, except that the fruit, which ripens there into so much perfection, is not equally delicious here. I wander from metaphysics to physics, from morality to logic, and from history to music and poetry; in all superficial, successful in none.

Your

Your example, madam, will continually be a spur to me, to make me pursue that glory to which you have so just a claim. The greatest pleasure a thinking being can enjoy is, in my opinion, that of doing good; and the next, that of acquiring knowledge: the very obstacles we have to overcome, in the acquirement of this knowledge, is additional pleasure. But with this you are too well acquainted for me to speak more on the subject; though perhaps you are not so well acquainted with the pleasure which is found in writing to you. This is the reason that letters sometimes are more tedious than they ought to be; but I shall forbear apology, and only entreat you to believe me, with all those sentiments which the worth of a character so distinguished as yours inspires, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Cirey, December 29, 1738.

THE praises which your royal highness is pleased to bestow on the Essay on Fire, which I did myself the honour to send you, reward me far beyond my hopes; I even venture to flat-

ter myself they are a proof of your kindness to me, which will still be more highly pleasing.

The remarks which your royal highness was pleased to make on my work, in your letter to M. de Voltaire, prove that I was very right when I hoped that physics made a part of the immensity of your knowledge.

I certainly should have been very wrong, had I affirmed that men were taught the properties of fire from the conflagration of forests; but it seems to me that, attrition being one of the most powerful and perhaps the only means of exciting the action of fire, a violent storm might set the branches of trees in a flame. True it is the storm must be very violent; yet, with a *given* wind, the thing appears to me very possible; though I own it is only in the class of possibilities.

With respect to the ponds which freeze during summer, in Swisserland, I have related the fact from Mussichenbrock, who mentions it in his Commentaries on the *Tentamina Florentina*. There is an example of this phenomenon in Franche-Comté, in the grottos famous for their congelations. A rivulet, which flows through these grottos in the winter, is frozen in the summer. I believe I have cited this fact in the same article on congelation. Now what happens

pens under ground may, from similar causes, happen above; which causes, probably, are salts and nitre, mingled with the water.

I was delighted to hear your royal highness is collecting a library on philosophical subjects, and flatter myself you will make me a partaker of your knowledge; I shall esteem myself very happy, if my love for physics can occasionally procure me an opportunity of assuring your royal highness of my respectful attachment. Nor shall I let that of the new year escape me. I hope you will permit me every year of my life to admire you, and sometimes to express the most respectful sentiments with which I am, &c.

P. S. I imagine your royal highness has laughed heartily at the fatuity of Thiriot, who persuaded himself that the alteration which M. de Voltaire made in his first epistle related to himself, and who has had the simplicity to write this to your royal highness; but I flatter myself he scarcely could have been believed. I, however, entreat the jest may remain a secret between your royal highness and myself; and, should you think proper to answer, I beg it may be by a letter addressed to me, in particular, by the intervention of M. Plœtz, or any other

other, except that of the usual conveyance through the hands of Thiriot. With your permission I will some day speak further on the subject. The baron von Kayserling must have repeated what I said to him concerning your royal highness; and I doubt not you will pardon my freedom. My intention is to afford your royal highness a mark of my respect and attachment, by communicating this in confidence; and I intreat you will not notice the affair either to M. de Voltaire or to Thiriot, till I shall have further explained myself.

LETTER V.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Cirey, January 12, 1739.

WHEN I had the honour, in my last letter, to speak of the sieur Thiriot to your royal highness, and requested permission to continue the subject, I did not suppose I should have been obliged to anticipate this permission, and was far from imagining I should so soon have things of so much more importance to relate than those which were the subject of that part of my letter.

The singular bounty with which your royal highness honours M. de Voltaire, and, the most sacred of all ties, that friendship which unites me to him, will not suffer me to defer informing you of various facts, with which, perhaps, your royal highness is already, in part, acquainted.

I learn, from the sieur Thiriot himself, which I could not hear without astonishment, that he sends your royal highness all the pamphlets which the grubs of Parnassus and of literature write against M. de Voltaire. Such he assured me were the commands of your royal highness. —“I know not,” answered I, “what may be the commands of his royal highness; but I well know that, had you informed him of the obligations you have to M. de Voltaire, of which he is ignorant, and had you sent along with such unworthy abuse those correctives which gratitude demanded from you, the prince, far from taking such conduct amiss, would have conceived an esteem for your character which your present behaviour is far from deserving.”

In despite of this remonstrance, he has continued to send your royal highness all the libels he could collect, against M. de Voltaire. But, as I had discovered, from the letters of your royal highness to M. de Voltaire, that such scurrilities,

fcurrilities, detested as they are by the public, interdicted by the magistrates, and often unknown at Paris, have not diminished but increased the bounty of your royal highness toward M. de Voltaire, I suffered the sieur Thiriot to proceed, especially as M. de Voltaire never permitted the least complaint to escape.

I am informed that Thiriot has lately sent a new libel, written by the abbé Des Fontaines, to your royal highness, entitled *Voltairemania*. As the sieur Thiriot is there cited, in proof, I think it but right to acquaint your royal highness with the character of a man whose name has daringly been used in this libel, to give the lie to M. de Voltaire, and who has had the effrontery to send it to your royal highness.

Did the sieur Thiriot owe nothing to M. de Voltaire but that decorum which society requires, the manner in which he is cited, in this infamous libel, ought to have shocked his feelings; nor should he, in favour of a generally despised rascal *, like the abbé des Fontaines, have suffered it a moment to have been suspected that he had belied his letters and his discourse.

But what will your royal highness think when

* *Un scélérat généralement méprisé*—is the lady's own language. T.

you shall be informed that this same Thiriot, who affects to remain neuter between M. de Voltaire and his enemy, is only become known to the world in consequence of the benefits received from M. de Voltaire; that he never gained admission into a good family, except as his common-place-book, a man who sometimes repeated his remarks; that M. de Voltaire, whose generosity is greatly superior to his genius, afforded him subsistence and house-room for more than ten years; that he gave him his *Lettres Philosophiques*, by which, according to the confession of Thiriot himself, he gained above two hundred guineas, and which had nearly effected the destruction of M. de Voltaire; and, to conclude, that M. de Voltaire has pardoned his having betrayed him, which is still superior to benefits conferred? What will your royal highness think of a man who, being under so many obligations to M. de Voltaire, far from defending his benefactor, who was desirous of treating him as a friend, affects no longer to remember things which he had frequently written, in letters which M. de Voltaire has in his possession, and which he repeated, this very autumn, here, in my presence? He fears to commit himself! As if a Thiriot could stand committed! And as if any thing could

could be more ignominious than to be accused of forfeiting so many duties, and betraying so many bonds of friendship, for a Des Fontaines!

I flatter myself your royal highness will pardon the warmth with which I express myself, by recollecting the feelings which excite my just indignation. M. de Voltaire is respectful of his benefits and his friendship; and I am certain he would never have acquainted your royal highness with the facts contained in this letter. But, the more incapable he is of depicting Thiriot to your royal highness, the more do I think it an indispensable duty of friendship to him, and of respect to your royal highness, to inform you of the ingratitude of the sieur Thiriot.

I know not whether it will be possible to correct him; but I am very certain that nothing but his desire to please your royal highness, and to merit the favours of so virtuous a prince, can induce him to act with propriety.

You know, sir, how much public men depend on circumstances; and, however singular it may appear that the conduct of Thiriot should become a thing of consequence, yet is it desirable that, on the present occasion, he should publicly do justice to truth and gratitude, in favour of M. de Voltaire; and I am persuaded that a word from your royal highness

will be sufficient to make him perform this duty. I entreat your royal highness to remain persuaded that Thiriot would never have gained admission to Cirey, had not the doors flown open to him because he bore the title of one of your servants. M. de Voltaire, who has heaped so many favours on him, and who still respects an acquaintance of twenty years duration, knew him too well ever to shew a single line of the letters which your royal highness does him the honour to write, or of his answers.

However contemptible the author of the infamous libel which I have mentioned to your royal highness in this letter may be, I cannot but think it the duty of an honest man publicly to disavow public calumnies. M. du Chatelet, myself, and all the relations and friends of M. de Voltaire; have, therefore, advised him to publish the narrative which I send your royal highness. It is not yet printed; but the respect of M. de Voltaire toward your royal highness induces him to suppose he cannot too soon send you his own justification, honoured as he is by so many favours.

I entreat your royal highness not to address the answer with which you shall honour me under cover to M. Thiriot. It may be directed immediately to *Vally en Champagne*. I and M.
de

de Voltaire have done ourselves the honour to write to your royal highness by favour of M. Plætz.

Long as my letter is, I cannot conclude it without remarking to your royal highness how flattered I am, to think family affairs will this spring call me into Flanders, and make me approach the provinces of your royal father; which, perhaps, will procure me the happiness of personally assuring your royal highness of the sentiments of respect, and admiration, with which I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

From the Prince Royal.

M A D A M,

Berlin, January 23, 1739.

I SHOULD have been inexcusable for having criticised some passages in your excellent work on fire, had you not desired to know my sentiments. Novice as I am in physics, it would have been highly vain and presumptuous in me to lay a finger on the works of masters in the art. I am so well persuaded that modesty and docility alone can, in any manner, excuse ignorance, that I will never leave this

Z 4 entrenchment,

entrenchment, unless when reasons of equal force to your commands oblige me. Such were the motives that induced me to say, with that frankness which your merit exacted from me, that I find it difficult to persuade myself any *given wind* can excite the conflagration of forests. I am in a country, madam, in which, to my misfortune, experiments of this kind are easy. In autumn, and at the beginning of spring, we have storms which most assuredly do honour to the impetuosity of Boreas; and it often happens that oaks, which appear from their deep and solid roots to be rivetted to earth, are torn up and laid prostrate. J

Countries more to the north have still higher winds; but it does not seem to me that they can occasion fire, because the bark of trees, and the moss that grows on this bark, do not easily take fire.

The desire of information, or curiosity, has induced me to question persons who have travelled much in Switzerland, and the Swiss themselves; but all those to whom I have spoken of the phenomenon related by M. Muschenbroek have protested against its truth. Perhaps they have not examined with philosophic eyes; or, perhaps, little attached to the progress of philosophic discoveries, they have not paid proper

per attention. It seems, however, to me, in a work in which, according to the grand principle of Newton, our reasoning ought to be founded on certain experiments, I say, it seems to me that we ought not to mingle conjectures with those excellent and curious experiments which you have related. Here you read the height of impertinence. I decide on what I scarcely begin to understand. I ask a thousand pardons, and entreat you to recollect my age, and that you yourself have excited my indiscretion.

After all this, may I still dare to express a doubt on the subject of which I desire to receive information from your oracular decision?

You, madam, account for the congelation of the rivulets which traverse the grottos in *Franche Comté*; but, if I may be allowed to speak my opinion, the consequence of your doctrine is that the heat of the sun, attracting many nitrous particles from the earth, being greater in summer than in winter, rivers must be frozen in summer and become liquid in winter; the contrary of which experience proves to be the fact. I am, therefore, inclined to believe there is some peculiar reason for the congelation of these rivulets, which perhaps may exist in the nitrous particles, that are mingled

mingled with the beds of these rivulets; and which perhaps not being able to leave the grottoes by exhalation, during the day, fall again into the rivulets by night, and produce this extraordinary phenomenon.

I hope, madam, you will be pleased to take the bandage from my eyes, that I may equally admire the miracles of nature and the vast extent of your incomparable genius.

When I return to Remusberg, which perhaps will be in a week, I shall enter the career of physics, to which you do so much honour. I am enchanted that you are pleased to permit me to address myself to you for information, and that you suffer me to vaunt that a beautiful young lady has been my guide, through the expanse of nature. Some are disgusted with the sciences by the pedantry of the teachers of science; but I will resign myself to this study with all the ardour of passion. Emily and the Graces are my masters, and who knows but they may be joined by Love himself?

We need but be acquainted with M. de Voltaire, and Thiriot, to judge which of the two must be superior to the censures of the other. I soon suspected a snake in the grass, when Thiriot announced, with the tone of triumph, that he had caused our worthy friend to make corrections

rections in his epistles. Thiriot may be very proper to serve and amuse you. His vanity is the source of that industry with which he executes your commissions, and procures you diversion. He sometimes writes letters to me, in which he appears to have bidden an eternal farewell to common sense. He never catches cold that I am not informed of it in four prolix pages of nonsensical jargon. But he surpasses himself in his critical remarks on works of wit, and he is super-superlative when he new traces, in his own language, the thoughts of M. de Voltaire, or any other great man. I, however, am so well acquainted with the original manner of thinking of our incomparable poet that, even in these vile copies, I discovered the inimitable traits of the original. Such faults excepted, Thiriot has his merits; his punctuality and desire to be useful render him estimable.

I shall not abuse the confidence, madam, which you have placed in me. I should be exceedingly sorry to derange your little schemes of pleasure. I am so situated that I cannot wish you any thing which you do not possess. Blessed with your own genius, and the company of M. de Voltaire, I can but desire a continuation of your happiness. If the prayers of mortals can be efficacious, those which I make

that I may one day behold and admire the miracles nature has wrought in your person will be heard. I burn with the desire of assuring you of the sentiments with which I shall, all my life, remain, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

From the Prince Royal.

M A D A M,

Berlin, January 29, 1739.

I AM extremely chagrined, as well for the love of your repose as for that of the worthy Voltaire, that men like Des Fontaines and Rousseau are never weary of blaspheming the Apollo of France. I wrote to Thiriot that I wished to have the libel, however revolting it might be, but he has not yet sent it me. Interested as I am in what relates to M. de Voltaire, every thing respecting him, directly or indirectly, in like manner becomes interesting; and, whatever repugnance I may feel to read that which is the opprobrium of humanity, and the disgrace of letters, I still have imposed this penance upon myself that I may be informed of facts which are generally attended by consequences, and which are connected with an infinite number of circumstances

circumstances and anecdotes. Thiriot sent me the copy of the letter which he addressed to you. As far as I can judge, he is not malicious; and, if he be partial, it is because he is weak and timid. From the copy of the letter which I ordered to be sent to him, you will see I taught him to feel what is the duty of an honest man; and that probity and gratitude are indispensable virtues, without which man would be worse than the most hideous of monsters. Thiriot, madam, will amend; all he wants is to be taught his duty, and to be prompted to act with propriety. At Cirey you continually contemplate heroic virtue; but recollect, madam, all men are not heroes; and that poor Thiriot can only be classed with those feeble mortals whose virtue resembles a thermometer, and requires to be heated by the example of superior virtue, before it can rise to the same point.

I have read the narrative of the worthy Voltaire, and have been sorry his precious time should have been wasted in its composition. Did the fame of the man who wrote the *Henriade*, the author of the *History of Charles XII.* and of the translator of Newton, exist but for a day, he would certainly act wisely to justify himself, and to wash away the venom of calumny, to the satisfaction of the world, as an obscure person

son would do, whom the world had treated with injustice. But, if I mistake not, M. de Voltaire is far from being thus situated. He is generally known; his writings are dispersed over the whole earth. No man is ignorant of the reason of the banishment of Rousseau; of the unworthy and infamous proceedings of this poet; of the affair of the abbé Des Fontaines, and of the services which have been rendered him by M. de Voltaire. A rational reader will recollect the character of Rousseau, and the ingratitude of Des Fontaines, while he peruses what they write, and will feel his indignation rise when he sees the new libels with which they incessantly persecute Voltaire. Therefore, madam, it seems to me that it will be sufficient to leave the reader to his own reflections, and not to repeat that which he already knows.

Beside, M. de Voltaire commits himself, in some manner, when he honours Rousseau and Des Fontaines with an answer to their infamous productions. I imagine it would be sufficient for him to complain to the chancellor of the unworthy authors of this injurious libel, and that the punishment of such abuse would be more honourable to M. de Voltaire than the picture which he has presented of the vileness of their lives. His pencil ought never to be employed

employed on originals so base, he is too noble to be thus degraded. I put in my claim to the time and thoughts which M. de Voltaire has thus lost. Self-defence is the most slippery path self-love can tread; for self-justification is scarcely possible without self-praise, and nothing is more offensive than that incense which an author burns upon his own altars. He who justifies himself against the darts which calumny has hurled, at his honour, is unfortunately obliged to praise himself. I, therefore, cannot but think that such apologies come with a better grace from the mouth of a friend. They are more honourable to the moderation of the person offended, and have greater efficacy. I willingly offer myself to be the apologist of the inimitable Voltaire, whenever it shall be necessary. Trajan will but compose the panegyric of Pliny.

You flatter me, madam, by informing me you are to approach our frontiers in the spring; and I have the vexation to reply that the road which I shall this year travel is exactly the reverse. I am to attend the king into Prussia, nor shall I return to the country of Cleves in less than two years. I am very unfortunate that fate should thus frown on me. But, though I shall not have the satisfaction to see you, I shall,

at least, have the pleasure of receiving your letters more frequently.

Let me beg you to believe me, with infinite esteem, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Cirey, February 16, 1739.*

I HAVE this moment received the letter with which I have been honoured by your royal highness, and am unable to express the joy I feel to learn that you are resolved to apply some of your leisure moments to physics. Studies of such a kind afford occupation worthy of your genius, and I am persuaded this new pursuit will furnish you with new pleasures. For my own part, I am well convinced the result will, to me, be instruction. Did I not fear to importune your royal highness, I should entreat you to inform me of the method you think to adopt in this study. I am well persuaded you

* This and the following letter being erroneously dated, as their contents testify, are falsely arranged in the Basil and Berlin editions, where they stand as the beginning of the correspondence. T.

will

will apply yourself to the Newtonian philosophy. Newton and his commentator equally merit the honour.

I cannot any longer maintain the doctrine of the conflagration of forests excited by wind, since your royal highness persists in thinking it impossible, and since M. de Voltaire is my adversary. I allow what he has written to your royal highness, on the subject, is of more worth than my whole work.

I am more bold on what relates to the river in Swisserland, which is frozen in summer; for I have affirmed nothing more than that Scheuchzerus relates, that, in the bishopric of Basil, there is a river which is frozen in summer, and fluid in winter. There are mountains covered with ice, in Peru, between the 23d and 24th degrees of latitude, which ice never thaws; and M. de Tournefort, in his Voyage to the Levant, relates that it freezes nightly at Trebizonde, in the month of July, till sun-rise; yet these regions are more to the south than ours, and consequently the sun is much longer above the horizon*. M. de Tournefort, who examined the earth in these

* If the lady meant to say, as is apparent, that the sun is longer above the horizon, in the month of July, near the equator than in northern latitudes, she is mistaken. The reverse is the fact. T.

climates, found it much loaded with salts and nitre. What your royal highness has said, concerning the grottos of Besançon, is very probable; but the nitrous particles which are melted by the heat of the sun, and fall into the grottos, and the earth which forms the bed of them, in all likelihood abounding likewise in nitre and salts, are the two causes which contribute to the phenomenon. Yet it does not seem to me to follow, that rivers should freeze in summer; for the heat of our climate is seldom sufficient to exhale enough of the nitrous particles to occasion the congelation of running waters, during the night. This is one of the reasons why that phenomenon is more common in hot countries: but it is further necessary, to produce it, that the earth should abound in nitre and salt.

Before I quit physics, may I venture to ask your royal highness, whether Thiriot sent you, about three months since, a short extract from a book written by M. de Voltaire, inserted in the *Journal des Sçavans*, for September 1738? I could not venture to present it myself to your royal highness; but, I confess, I should be glad to know if it afforded you satisfaction.

Since your royal highness is informed of the horrible libel of the abbé des Fontaines, you will no doubt not be vexed to learn the conclusion
of

of the affair, in which your royal highness is interested, by your kindness for M. de Voltaire. All the men of letters who have been ill-treated in this libel, have signed requests, which have been presented to the magistrates; and there is reason to hope they will perform an act of justice, which the lieutenant-criminel * would have performed in their place. Thus the cause of M. de Voltaire will become a common cause; and it is, in effect, the cause of all worthy men.

Those who informed me that Thiriot had sent the libel to your royal highness deceived me; and I could wish that all his wrong proceedings in this business were not better founded; but he has behaved exceedingly ill, nor do I expect him to act equal to the sentiments of gratitude which he owes to M. de Voltaire, except when he shall have been so commanded to act, by your royal highness. He had the imprudence to inform me that he had sent a letter to your royal highness, which he had written to me, and by which I was highly offended. I do not very well know under what pretext he supposed he might write me an ostensible letter, and how he should dare to send that letter to your

* The officer of the police who interrogates and punishes culprits. T.

royal highness, to whom it must have appeared an enigma, unacquainted as you were with the *Voltairemania*. Certainly Thiriot ought not to have shown that letter, without my consent, to any person; but he has not only published it, without my permission, but has sent it to your royal highness. I care but little that the public should be informed that Thiriot wrote to me; but it did not in any manner become him to dare to make me responsible. But thus it is that he repairs the wrong he has done to M. de Voltaire. I little expected I should have been obliged to write a brief to your royal highness, the subject of which should be Thiriot; but I have been compelled to it by his acts of imprudence.

I must entreat permission, likewise, to send a copy of the letter which the lady of the president of Bernieres has written to M. de Voltaire, on the subject of this unfortunate affair, which will shew your royal highness how malicious and ungrateful it is possible for man to be, and how culpable Thiriot is, not to have acted toward M. de Voltaire as this lady has done, to whom, however, she is under much less obligations.

I am excessively afflicted to recollect, that I am going this spring to the country in which your royal highness was last year; but I console myself with the idea that the journey will bring me
nearer

nearer to your royal highness, and to the countries which are under the dominion of the king your father. The estates which the marquis du Chastellet means to redeem are in the county of Loo, and not far from the country of Cleves. I am told it is a charming country, and worthy to become the residence of a great king. This supposition will prevent me from selling these estates, which I am assured are exceedingly fine. I am also going to commence a law-suit at Brussels, and I flatter myself your royal highness will then be pleased to grant me some recommendations. These affairs will infringe upon physics; but the desire I have to render myself worthy of the correspondence of your royal highness will, assuredly, make me find time for study.

I request permission of your royal highness to inclose a letter for the baron von Kayserling, not knowing where to direct to him; and I hope you will also kindly excuse my sending, under the same cover, two copies of my Essay on Fire, which has just been printed by the academy; one for M. Jordan, and the other for the baron von Kayserling. I must finally request, as a last favour from your royal highness, that you will pardon the length of this letter, in consideration of the sentiments of respect and admiration

which I have felt, while dictating its contents, and with which I am, &c.

P. S. Rousseau is returned to write bad odes at Bruffels. I entreat your royal highness always to write to me by the way of M. Plætz.

L E T T E R IX.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Cirey, February 27, 1739.

THE letter with which it has pleased your royal highness to honour me has poured balm into those wounds which the enemies of M. de Voltaire, and of the human race, do not cease to inflict. He has followed the counsel your royal highness has deigned to give him, and has not published his memorial; but has laid his complaint before the chancellor. The affair is committed to the examination of M. Heraut, lieutenant-general of the police, who condemned the abbé des Fontaines, in 1736, for a libel against several members of the French Academy, and who, I hope, will avenge M. de Voltaire and the public. All that I desire is that M. de Voltaire should not be obliged to quit Cirey, and
his

his studies, to go in pursuit of vengeance to Paris, of which I flatter myself the ministry will take charge. The manner in which your royal highness is pleased to interest yourself, in this affair, persuades me you will be glad to learn those circumstances which have so cruelly troubled the repose of a man whom your royal highness honours, by so many favours.

With respect to Thiriot he is inexcusable, for having dared to publish a letter which he was pleased to write to me, without any request of mine, and which he has shewn, not only without my permission, but even against my orders. I do not conceal from your royal highness how much I have been offended; and I believe he will not, hereafter, think proper to make thus free with my name. I have no doubt but that the letter which your royal highness has ordered to be written to him will teach him his duty, of which lesson I dare affirm he stood in need. His, it is true, is a soul of clay; but, when weakness and vanity are guilty of the same errors as malice, they are equally condemnable. Your royal highness, I think, has been very favourable to his virtue, to compare it to any thing; but, I own that, the application out of the question, I thought your simile of the thermometer charming. It is exceedingly

just when spoken of men in general; and there was, beside, something of a philosophic air in it which pleased me infinitely. Still I have some reproaches to make your royal highness, relative to the last letter which you have written to M. de Voltaire. I had supposed that physics were in my department; but I very well perceive this Voltaire is what the Italians call *cattivo vicino* *.

The experiment of the watch under the recipient is very ingenious; it was made at London by Mr. Derham; an account of which your royal highness may find in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 294. The privation of air occasioned no alteration in the motion of the watch, which is an excellent proof in contradiction to the Cartesian explanation of the spring (or elasticity); for, if the subtile matter was the cause of it, the air, which is an exceedingly subtile matter, ought to contribute to the motion. There are other reasons which prove, first, this subtile matter does not exist; and secondly that, did it exist, it would not occasion the elasticity of the spring. The difficulty is to find what does occasion this elasticity. M. Keills has explained it by attraction; but I know not that his explanation is satisfactory;

* A bad neighbour.

for attraction is not fauce to every dish, and the term has lately been rather misused. I fear lest we shall be obliged to have recourse to the Deity to interpret this spring, and to say it is an attribute which he has given to matter; like attraction, mobility, and various others, known and unknown. I am very ignorant on the subject.

I am going to take one of the pupils of M. Wolf, as my guide into the immense labyrinth in which nature is lost. I mean for a time to quit physics for mathematics. I perceive I have been a little too hasty, and must begin again. Geometry is the master-key to every door, and I mean to apply myself to this study.

I am in despair at the accidents which led your royal highness and myself such contrary roads; but I console myself with the pleasure of having an estate which lies so near the provinces of your royal father, and in the hope that I shall some day there assure you of the respectful sentiments with which I am, &c.

L E T T E R X.

From the Prince Royal.

M A D A M,

Remusberg, March 8, 1739.

YOUR approbation of the design I have formed to study physics, and your example, afford me wonderful encouragement in my new career. Ill health has hitherto prevented me from beginning the study; but, as soon as I shall feel myself entirely recovered, I intend to enlist under the banners of this science, to follow your ensigns, and, led by the force of your divine genius, I first propose to read the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, afterward the physics of Muschenbroek, and to conclude with the Newtonian philosophy. I shall carefully avoid mathematics, the eternal calculations of which terrify me, and surpass my strength. I shall be satisfied with plucking those flowers which others have been careful to plant. Such is the abridgment of the plan which I have proposed to myself. We ought not to deceive ourselves, and I could not help recollecting I neither possess the mind of Emily nor the universal genius of Voltaire, which should enable me to embrace knowledge so vast. In a word, madam, I shall

content

content myself with gleaning where you reap, and shall incessantly repeat, *c'est en vain qu'au Parnasse un téméraire auteur, etc **.

The persecutions that are raised against the worthy Voltaire really afflict me. France ought carefully to watch over that precious leisure which this noble author devotes, with so much generosity, at the expence even of health, to the information and the good of mankind. Statues would have been erected to him in the Capitol; and he would have been deified in the Lyceum. Perhaps he would have occupied the place of Jupiter, had he come into the world in an age when men's admiration of genius was carried even to superstition. I am certain M. de Voltaire will have full satisfaction granted him, on the unworthy Des Fontaines. The proceedings of this knave are too insolent to escape the vengeance of the magistrate, and the public indignation ought, in such cases of injustice, to stand in lieu of the most open satisfaction, with M. de Voltaire.

The conduct of Thiriot is inexcusable; but we must not, madam, suppose Thiriot to be what he neither is, nor ever can become. The fortitude required of him he has not; and the question will be whether Thiriot fail from ma-

* In vain, rash author, on Parnassian mount, &c.

lice or from weakness. I can perfectly assure you it is not from malice. You know him, madam, and you know he has neither the wit nor the spleen to be malignant. What interest could he have to injure M. de Voltaire? None. M. de Voltaire is his benefactor, nay his idol; he pays him continual homage, thinks after him, and, if I may be allowed the figure, ruminates on the ideas which M. de Voltaire has previously digested. The trade of Thiriot's life has been to praise, with heart and voice, the works of the author of the *Henriade*. What reason could he have thus openly to give himself the lie? Is he dissatisfied with M. de Voltaire? By no means. Has he been treated with coldness? Far the reverse. You have heaped favours on him, at Cirey, of which he has vaunted to all his acquaintance.

You will therefore allow, madam, that an error of judgment, a feebleness of mind, which must only be imputed to nature, have occasioned the false steps of Thiriot. To these we must add the ill advice of persons in whom he has confided. We must make deductions for human nature. Take my advice, madam, and do not act as in strict justice you might, for you would lose a man who is attached to you, and whose only defect is nature has not bestowed on him.

him judgment and genius worthy of Cirey. But, by this rule, whom would you not lose? If you will grant your friendship and favour to none but persons of equal merit to M. de Voltaire, I give you notice, madam, that the number of your friends will be very small. I have written to Thiriot, and shall write again, to prompt him to act in a more manly way than he has hitherto done. I am sure you will restore him to favour, and he will thus be greatly encouraged to behave with propriety.

The infinite zeal, madam, which you testify in behalf of our friend enchants me; yet let me entreat you, at the same time, to suffer me to recal to recollection that philosophy which bestows a certain tranquillity of mind, and by the aid of which persecuted men are superior to persecution, and have power, in some degree, to stifle those tumultuous emotions to which resentment and all the passions give birth. I allow it is difficult to attain a certain portion of indifference; but I believe the condition of man requires he should powerfully oppose resignation to grief, a despot by which he will inevitably be assaulted, and that serious meditations on human life should teach us to diminish our sorrows, that we may feel them the less;

less; and to multiply and magnify our pleasures, that they may be the more striking.

Nothing can certainly more sensibly affect the worthy heart than an attack on reputation. On such occasions the armour of great men leaves them vulnerable. But I shall, through life, remember the judgment passed on Cato and Cicero. The love of virtue, says Montesquieu, was the active principle with Cato, wholly devoid of the love of fame. With Cicero, fame was the great agent, and virtue was but an accessory.

When we consider virtue as a good of which we cannot be deprived, we condemn the frivolous projects of the envious, and the puerilities of calumny. These the worthy Voltaire may justly condemn; his repose is too precious to be disturbed by such despicable trifles. Let him follow the advice which Lucian's Mercury gives Jupiter, who felt grieved at the impertinent discourse and opinions of the Athenians, concerning him. "Be satisfied," said Mercury, "with governing the world, and let them talk." Let M. de Voltaire be satisfied with instructing and governing the learned world, and let him despise things which are as inferior to him as the Lyceum was to Olympus.

I greatly regret that, knowing you are to be
more

more in our neighbourhood than you have been, I cannot gratify the desire I feel, madam, to come and admire you ; and personally to afford you marks of my esteem. Mine was never a fortunate star, and I begin to be accustomed to its perfidy. I willingly pardon all its former treachery, but not so easily the painful trick which it plays me at present. To punish it, I will beg some astronomer to banish it to the further part of the heavens, some millions of leagues more distant from the sun. The sentence will be severe, but will not however equal its guilt.

To speak without a metaphor, I am persuaded you will yourself be convinced the loss is great, when an opportunity of seeing you is wanting. Of this I have sorrowful experience, and fate seems to inflict the punishment of Tantalus upon me. It exposes you, as I may say, to my sight, to heighten my wishes and my curiosity, yet at the same time renders the gratification of them impossible. I cannot better employ my credit and my friends than in your service ; my desires will ever be the same, to realize which nothing is wanting but opportunity.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XI.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM,

Remusberg, April 15, 1739.

THE vexations endured, by the worthy Voltaire, have been very sensibly felt by me. I feel myself all fire for my friends, and I am as much affected by whatever regards them as if it related personally to myself. I do not love friends who remain as inactive as the Eumenides of the opera, when a friend is in need of succour; for which reason, without his solicitation, I mean to interest myself in behalf of the good Voltaire. I will write for that purpose, by the next post, to the marquis de la Chetardie; and shall put every engine in motion, to restore calm to the mind of the man who has so often laboured to give me pleasure. Voltaire must himself be satisfied with contemning his enemies. This indeed is the only favour he can confer on them; he would debase himself too much by entering the lists with them, and his pen is too dignified to tilt against arms which cannot wound, except when malice and calumny give them force. I am, therefore, glad he is determined to remain silent.

You attack me, madam, on physics, and I can only find safety in flight. My progress in the knowledge of nature has been so small that I shall beware how I enter the lists with you; not but I shall most willingly avow there are many things in nature which are hidden from us, and which, apparently, will eternally so remain.

I own I should easily console myself, for my ignorance of the elasticity of the air, of cohesion, &c. did I but enjoy the advantage of being personally acquainted with you; for which reason, madam, you will judge how painful it is to know you are on the confines of my royal father's provinces, and that I am unable to profit by this advantage. I know not what centrifugal force impels me into Prussia, in my own despite; for I feel a self-moving principle which would direct my steps a very different way. Of this, madam, remain persuaded, and likewise of all the sentiments with which I am

Your very affectionate friend.

LETTER XII.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

SIR,

Brussels, August 1, 1739.

I HAVE so many thanks to pay to your royal highness, and so many pardons to ask, that I am embarrassed between gratitude and confusion. Your royal highness knows the wandering life which, during three months, I have led; and, while I am now writing to you, I am on the point of departure. I am going to pass a fortnight at Paris; where, while I remain, I should be glad to receive the commands of your royal highness, and not let the grass grow under the feet of Thiriot*.

My residence in Flanders has been marked by the benefits you have conferred. You have, no doubt, sir, been informed that the person charged with your favours found us at Enghien, acting a comedy. We hastily left the theatre, to make a party at quadrille, with those charming boxes which your royal highness, with so much grace and gallantry, has done me the ho-

* Thiriot was the agent of Frederic: perhaps the lady means—favour me with your command and I will be a more expeditious agent. T.

nour to send. The duke D'Arenberg arrived here some days after, to drink the health of your royal highness, in your excellent Hungarian wine, which is the nectar of Olympus.

We repeated the same freedom with M. Schilling. Your royal highness will, indeed, do me the justice to imagine that, the moment I am informed of the arrival of a Prussian at Brussels, my first impulse is to seize the opportunity of speaking of you; and to inquire concerning a prince who honours me with so many favours, and whom I have so many just reasons to admire.

I dare not ask news from your royal highness of your progress in physics, for I perceive, from the letters you are pleased to write to M. de Voltaire, that Machiavel and poetry have the preference. I still hope you will one day bestow a few moments on a science so worthy to occupy you; and I confess, sir, these wishes of mine are rather interested; for I flatter myself my correspondence would then be more agreeable to your royal highness.

I cannot express the sorrow I felt, during my journey to the country of Liege, when I recollected that your royal highness was, last year, so near that province. But are you, sir, never to return? I foresee that I shall, for some time,

act the part of the *comtesse de Pimbèche* *, and I console myself in the hope that my law-suit will make me gain time, till your royal father shall visit his southern provinces; for I intend to return from Paris, and stay here all winter, and longer.

Your royal highness, no doubt, is informed that the abbé des Fontaines has been obliged to disavow the *Voltairemania*, in the presence of M. Hérault, *lieutenant de police*, and that his disavowal has been inserted in the public papers. The interest which your royal highness has deigned to take in this unfortunate affair, and the very kind manner in which you have been pleased to express yourself on the subject, have led me to believe this account would give you pleasure.

We shall meet Thiriot at Paris, and I feel myself much inclined to treat him with that indulgence of which the weakness of his character appears to be very worthy, and to which I am exhorted by your royal highness. You, sir, are formed to set an example of every virtue. Those persons are most fortunate who, by living with your royal highness, perceive the immediate influence of virtue; but none can feel a more respectful attachment than, &c.

* A character in *Les Plaideurs* of Racine. T.

LETTER XIII.

From the Prince Royal.

MADAM,

Berlin, August 20, 1739.

AFTER having travelled a hundred German miles in four days, nothing less than a letter from you could recal me to life. During a tour of six weeks, I have passed through numerous countries, towns, and villages, and have seen some millions of men ; but I can declare, madam, that, of the whole number, not one was worthy to become a citizen of Cirey.

I am glad to learn that the trifling homage of amber, which Prussia has sent you, was thought agreeable. Amber is incense, and is so used in all catholic churches, and even by the Indians, who offer that perfume to their idols. Why should not such incense smoke at Cirey, in the temple of truth and friendship, and where it might more properly be employed than in places which are consecrated to error, and peopled by superstition ?

Should I hear that the Hungarian wine is good for the health of our dear and worthy friend, and pleases your palate, I shall continue to send you supplies of it ; for it is but just that

each country should pay tribute to you, of its most exquisite products.

You wish me, madam, to apply to physics; that, as you are pleased to say, your correspondence might be more agreeable to me. But I cannot but think the precaution rather unnecessary. A young man must have very little sensibility who should not find the correspondence of a youthful, beauteous, and lovely lady agreeable. I am well convinced that, had I the pleasure of your company, the subject of my conversation would neither be Newton, Maupertuis, Mairan, nor Locke. Let us husband the aid these learned men may afford for that age in which the icy heart has nothing more to offer, and permit me, madam, at present, to prefer the glow of feeling to the phlegmatic charms of a philosophic correspondence.

I am at present busied in refuting the enemy of humanity, and the calumniator of princes. From this work I seek recreation in the arms of poetry, and I shall creep after you in the road of physics. We are not all allowed, madam, to possess universal genius. The mind resembles the sciences, some of which are much more comprehensive than others. I cannot, for my own part, but perceive that immensity is as little my lot as the whole world was that of Alexander.

Alexander. I exert myself to conquer some small neighbouring province; something after the manner of France, which imperceptibly seizes on the isle of Corsica, after having taken possession of Lorraine; with this remarkable difference, that the conquest of these provinces has been made either by violence or artifice, and the provinces of science are only to be conquered by assiduous labour; tricking is there useless, and we have no other means to make them our own but by the strength of the understanding. You people who march with giant strides imagine that every man has the honour to be a giant, like yourselves; but I am delighted to perceive you have this human defect, and that you thus measure others by your own standard. Deign to recollect, madam, in future, that men may resemble each other in the exterior, but that in capacity and mind they greatly differ.

I am glad to hear that our friend Voltaire has reason to be satisfied with the manner in which justice has been done to him in Paris; he has been very properly silent, and the satisfaction he receives will be more honourable to him than all the memorials he could have written, by which he would have stood pledged to the public.

I am preparing a magnificent edition of the *Henriade*, the execution of which will be worthy of its author. I shall write to him in a few days, and send him the preface, that he may correct it as he shall think proper.

Whatever comes from you, madam, will be most agreeable to me. Intelligence from Paris, passing through your hands, will acquire that brilliancy which the rough diamond receives from the polish of the skilful lapidary : beside that every thing which relates to yourself, or our amiable friend, will, during life, give me infinite pleasure.

I entreat you to believe me, with every sentiment of the most perfect esteem,

M A D A M,

Your very affectionate friend.

L E T T E R XIV.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Hotel de Richelieu, Paris, October 13, 1739.

I WISH not to be the last to declare to your royal highness how highly worthy the preface to the *Henriade* is of the most singular editor the world ever saw. The honour conferred

ferred by your royal highness, on M. de Voltaire, is superior to the triumph decreed to Tasso. He is worthy of this honour; for his attachment to your royal highness, and his gratitude, are in proportion to the benefit conferred.

I am not so much the enemy of mankind as to draw the attention of your royal highness, from the fine work in which you have undertaken to refute the corrupter of monarchs, that you might study a few physical truths. I perceive you encourage experimental philosophy, but that you have a more precious manner of employing your time; and, provided your royal highness will bestow a no less degree of favour on me, though I shall be sorry for physics, I shall not be sorry for myself.

I take the liberty to send you an Italian translation of the first book of the *Henriade*. I rather intrude on the rights of M. de Voltaire; but he has so many presents to send your royal highness that I hope he will not envy me this trifling opportunity of paying my court to you. I seldom write poetry, though I am passionately fond of it; and I believe you will be satisfied with the fidelity and precision of the translation which I have the honour to remit. The author of it says the other books shall soon follow.

On my arrival at Paris, I found the city all
ardour

ardour and joy, and its inhabitants as amiable and as trifling as I left them. Great revolutions have happened at court, which seems to me, at present, to be what it ought to be. All this I must, with some regret, forsake for law; and I hope your royal highness will render my abode at Brussels less irksome, by tokens of remembrance, with which you cannot honour any person who will be more sensible of their worth, or more devotedly, &c.

LETTER XV.

From the Prince Royal,

MADAM,

Remusberg, October 27, 1739.

I WAS in company with Machiavel when I had the pleasure to receive your letter, and the Italian translation of the *Henriade*. I am infinitely encouraged by the approbation you bestow on the preface to the *Henriade*. Truth and conviction have employed my pen to express their feelings. The work praises itself; and my only merit is that of having arranged the phraseology. M. de Voltaire has no need of a panegyrist to make his beauties esteemed and tasted by Europe; nor is the prop with which

I have

I have attempted to support his fame any thing better than a shaken reed.

You inquire concerning Machiavel, whom I imagine I shall have done with in a fortnight. I wish not to present an unconnected and ill digested work to the public : I write much and erase more. It is at present but a rude mass of clay, to which form and fashion must be imparted. I send you, however, the introduction ; that you may judge of the spirit in which the work is written. There are serious passages which require serious refutation ; but there are others in which I have supposed it proper to incite the smiles of the reader. I know nothing worse than dulness, and imagine a reader never receives instruction well when his author makes him yawn. There is presumption, perhaps, in the attempt of a man of my age to instruct the world ; and perhaps none in the attempt to give it pleasure. I have been desirous, occasionally, to give a sprinkling of that Attic salt which was so much esteemed by the ancients ; but this sprinkling is not in every man's power. I shall send the work, chapter by chapter, to M. de Voltaire ; your judgment and your taste shall to me be in lieu of the public ; and, as an act of friendship, I request you not to disguise your sentiments.

But

But I perceive, like the abbé Chaulieu, I am eternally speaking of myself. I ask a thousand pardons, madam, I have been hurried away, and seduced, by Machiavel and my subject.

To change the discourse, permit me to inform you that we have been visited by the amiable Algarotti, and the no less amiable and learned lord Baltimore. For a week, I continued to feel the value of their good company; after which they were succeeded by that Marcus Curtius of the French who devotes himself to his country's good, and, as it is said, means to bury himself in the greatest of the gulphs of the Hyperborean seas *. I wish to confess him at his departure, and could not but regret so amiable a man should travel to dance attendance in a climate, and country, so little worthy of him as Russia.

He told me a thousand things in favour of his monarch, and endeavoured to bring me over to the opinion of those philosophers who affirm love restores a chaos to order. Be it love, or be it what you please, I shall trouble myself but little with that affair; but I beg you to believe

* The marquis de la Chetardie, who had been the lover of the empress Elizabeth of Russia. T.

I am

I am not equally indifferent in the sentiments which I entertain for you, and that it is of much greater importance to me that you should be convinced of the esteem with which

I am,

M A D A M,

Your very affectionate friend.

P. S. Have the goodness kindly to remember me to our worthy friend.

L E T T E R XVI.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Brussels, December 29, 1739.

AFTER having read the refutation of Machiavel, it would be impossible not to thank your royal highness. What has been said of Telemachus may be said of this; that, could human happiness originate in a book, here originate it would. I hope, sir, you will send the continuation of this beautiful performance.

M. Algarotti has informed me of his surprise, at seeing and hearing your royal highness; I am astonished that he could leave you.

My respect and attachment to your royal

highness do not depend on any custom, though I seize every opportunity which custom presents of assuring you of their reality. I, therefore, profit by the new year to reiterate, sir, the sentiments with which I shall all my life, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Brussels, March 4, 1740.

I AM reading the continuation of the excellent work of your royal highness; but I am too impatient to tell you how much I am enchanted by it to wait till I have read the whole. Your royal highness must, for the happiness of mankind, publish the work: though not your name, you will set your seal to it; I mean that love of the public good, and of the human race, which you feel, and which will there be discovered by all who have the happiness of being acquainted with your royal highness.

Whoever shall read the Anti-Machiavel will imagine that the whole life of your royal highness has been employed in political meditation. But, knowing as I do that your talents extend to all subjects, I should venture to mention the
 metaphysics

metaphysics of Wolf and Leibnitz, a sketch of which I have made in French, if the reading of the works of your royal highness did not cure me of the temerity which prompts me to send my own. These are new ideas to French minds, and, perhaps, when clothed in our mode, they might make their fortune; but to do this effectually would require the eloquence and depth of your royal highness. Should you, however, give me your commands, and should you find leisure, I will do myself the honour to send some of the chapters; for I cannot but think that the inhabitants of Cirey, reside where they will, ought to send the first fruits of their labours to your royal highness. Should you deign to correct the work I am certain of its success.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R · XVIII.

From the Prince Royal.

M A D A M,

Berlin, March 17, 1740.

THE works of a lady, who combines a masculine and profound understanding with that delicacy and taste which are peculiar to her sex, cannot but be very agreeable to me. Not from

Wolf, but from the lips of Minerva, shall I hereafter receive instruction. It is to be presumed, madam, those who read your work will become the disciples of Wolf. When the heart is moved the mind is easily convinced. I will be answerable for my own conviction, to undertake which depends only on yourself, by sending me this inestimable abridgment. Our didactic and heavy German philosophy needs the aid of an ardent and enlightened genius, like yours, to abridge its dull repetitions, and render its extreme dryness pleasant; passing through your crucible its ore will become the purest gold.

Had I enjoyed all necessary leisure, perhaps the refutation of Machiavel, which you so indulgently applaud, would have been more effectual; but I have been at Berlin for these four months, that is to say, in the most tumultuous and least proper place on earth to enjoy that collectedness which works of this nature demand. I have made a truce with Voltaire, and have intreated him to grant me a few weeks delay; after which I have promised to have no compassion on the errors which have escaped me in the composition of the work. The convalescent Cesario will himself inform you, by the enclosed letter, what pleasure it gives him to be remembered

bered by you. We talk of Cirey as the Jews do of Jerusalem, and, in effect, your house as much merits to be called a temple as did the superb edifice which was built by Solomon; with this grand difference that Superstition and Ignorance often were the inhabitants of the sacred porticos, and the sanctuary of those abodes which Titus destroyed; and that Wisdom and the Pleasures have established their residence, in that enchanting temple of which you and Voltaire are the deities.

Should you, at Brussels, perceive any little fumigation, or odour of amber, wafted by a north wind, remember the incense comes from us; and that no where on earth do you receive adoration more pure, and homage more sincere, than ours.

I am, with the most perfect esteem,

M A D A M,

Your very affectionate friend.

LETTER XIX.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R,

Versailles, April 25, 1740.

I SEND my Essay on Metaphysics to your royal highness, and wish you may, yet fear you will not, have time for its perusal. You will perhaps be as much astonished to see it in print as I am ashamed. The circumstances which led to its publication are too long to explain to your royal highness. I wait to know what your royal highness thinks of it, that I may learn whether I ought to repent or to applaud myself. I recollect you had the metaphysics of Wolf translated, under your own inspection, and that you even corrected some passages, with your own hand. I therefore imagine the subject will not displease you, since you have deigned to employ a part of your time on such a course of reading.

Your royal highness will see, by the preface, the intention of the book was to promote the education of an only son, whom I love with extreme tenderness. I thought I could not give him a greater proof of this than by an endeavour

to

to render him less ignorant than our youth usually are. Desirous of teaching him the elements of physics, I was obliged to compose the work myself, not having any complete course on this subject, in French, adapted to his age. As I am persuaded of the intimate connexion between physics and metaphysics, on which the former are founded, I wished to give him an idea of the doctrine of Leibnitz; which, I confess, is the only system that has afforded me satisfaction, though I still have many doubts unremoved.

The work will be in several volumes; a part of the first of which only has been printed. I believe it will be published about Whitsuntide, when I shall take the liberty to present a copy to your royal highness, should you appear satisfied with that which I have the honour at present to send.

I perceive my letter is already too long, and that I have not yet mentioned my gratitude for the charming box which your royal highness has done me the favour to bestow. I never saw any thing more agreeable or more elegantly set; but, permit me to say, it still wants its greatest ornament; and, highly favoured as I am, I am notwithstanding exceedingly jealous of the present with which M. de Voltaire is honoured.

I believe he has sent your royal highness his Newtonian metaphysics, and you will perhaps be astonished at our difference of opinion; but I know not whether your royal highness has read a talkative Frenchman called Montagne, who, speaking of two men who had a real friendship for each other, says—"All things were in common between them, except the secrets of other persons, and their own opinions."——To me it appears our friendship is but the more respectable and durable, since it is not affected even by difference of opinion. Freedom in philosophy is as necessary as liberty of conscience. Your royal highness will judge between us; the wish to merit your approbation will impel us to make new efforts.

Permit me to bring Machiavel to the recollection of your royal highness. I interest myself in the publication of a work, which must be so useful to mankind, with the same zeal with which I have the honour to be, &c.

LET.

LETTER XX.

From the Prince Royal.

M A D A M,

Remusberg, May 19, 1740.

IT is impossible to read the work of a profound German metaphysician, translated and new formed by an amiable French lady, without astonishment. You so powerfully prove you have not the defects of your nation that I think I have some reason to doubt whether France be your country, and whether you do not do the Germans the honour to be wholly German. You must, at least, be ranked with those superior minds which all nations produce, which form a distinct class, and the members of which may be called citizens of the world. France, previous to our times, had produced only women of wit, or pedantic learning. Rambouillet, Deshoulières, and Sévigné, have shone by the brightness of their genius, and the beauty of their thoughts. Madame Dacier was learned, but nothing more. You shew us a much more extraordinary phenomenon, and, without offence to your modesty, we may affirm the sciences you possess, and the manner in which you think and express your thoughts, are

as superior to the qualities of these ladies as the genius of Voltaire is to that of Boileau, or as Newton is to Descartes. Your physical institutions charm the reader; which is much in a book on metaphysics *. If I may be permitted to speak my opinion undisguisedly, I think there are chapters which you might render more concise, without weakening your arguments; and principally that on Space, which appears to me to be rather diffuse.

You will give me great pleasure, and do me an honour by sending the work when complete. You cannot be too much encouraged in the uncommon taste you have for the sciences. I hope the facility of your progress, wonderful as it is, will encourage the ladies to follow your example, and that they will at length renounce their wretched passion for play, by which they are degraded, and which certainly can only render them contemptible.

From the correspondence of M. de Voltaire, I knew him to be a tolerant friend. What indeed were friendship, if deprived of indulgence and good breeding? Enmity exercises a tyrannical power over the mind, which she renders

* I have never met with the work of the marchioness, but there appears to be a solecism in the use of the terms *physical* and *metaphysics*, in this passage. T.

her slave; but friendship wishes it to be as free as itself. It asks possession of the heart, and is indifferent to the opinions of the understanding. Beside, if we consider what opinions and philosophic sects are, we shall perceive that they are but different views of the same object, seen by short-sighted people. They are complex ideas, to which a trifle often gives birth, and often destroys; fallies of the imagination more or less ardent, more or less curbed. It would, therefore, be the excess of phrenzy to renounce the friendship of a person who once thought the sun turned round the earth, but who is, at present, persuaded the earth turns round the sun. When we truly love, I am mistaken if friendship can suffer any change from the malady of the friend, whether that malady be the small pox or the spleen; and, especially as the ties of friendship neither consist in the health of the body nor in the strength of the understanding.

I ask pardon, madam, for my loquacity; I flatter myself that the marchioness du Chatelet, and not the author of the metaphysics, surrounded with algebra, and armed with rule and compass, will read my letter. I can send you nothing equal to your own admirable works, which I receive from your wisdom and kindness. I can but conclude by assuring you that

I have more than *adequate cause* to be, with the most perfect esteem,

M A D A M,

Your ever faithful friend and admirer.

L E T T E R X X L

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R E,

Brussels, June 11, 1740.

PERMIT me to join in the rejoicings of your kingdom and of all Europe. I was preparing to answer the philosophic letter with which the prince royal was pleased to honour me, but am at present obliged to address myself to your majesty, with wishes for your prosperity, and with that respect which, &c.

L E T T E R X X I I.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R E,

Brussels, July 14, 1740.

I HOPE M. de Camas will have given your majesty an account of the pleasure I had to see and to converse with him on all which you have

have already effected for the happiness of your people, and for your own glory. Your majesty will easily conceive the numerous questions with which he was assaulted. I can assure you, I thought the day I passed in his company very short; nor did I tell him half I had to say, though your majesty was our continual subject. By the choice you have made of M. de Camas, and his companions, I see you are as well acquainted with men as with philosophy. I have seldom known a more amiable gentleman, or one who inspires greater confidence; for which reason I could not forbear letting him perceive the extreme desire I have to admire your majesty personally. We consulted on the means, and I hope he has written to your majesty on that subject. One there was which is no longer in my power, but I console myself in the hope that the journey of your majesty to Cleves will enable me to pay my court to you; and for this gratification I shall alone be indebted, for my attachment to your majesty, and the excessive wish I have to assure you of it myself. I blush to owe this obligation to others; and, should your majesty deign to desire it, I will make all possible efforts to effect this purpose.

Your majesty may well suppose that, as the commencement of the physical institutions has

not displeased you, I shall hasten the impression; and, should I have the happiness of seeing you this autumn, I hope to present the work to your majesty.

I cannot but own the affliction I feel to understand that the human race is to be deprived of the refutation of Machiavel. Nor can I render too many thanks to your majesty, for the goodness with which you make me an exception to the general rule, and promise me a copy. This is the most precious gift your majesty can bestow. I do not believe the Dutch edition will be completed, but I imagine your majesty will take off a few copies at Berlin, and that you will not then forget one who, of all people on earth, will most cherish this incomparable work. I know nothing which is better written; the thoughts are so beautiful, and so just, that they would of themselves be sufficient, without the charms of eloquence. I hope your majesty will be served to your wishes, and that the book will not appear. M. de Voltaire will go in person to Holland, should his presence be necessary, as I infinitely fear it will; for the book-fellers of that country are addicted to artifice. I can assure your majesty he will never make a more painful sacrifice than by undertaking this journey.

journey. I hope, however, it may yet be dispensed with.

Your majesty, no doubt, has many admirers with whom you are unacquainted; but I cannot conclude my letter, without mentioning one of the most zealous of the number, who is nearly related to me, and whom M. de Camas saw here. I mean M. du Chatelet, son of the colonel of the grand duke's guards. He purposely passed through Bareith, on his route from Vienna to this place, that he might have the pleasure to speak to your majesty, and be known to the princess your sister. He left that place overwhelmed with the favours he there received, and his heart overflowing with thoughts on Frederic. The margraves gave him an air composed by your majesty, which we have performed, and I am learning it by rote; for, to a French ear, your majesty's music is very learned, and my desire to correct mine is that I may sing your compositions, and your praises.

Your majesty is, at present, occupied in receiving homage from your Prussian subjects; yet am I well persuaded not one of them will render homage more sincere, or more respectful, than that with which I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XXIII.

From the Marchioness du Cbatelet.

S I R E,

Brussels, August 11, 1749.

IF the happiness to see and know your majesty, whom I have so long admired, were not the thing I most ardently desire, it would be the event I most should fear. These opposite feelings are contending in my mind; but I perceive desire is the most powerful; and, whatever it may cost my self-love, I wait the honour the hope of which your majesty has inspired with eagerness equal to my gratitude. I have recourse to your amiable Cefario, and entreat him, who knows me, to inform your majesty I am not such as your goodness to me has induced you to paint me in your imagination, and that I do not merit the flattering things you have said to me, except from my attachment to, and admiration of, your majesty.

Would your majesty believe that, on the eve of receiving the favour with which your majesty wishes to honour me, I am daring enough to ask another? M. de Valory has informed M. de Voltaire, and the public papers almost say the same, that your majesty means to honour France
with

with a visit. I seek not to know whether the ambassador and the gazette writer be truly informed, but I venture to represent to your majesty that Cirey is on your road, and that I never shall console myself if I have not the honour there to receive him to whom we have so often paid homage. I have entreated the baron von Kayserling to be my intercessor, with your majesty, to obtain me this favour. Great souls gain hearts by the benefits they bestow, and this is the claim which I make on your majesty.

Your majesty will certainly not oblige by halves; I therefore venture to hope you will set no limits to your gracious condescension, but will suffer me to profit by all the moments you shall deign to grant me. Here, likewise, I implore the intercession of Cesario, with whom I enter into details that I dare not attempt with your majesty.

I labour to render myself worthy of the praises your majesty has bestowed on that work, the beginning of which I have taken the liberty to send. It has long been finished, and I hope to present it to your majesty. My design is to publish, in French, an entire course of philosophy, similar to that of M. Wolf, but with French sauce. Of this sauce I shall endeavour not to be too prodigal. We seem to me to

want such a work. French levity takes a distaste to the very form of the writings of M. Wolf; but I am persuaded my fellow citizens will be pleased with his precise and rigid reasoning, when care is taken not to terrify them with hard words, such as lemma, theorem, and demonstration, which seem to them improper, except when applied to mathematics. It is certain, however, that the process of the understanding is the same in all truths. The development and pursuit of truths that are not reducible to calculation are indeed the most difficult; but this difficulty should only tend to encourage thinking people, who ought to feel truth cannot be too dearly purchased.

By the length of my letter, I fear, I have proved the reverse; and that, however real my respect and attachment may be, your majesty never will have the patience to read the assurances which I here take the liberty to reiterate, &c.

LET.

LETTER XXIV.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R E,

Fontainebleau, October 10, 1740.

I HAVE most sensibly participated the pleasure M. de Voltaire has enjoyed, of personally admiring the modern Marcus Aurelius. His letters to me are full of the praises of your majesty, and of the happiness with which he has passed some days in your society.

I have taken the opportunity, while he is busied in executing your majesty's commands in Holland, to make a tour to the court of France, whither I have been called by business, and where I wished to judge myself of the state of M. de Voltaire's affairs. Of these he had the honour to converse with your majesty. Nothing positive appears against him; but a multitude of little vexations accumulated may produce the same effect as real injuries. Your majesty, if you please, may dispel the clouds; to effect which M. de Camas needs but avow that bounty with which M. de Voltaire is honoured by your majesty, and the interest you take in his welfare. These I am certain will be sufficient to procure the repose which it is but just he

6 should

should enjoy, and of which his health is in so much need. I doubt not but your majesty will afford him this new mark of favour, and that you will, at present, effect the same thing, through the medium of M. de Camas, which you deigned to perform through that of M. de la Chetardie, at a time when we dared not even make the request to your majesty. Louis XII. said that the king of France ought not to *revenge* the wrongs of the duke of Orleans; but I am persuaded your majesty is formed to surpass the best of sovereigns, and that you think the king of Prussia ought to *protect* those whom the prince royal honoured with his friendship.

I am grieved to see myself in any other court than that of your majesty; I continually hope I may one day satisfy the extreme desire which I have to admire you in person, and to assure you of the respect and attachment with which I am, &c.

LET.

LETTER XXV.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

SIRE,

Brussels, December 24, 1740.

MY duty and attachment to your majesty equally bid me assure you of my respect, at the beginning of the new year. With these sentiments I shall all my life, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

SIRE,

Versailles, June 2, 1742.

IT is impossible for me to contain my joy, and conceal it from your majesty. The bounty with which you have honoured me authorised me in taking this liberty, and in joining that concert of praise which here resounds your majesty's name. To you we are indebted for the advantages of war; and, if I mistake not, to you we shall be indebted for the advantages of peace.

Having had the happiness to be one of the first who knew and admired your majesty, I

shall, all my life, continue the person most interested in your glory, and shall, with the most profound respect, remain, &c.

L E T T E R XXVII.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R E,

Paris, May 7, 1743.

THE favours with which I have been honoured by your majesty authorise me to communicate the marriage of my daughter, with the duke de Montenero Caraffa. Your majesty well knows, had my prayers been heard, she would have passed her life at your court, and that this would have been a happiness of which I should have been very jealous. I do not, however, lose the hope of hereafter personally admiring him to whom I have long been devoted by the most respectful and inviolable attachment.

With these sentiments, and the most profound respect, I shall all my life, &c.

L E T-

LETTER XXVIII.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

SIRE,

Paris, January 2, 1744.

OPPORTUNITIES of assuring your majesty of my respect and attachment are too dear to me to miss that which the commencement of the year presents. I know not what can be wished in your majesty's favour: nothing, except that the age of Nestor should be added to the glory of Achilles.

For myself, I have only to hope your majesty will continue to honour me with your bounty, and will remain persuaded of the respect with which I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

SIRE,

Cirey, May 30, 1744.

I TAKE the liberty to send your majesty a new edition of some pieces, which you deigned to receive with kindness, when they first appeared. Any opportunity to pay my court

to your majesty is too precious to be neglected. I hope you will receive this new homage, which I render rather to the philosopher than to the king, with your accustomed bounty.

Might I venture, I should entreat your majesty to indulge me in testifying the joy I feel at learning that her royal highness the princess Ulrica, is, by her talents, to replace queen Christina. She alone is worthy to fill the throne of this illustrious queen.

I am, with the most inviolable attachment, and the most profound respect, &c.

LETTER XXX.

From the Marchioness du Chatelet.

S I R E,

Brussels, September 8, 1744.

I KNOW not which afflicts me most, to hear that your majesty is ill, or to lose the hope of paying my court to you. I flatter myself I shall have your thanks for the sacrifice I make to you, and that the presence of the person who delivers you this letter, and whom I hope your majesty will not long detain, will prove, more effectually than all I can say, the respect and attachment with which I am, &c.

End of the Letters of FREDERIC II. *and the*
 MARCHIONESS DU CHATELET.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

FREDERIC II.

AND

M. DE FONTENELLE.

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

P R E D E R I C H

AND

M. DE TONTEVILLE

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C II.

AND

M. DE FONTENELLE.

L E T T E R I.

From the Prince Royal.

S I R,

January 29, 1731.

ATTENTIONS paid by a man of your merit always make their way, like rays of the sun that break through the clouds; and nothing but your own modesty could render you so guarded respecting yourself. But, though you do yourself injustice, I hope you will not be guilty of the same toward others. Be assured, sir, that a word from you is to me more flattering than the good wishes of a thousand

others ; and whether it be that I find my vanity soothed, or that I depend on your sincerity, it is still certain that the compliment you have just paid me, on the beginning of the year, is that which, of all I have received, has given me the most pleasure. Let me intreat you, sir, not to confine yourself merely to compliments ; be not so chary of a few thoughts, and a few strokes of the pen, which I earnestly request. I have the prejudice to believe that two words from you will afford me more instruction, on philosophic subjects, than the perusal of the most formidable folios. Let me beg you, sir, to accommodate yourself to this opinion, and not to spare paper. You are something in my debt, for the great esteem in which I hold you, or you are rather thus indebted to yourself. But, in fine, it seems to me that the esteem of a foreigner ought to be dear enough to you to continue it, by affording him new subjects for its increase.

I am, with the most perfect respect, your very affectionate friend.

LET-

LETTER II.

From M. de Fontenelle.

SIR,

Paris, March 20, 1737.

IT is at present many years since Alexander went to visit Diogenes in his tub; and I think such incidents ought to be uncommon, as they really are; for, though princes who do philosophers so much honour are the greatest of princes, it is to be feared philosophers would become less sage. This is a deduction I make from my own experience. Since it has pleased your royal highness to give me to understand that my name and works are known to you, I feel my vanity exceedingly increased; but, in this, vanity is so well founded that I shall not endeavour to vanquish it, as perhaps I should do on less occasions.

Another sentiment, in which I cannot too freely indulge, is the extreme gratitude I owe to the bounty of your royal highness, and which will ever accompany the profound respect with which I am, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R III.

From M. de Fontenelle.

S I R,

Paris, July 10, 1737.

I HAVE not dared sooner to return my most humble thanks to your royal highness for the letter with which I have been honoured; I feared lest a prince, who thinks so differently from most other princes, should not feel himself equally flattered by the excessive haste which courtiers affect in their answers on every occasion; and I thought it right to act with you, sir, nearly the same as with worthy men of much inferior rank. I am, without vanity, a very bad courtier, and should be much vexed were I suspected of being a good one; for I then think I should be suspected of numerous vices, and particularly of falsehood.

I was yesterday in company with a Swiss, whose name I could not learn, because he paid me a private visit. He had lately travelled through Germany, of which country we conversed; and, without any artifice, or interest, he very naturally bestowed the most sincere praises on you, of which he most assuredly never imagined you would hear more. I defy your

whole court to bestow praises of the same kind. Your love for the sciences particularly delighted my Swiss, who however lays no claims to learning. I felt my vanity soliciting me to inform him I had the honour to be known to your royal highness, and even to have received a letter from you. I resisted the inclination, but I still fear there is much vanity in vaunting of this great effort of modesty.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

From M. de Fontenelle.

S I R,

Paris, September 29, 1737.

IT was anciently said that, for the happiness of men, philosophers ought to be kings, or kings philosophers. Would this or would it not be the same thing? I think not; were philosophers kings then should we see poor people whose brains would be turned; at least so I greatly fear; if kings were philosophers we should then have people whose excellent constitution had saved them from great danger, and who, I am certain, would perform wonders. *Qui potest capere capiat.*

The

The philosophy which contemplates the universe only, and not mankind, is not very difficult; and little men may thus become great. Descartes and Newton are certainly two, in this sense, nor do I at all pretend to exclude a third. I have been rash enough to draw their parallel in one of the volumes which the academy of sciences annually publishes, and I have compared their particular systems, in a great number of these volumes; and, probably, shall again compare, for it is a subject that but too frequently occurs. The doctrine of attraction, concerning which your royal highness has done me the honour to ask my opinion, I own, is not to my taste. I do not think this is the word which solves the enigma; unless, at least, the word should itself become a new enigma. Had a soothsayer told me, in my youth, when I saw attraction sink with shame, that I should see it rise, and ride triumphant above the waters, I should have supposed he had foretold a life of several ages, and a new inundation of barbarians. The revival of this attraction will one day become a curious, but, as I imagine, not a very honourable, morsel, in the history of philosophy. After such a revolution there is nothing which may not be hoped, or feared.

I should weary you, sir, were I to pursue the
subject,

subject, which, in effect, is not to be discussed by letter. I shall do better to revert to your pretty lasses. I am delighted that they are satisfied with me; and, especially, as I suspect there is some one among them to whom I should have more ardently paid my court than to all the others. Did I dare, I would here venture to assure her of my very humble respects. I never imagined philosophy and love were as incompatible as they are generally said to be, though one should happen to encroach on the other; that is love on philosophy, for philosophy will certainly not encroach upon love. Be it so; there will be no great harm; they would but be the more amiable, and often of the higher worth. Here, indeed, is a doctrine of attraction, which may much more properly so be called, and which does wonders. On this I willingly reason. But I fall into the error of being too diffuse, and of speaking to one who, in all probability, is better acquainted with the subject than I am, who am entirely out of practice.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R V.

From M. de Fontenelle.

S I R E,

Paris, June 23, 1740.

I IMAGINED, on your accession to the throne, I should only have to congratulate your majesty on the expectation of all Europe, from the promise given by your eminent qualities, and the former part of your life. But I hear, from all parts, that your character, impatient to display itself, has shone forth, from the first instant of your reign, in speech and act truly worthy of a king. Thus, sire, are you more deeply pledged than ever; but, fortunately, you are only pledged to follow your native propensities. Why am I denied the hope of enjoying the entire pleasure of the grand spectacle which you are to exhibit to the world? It is a pleasure of which I dare flatter myself I should have been highly sensible.

I am with the most profound respect, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C H.

AND

M. R O L L I N.

TESTES

BETWEEN

FREDERIC

AND

MORLIN

L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

F R E D E R I C II.

AND

M. R O L L I N.

L E T T E R I.

From M. Rollin.

S I R,

Paris, February 9, 1737.

I WANT words to testify the lively gratitude with which I am penetrated by the honour which your royal highness has done me, in remembering me, and anticipating me, in a manner so obliging and so noble. The approbation which you have ordered should be declared to me, as coming from yourself, relative to my works, is the most flattering I could desire. The height of an author's wishes is to see him-

self esteemed and praised by a prince of so delicate a taste, and who writes in a foreign language with so much elegance, propriety, precision, and dignity. This, however, is what least moves me, in what you have been pleased to write concerning me. The bounty and expansion of heart with which your royal highness expresses yourself, and the ardent love of the public which appears to animate all your sentiments, inspire much greater admiration, because they are the highest virtues of a prince.

My fears are, sir, lest this goodness of heart, and love of the public, should mislead you in my favour. But, were it even so, I shall be careful to leave you in this error; for I am too much interested not to preserve an esteem which is to me so glorious. This, sir, I venture to say, I merit, not by my writings, but by the respectful gratitude, and the profound veneration, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

LET.

LETTER II.

From M. Rollin.

S I R, Paris, April 1, 1737.

PERMIT me to take the liberty to present to your royal highness the eleventh volume of my ancient history. The good reception which the preceding volumes have met with gives me reason to hope you will kindly be pleased to receive this favourably. My ardent wishes are that this may support, in your opinion, the reputation of its predecessors. I think myself happy in being able to furnish your royal highness with a book which may agreeably amuse your leisure moments, which moments you turn to so good account. We seldom meet with princes whose taste is so determined, in favour of every thing that relates to literature and science. Beside the pleasure you receive from these, than which I doubt whether there be any more sweet, or real, they repay you the honour you do them with interest, by procuring you the esteem and admiration of all who are informed of the ardour, and the success, with which you apply to these studies. Birth makes princes, but merit only great princes;

and the merit of cultivating and protecting learning and the learned is of no inferior rank ; and, when added to other great qualities, contributes not a little to increase worth and renown, as may be seen in the second Scipio.

You will not take offence, sir, that I should compare you to this illustrious Roman, whose exquisite taste for the belles-lettres, which you possess in common with him, and which distinguishes you from almost all the princes of our age, is never omitted by historians in his eulogium. In this I have found my own interest, for it is this exquisite taste which has procured me those marks of esteem, I had almost said of friendship, that you have bestowed upon me, in so affecting a manner. For this I shall ever remain grateful, and shall continually glory in being, with most devoted and profound respect, &c.

L E T T E R III.

From M. Rollin.

SIR,

Undated.

I SHOULD be unworthy of the bounty your royal highness has hitherto had for me,

were I not to testify the part I take in all which the king your father has recently done in your favour. Grandeur and wealth, however great, are insignificant, unaccompanied by peace of mind, and a certain mild intercourse, which inspires perfect union of heart between persons whom nature and ties of blood have bound to each other so inseparably. May this union, sir, which constitutes the great happiness of life, be progressive in increase, and leave nothing on your mind which may disturb its tranquillity and joy.

I am afraid your royal highness will, at length, be teased and loaded with my books, which so frequently present themselves before you. Should they become too daring in their freedom, I will venture to say it is your fault, sir, and the consequence of that too favourable reception they have met with from you. Finding so gracious a welcome from a prince whose exquisite taste for the sciences, and all productions of the mind, distinguishes and raises him as much as his high birth, they imagine they have some value, and advance with confidence in the presence of your royal highness. I am interested that you should endure them with your usual patience and bounty.

But ought I not to fear I should abuse these

qualities, by taking the liberty, sir, to lay before you the programma of various exercises, which a young man of quality has sustained in a college of which I have long been at the head? This gentleman bears a name well known in our history: he is a prodigy, with whose equal, or any thing like his equal, I have never met. In his exercises, performed in the presence of large audiences, I have continually interrogated him, by opening the book at a venture, and often by only reading myself various passages from Greek authors, which he explained exceedingly well, after only having heard them read. Beside what is noticed in the programma, he has studied the first hundred psalms of David, and the two first books of kings, in the Hebrew. As this is a study foreign to that of the belles-lettres, to which the students are limited by the college rules, he has only been permitted to dedicate to this a quarter of an hour each day. On the eve of the last exercise which he sustained, this youth was thirteen years of age.

Pardon, sir, this importunity, and want of politeness; they do not diminish the profound respect, and perfect devotion, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T.

LETTER IV.

From M. Rollin.

S I R,

Paris, August 27, 1738.

YOUR royal highness, by the marks of esteem and bounty which you have hitherto bestowed on me, has emboldened me to present with confidence all the works I have since produced. I therefore take the liberty, sir, to send you the two last volumes of the ancient history, and the first of the Roman history. I am highly interested that this new work should meet as favourable a welcome as the former have done, from your royal highness. The obliging letters which you have been pleased to write to me, on the subject of the ancient history, were to me the most flattering approbation I could wish. Many persons to whom I have read them have pressed me to make them public, by adding them to my books, to which I was myself much inclined. Perhaps, sir, self-love, a most subtle quality, inspired the wish; for nothing could be more honourable to myself. Yet I mistake if my principal motive were not to make all the countries in which my books appear acquainted with a prince who thinks and

speaks like a prince, and who, to the various other qualities, worthy of his birth, which he possesses, adds one which is sufficiently uncommon, in persons of his rank ; for he loves science and literature, and studies them with taste and success, without prejudice to the essential duties of his rank ; and protects and honours those who profess them, by which he induces such professors to be more ardent in their labours for the public good.

Such, if I do not mistake, sir, were my intentions ; but I have been stopped short by the respect which I owe to your royal highness, and the fear of affording you displeasure. The same reasons have prevented me from communicating copies of these letters to any person whatever, although I have been much solicited so to do, except only to the queen, who, after having demanded to hear them read, wished to have them in her possession. What ought I not to do, what sacrifices ought I not to make, to preserve the esteem of a prince, who, forgetting his own rank and mine, addressed himself to me with bounty and friendship ? For I am adventurous enough to use a term the remembrance of which I shall never lose !

I have the honour to be, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

From the Prince Royal.

S I R,

September 11, 1738.

YOU have so powerfully gained my confidence, by your ancient history, that I am persuaded of the excellence of every thing you shall write. I wait for your new works with all the impatience of a reader hungry after a good book. Very little capable of adding to their fame by my applause, I can but feel and admire their beauties. I particularly thank you for the pleasure which your attentions have procured me, by kindly sending me your new works. I wish, with all my heart, the Thucydides of our age may see the thread of his days lengthened, like those of king Hezekiah. The wish, perhaps, will appear to you interested, from the part I take in your publications; but, I can assure you, my personal esteem for you is no less a participator. A sage historian is a phoenix; and the greatest good I can wish to the great men of the age is that, in future times, men like Rollin may be found to write their

May

long enjoy the esteem of your contemporaries,

temporaries, and again and again afford me the pleasure of returning new thanks, and bestowing new applauses on your future labours! I regard men of learning as the beacons, the Pharos, of the feeble human race; as stars which shed their light on all the sciences; and as men who think for us, while we act for them. Judge, therefore, sir, whether that esteem can ever lessen with which I am, M. Rollin, your very affectionate friend.

LETTER VI.

From M. Rollin.

SIR,

Paris, June 10, 1739.

THOUGH your royal highness be perfectly acquainted with that part of history the second volume of which I take the liberty to send, and which will soon be followed by a third, I nevertheless persuade myself that the great qualities of the heroes which this history places before you, and which are so much to your taste, will render the perusal agreeable and novel. You will discover much resemblance of character between your royal highness and many of these famous Romans, &c. your

your modesty inspire absence of mind on this subject. They well knew in what real glory and true grandeur consisted; nor did they suffer themselves to be dazzled by the vain splendour of certain exterior qualities, which might have excited vulgar admiration, but which do not effectually render men more estimable, because, properly speaking, it is the heart that gives worth to the man.

The letters with which your royal highness has deigned to honour me appear to me full of these sentiments. I preserve them most carefully, as titles of nobility bestowed upon me, and as glorious proofs of the marks of esteem and consideration which my works have attracted from your royal highness. Unworthy as I feel myself, yet, as I own I am indebted alone to your bounty, this bounty I hope your royal highness will kindly continue.

I am, with the most lively and devoted gratitude, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R VII.

From the Prince Royal.

M. ROLLIN,

Undated.

I AM astonished at the wonderful rapidity with which you labour at your Roman history, at an age too when the usual course of nature scarcely permits man to exist. You continue to instruct the world even when you seem to have taken possession of eternity. You make me believe all that antiquity has feigned of the harmonious song of the dying swan. The Roman history of M. Rollin seems to me a more wonderful phenomenon than that which the fable relates, and it will remain an unequivocal proof that the ardour with which you write, and the excellence of your works, are not any way diminished by the weight of years, or the burthen of age. Rivers thus run with greater rapidity in proportion as they are more distant from their original sources.

I have admired the progress of young du Guesclin: I know not whether he be any descendant of the famous Bertrand du Guesclin, whose name will never die while any idea of worth and valour shall remain. Perhaps the
youth

youth will, in time, do as much honour to letters as his relation formerly did to the sword. There is more than one path to the temple of fame. The hero's route is splendid, but it is tinged with blood. That of the learned is less awful, but equally leads to immortality; and it is more satisfactory to inform than to destroy men.

It is not extraordinary that you, who have so often afforded me instruction, should take part in what has happened to me, or that you should participate my satisfaction; for such sentiments I might well expect from you, though I am not the less grateful; and to be silent on this subject would incite my own regret. I am, I assure you,

With much esteem,

Your affectionate, &c. *

* The contents of this letter would lead us to conjecture that it should immediately follow letter III. and that, perhaps, it ought to have been preceded by letter V. If so, the date of letter V. must be erroneous, and was probably 1737, instead of 1738. T.

L E T T E R , VIII.

From M. Rollin.

S I R E,

Paris, June 17, 1740.

DID not my own warmth of gratitude for all your favours induce me to testify the part which I, with all Europe, take in your majesty's accession to the throne, I should think myself obliged thus to do, for the interest, and, as it were, in the name of literature and science, which you have not only hitherto protected, but have cultivated in so remarkable a manner. They seem to have ascended the throne with your majesty, and I have no doubt it is your intention they should reign your associates in the government of your kingdom, in which they will be promoted to the post of honour.

But a still more important object employs my thoughts on this great event, which is the pleasure which I know your majesty will take in rendering those people who have been committed to your care by providence happy. Permit me to say that the letters with which I have been honoured by your majesty, and have most carefully preserved, have acquainted me with your inmost thoughts, which are entirely destitute of

parade, are full of the noblest sentiments, and prove you well know in what the true grandeur of a prince consists; a prince too who, from experience, has learned to pity the unfortunate. That your majesty should be convinced you are seated on the throne only to watch over your whole kingdom, there to establish order and procure plenty, and especially to employ your authority to make him known and respected from whom authority is held, and from whom you derive precedence on earth, is a great advantage. “ Riches, glory, and power, are in his hands; with him is wisdom and strength; by him kings reign, and princes decree justice.” May he, sire, heap on you, and your whole kingdom, his most precious blessings; and, to say every thing in a word, may he make you *a king after his own heart*.

For this shall I incessantly pray to him, persuaded that I cannot better testify to you the profound and most devoted respect, with which I am, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

From M. Rollin.

S I R E,

Paris, July 22, 1740.

MY books venture to appear before your throne; with some fears, I own, but with still more confidence. They come not, however, to be read, but only to be seen, and to pay their respect to your majesty. Other cares, at present, are yours. Perfectly informed of the virtuous acts and great qualities of kings, ancient and modern, you, sire, only think how they may be equalled, and, if possible, surpassed. Europe stands waiting to behold in your majesty the model of a prince, attentive perfectly to fulfil the duties of sovereignty; and they are great.

With this agreeable hope, also, I flatter myself, &c.

L E T.

LETTER X.

From M. Rollin.

S I R E,

Paris, September 14, 1740.

I ONCE again take the liberty to write to your majesty, and to send the quarto edition of my Belles Lettres, which will soon be followed by the Ancient History. Whatever honour and pleasure I may find in the letters of your majesty, I ought not to abuse your bounty, by wishing my own should be regularly answered. I shall hereafter think myself obliged to be more careful how I trifle with that time which is become so necessary, and so precious, to a whole nation. My works, therefore, shall be my letters, and speak for me. Whenever your majesty shall read of the fine actions of some great prince, may you understand the passage as a compliment from me, or at least as a prayer! I shall charge my books to testify my respect, my veneration, my gratitude, and particularly my tender attachment; for I am authorised to use the expression, since your majesty, not only permits, but, commands me to love you ever. How, indeed, should I do otherwise! How forbear being moved, deeply moved, by the

expansion of heart with which you have been pleased to write to me, since your accession to the throne! Kings seldom value themselves upon their friends, nor do they often form true friendships. The distance at which they are placed from other men is too great, for friendship supposes a kind of equality. Your majesty does not act thus : you descend from your throne to your servant, and thus place him on a level with yourself, that he may become your friend. Yes, sire, this I shall be all my life ; but this is a period too limited for my heart ; my days are few, and I wish so to remain to all eternity. This is a comprehensive wish.

I am, with sentiments which I cannot express with sufficient force and energy, &c.

End of the Correspondence between FREDERIC II.
and M. ROLLIN.

LET-

L E T T E R

FROM

F R E D E R I C II,

TO

C O U N T A L G A R O T T I.

LETTER

FREDERIC H.

COUNT ALGAROTTI

L E T T E R

FROM

F R E D E R I C II.

TO

COUNT ALGAROTTI.

Remusberg, May 19, 1740.

WITH wanton flight, my thoughtless muse
Doth many a word and phrase abuse ;
Should you to these your scales apply,
Up goes the beam ! Away they fly !

You begin an examination of the epistles which I have sent you, my dear Algarotti, so as to make me tremble. You inspect rude traits through a microscope, which ought only to be seen superficially, and at a distance. I am too just to myself not to know the extent of my powers. Independent of what I have just mentioned, you will find, in that letter, two
7 new

new epistles; one on the necessity of study, and the other on the infamy of falsehood. I have added a tale of a dead man, who was left unburied because a priest had promised to raise him from the dead. The subject of the tale is literally true, and such as I have there related. Imagination has added the embellishments.

A native of those happy plains
 Where Virgil taught the wond'ring swains
 The language of the gods, and gave,
 With lib'ral hand, to lord and slave,
 The muse's wealth, 'twere wrong should you
 My flippant rhymes with gall review.
 Rude as my climate is my verse;
 With words too many, thoughts too scarce;
 A sky more mild, and voice more sweet,
 To sing like Horace, were but meet.

I am persuaded that the life of Cesar, which you are writing, will do honour to the conqueror of the Gauls. The generous usurper will please me better, when I view him in your works, than at Rome, receiving homage from the people he had vanquished.

Perceiving, as I do, the delay of Pine, I have determined to have the Anti-Machiavel printed in Holland. Let me desire you, at the
 same

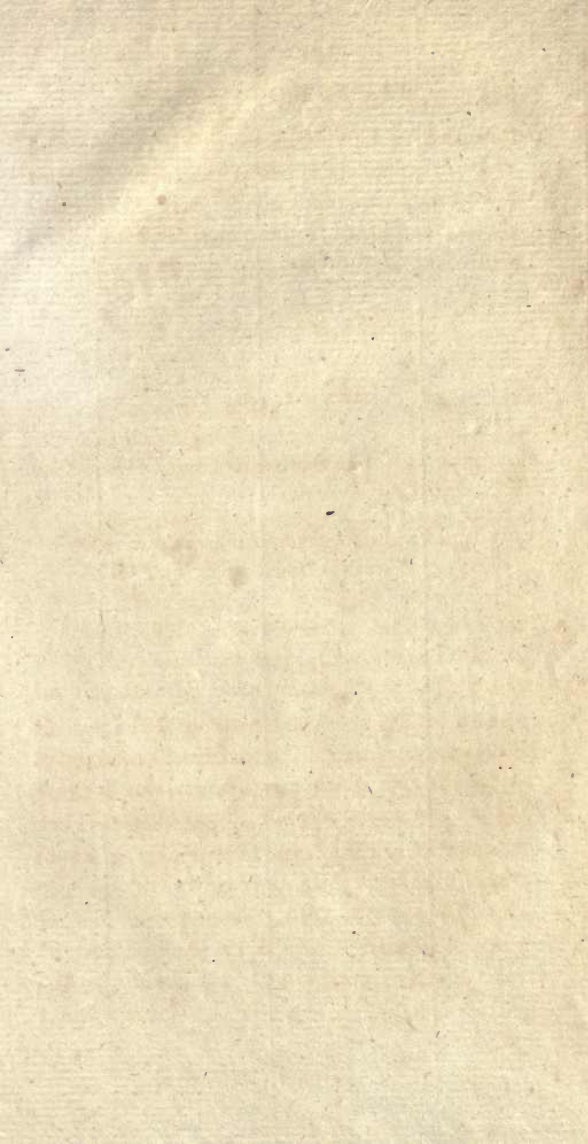
same time, to inquire how much a complete fount of letters, in silver, and cast in the best manner, will cost. I have an inclination to buy such a fount, that the *Henriade* may be printed under my own inspection.

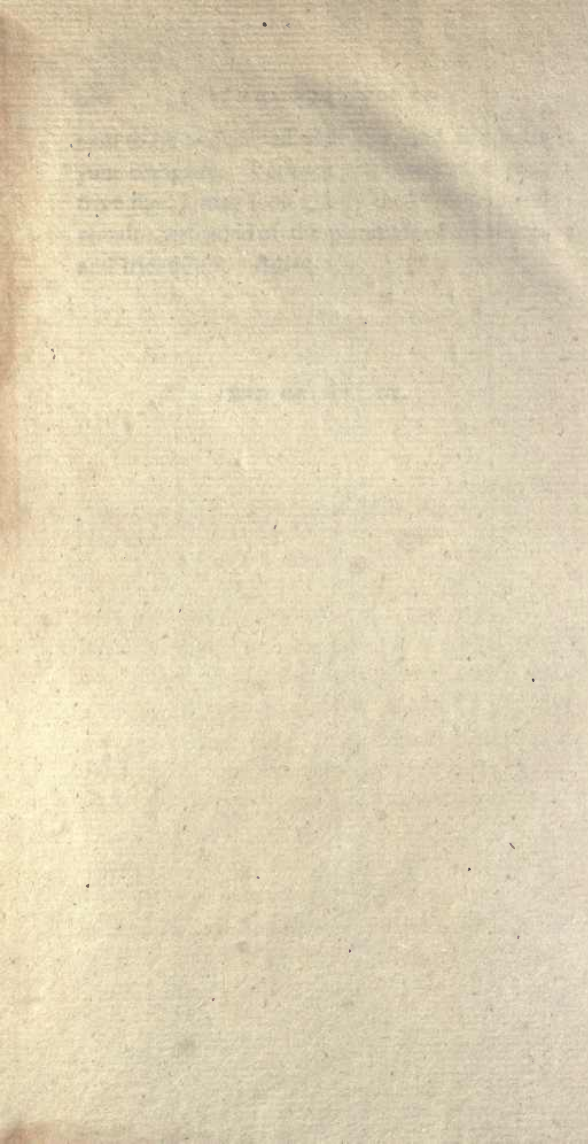
The wings I take and tongues of Fame,
 The swan of Cirey to proclaim.
 More sweet I daily hear him sing ;
 Superior beauties hourly spring,
 And blooming deck his *Henriade* ;
 In all its splendid charms array'd,
 By listening savage tribes carefs'd,
 I view it roam, a welcome guest,
 O'er sea and land, through ev'ry clime,
 And live the pride and boast of time.

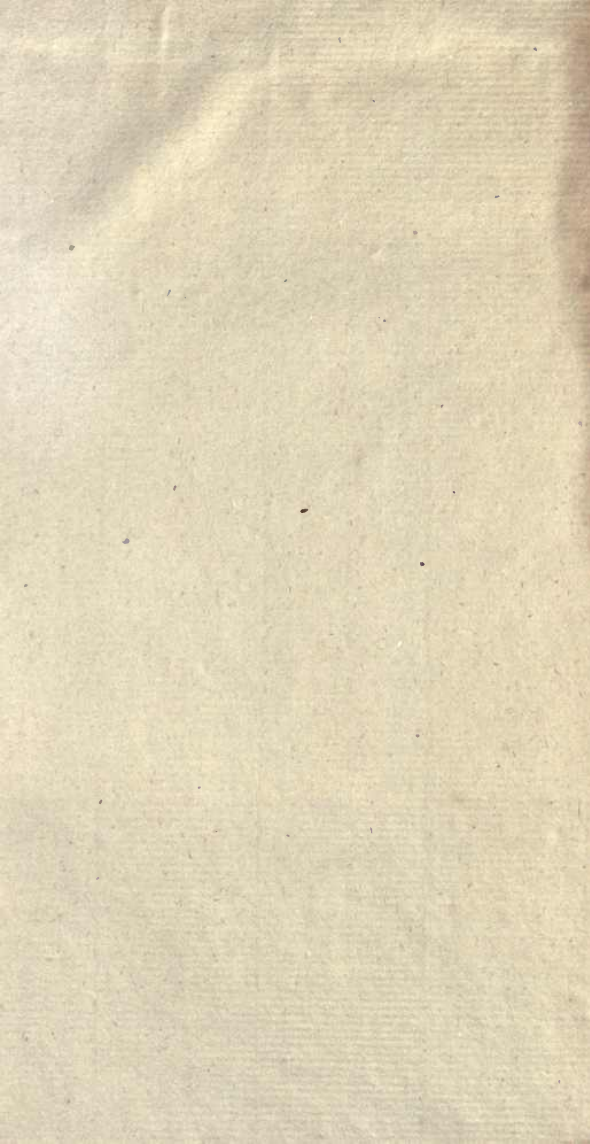
I know not what answer to return to your charming gazette, except that ours, hitherto, has furnished none but mournful subjects ; and that, as I imagine, and fear, it may soon furnish some that will be tragical. You may take it for granted we have neither balls nor masquerades, and that we conquer no kingdoms ; but that, in return, we have no wars. This is the moment of slumber and inaction, and, probably, when their reign is ended, a different one will succeed. With respect to myself, I well know how ardently I wish the time again may come when I may meet you. You are too amiable for any
 man

man to be acquainted with you, and not desire your company. I entreat you therefore to contrive that I may soon gratify these wishes, and remain persuaded of the plenitude of my esteem and friendship. Adieu.

END OF VOL. IX.







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